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AREN'T you ashamed of yourself? An honest bar of Fels-Naptha Soap resorting to such methods! Slipping into a Christmas magazine disguised as Santa Claus!

What place have you in a magazine full of Christmas presents?

We hope you're not venturing to suggest yourself as "a practical gift for any woman." You know as well as we do that women who have to be practical for eleven and seven-eighths months out of every twelve crave frivolities at Christmas — and bless their hearts, they deserve them!

Ye-es, of course we know that you could be particularly useful while they're *having* to be practical—getting ready for the holiday, and cleaning up afterward. Your good golden soap and plentiful naptha, working together, do give *extra* help with every soap-and-water task. *Extra* help that saves a woman's strength. Yes, we admit all that.

But—soap for a woman's Christmas gift! Even Fels-Naptha Soap!... No, we're all for silk stockings, of an amethyst ring, or—

What's that? Don't hang your head—speak up! . . . You weren't suggesting yourself for the woman of the house? You think *washing machines* deserve Christmas presents, too? Ah, now we see what you're getting at! You believe you should be on hand to help every washing machine with the first after-Christmas wash—to help it give its owner a whiter, cleaner, sweeter wash than ever before!

That's an excellent idea... Put the whiskers on again, if you like, and go back to the top of the page. You have our blessing. And just to show that we're in the spirit of the thing, we're adding a little gift of our own—to be sent to any woman who'll take a minute off between shopping trips to write for it. She'll find excellent use for it whether she uses a washing machine or not—and it goes to her with our best wishes for an easier New Year. Merry Christmas!

P. F. 12-29

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PICTORIAL REVIEW

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ARTHUR T. VANCE, *Editor*

William Paul Ahnelt
President and Publisher

VOL. XXXI. No. 3 — DECEMBER, 1929

CHRISTMAS

By KATHLEEN NORRIS

PERHAPS the strangest fact we have in the world to-day is Christmas. Millions of us, even tho we are churchgoers, and ranked among the believers, take it carelessly for granted. Just one of the recurring dates in the year. We never stop to think how queer Christmas is in this jazzing, speeding, flying, material, prosperous age.

It is queerer, more mysterious than radio, aviation, talking pictures, serums—queerer and greater in its import than the next ten sensational discoveries that science will make, no matter what they are.

No person who really stops to think about Christmas can disbelieve in miracles—or in God, the supreme miracle.

Here we are, good, normal, rich, modern folk, interested in beauty-parlors and theaters and country clubs and business—here we are again madly celebrating the birthday of an obscure young Carpenter who died two thousand years ago. This Man wrote no book, struck no blow for freedom, had no money, no influential friends, no power at all, and was executed for high treason, like a common criminal. Everything He taught sounded crazy then, and sounds only a little less crazy now. The idea of telling an armed world that the real weapons are meekness, poverty, love!

He lived and died in a town smaller than—well, any one of our small, unimportant towns. Men to outward appearances just like Him are living and dying unnoticed every day. Fanatics who claim divine descent are always with us.

How was He different? What was there in that puzzling talk about brotherhood and forgiveness and love that dropped such powerful seed into the simple hearts of His few friends, as into ours to-day?

And why, in this new country of which no one even dreamed until more than fourteen hundred years after His ignominious death, why do we decorate practical shops on Fifth Avenue with holly and silver ribbons; why do sober folk go mad with love and generosity, and spend hundreds where, a few months ago, they were grudging pennies?

Why the stockings, the trees, the orphans' benefits, the home celebrations—why are hotels, clubs, theaters, parks all blazing with lights and fragrant with evergreens for His day?

Why, indeed, unless, despite all our materialism and stupidity, we know, or we feel, that He was right—that love and service, humility and forgiveness *are* the secret that we are all seeking, the magic formula without which these human hearts of ours never will be satisfied.

Sometimes very young persons—mentally very young, that is, for they may be gray-headed—sometimes these mentally young persons try to explain Christmas on the ground of habit, custom, business acumen, sentimentality.

But what a pitiful delusion that is! Human beings are eternally changing everything, discarding the old ways, casting aside the useless garments of the past. Alexander, Cæsar, Napoleon, these are but vague names to us; their thoughts mean nothing; they are heroes no longer. We read Socrates and Emerson, but we do not celebrate their birthdays with music and gifts, flowers and bells, feasting and friendship. We do not sit in church and listen to songs and lectures about them.

No, this is the day of demolishment of all tradition and custom—except those that touch Jesus Christ. Crowns go down; democracies and republics are coldly analyzed, coldly condemned. Education, government, law—all these are razed to the ground, and from the fallen bricks we build new temples to our own selfishness and blindness, for our children to destroy.

Even marriage, parenthood, purity, honesty, are questioned. A college professor preaches fortune-hunting to young men; advises them to marry the boss's daughter, with love or without. A famous judge preaches trial marriage, hand in hand with birth-control. A great writer advises soldiers to shoot their officers in the back at the first opportunity.

Loyalty, domestic and national, chastity, and the old-fashioned evanescent thing called "honor" are ridiculed on all sides; almost every play, and one out of every three books, has its fling at them. Sentimentality and custom, indeed! These have not saved us much else, and why should they have saved us Christmas?

No, it is a deeper, finer thing that makes this one day different from all the other days. For a few short hours we turn back to that strange young Carpenter with His incredible doctrine; for a little while we are indeed the sons of God. Stupidly, perhaps, with the very material things He despised, with furs and jewels, ritual and extravagance, yet honestly, too, we try to follow His footsteps on this one occasion. We make the children happy in His name; we gather our friends about us as He loved to gather His, and share our bread and meat with them.

ONCE again, every twelvemonth, "the time draws near the birth of Christ; the moon is hid, the night is still, and Christmas bells, from hill to hill, answer each other through the mist." Once again toys crowd into frosted shop-windows, and hurrying, burdened men and women greet each other in the streets, once again organs strain in the great scented churches, and kneeling thousands hear the message that brought peace and good-will to the earth. And once again, in every shabby kitchen where there is a mother and a baby, joy and love are reborn over a woolly bear or a little red wheelbarrow.

"Sudden as sweet," says Alice Meynell. "Sudden as sweet come the expected feet. All joy is new, and new all art—and He, too, whom we have by heart!"

Considering this nation-rocking spectacle of Christmas, one feels it strange that thinking human beings will sometimes ask incredulously: "Do you suppose there ever was really a Jesus Christ, and a miracle?"

The answer is self-evident. There not only was, but there *is* a Jesus Christ. He exists at this moment as no other human being ever did or ever will exist. No living human, to-day, lives as does this long-ago Carpenter; no living human being is despised, discussed, loved by so many of mankind.

And as for the miracle. Well, notice the Christmas preparations just this one year in your own town. Notice the word "Christmas," the colors, the greens, the shops; listen to the voices of the people. And then ask yourself in all reason what a miracle is, if this is not a miracle.

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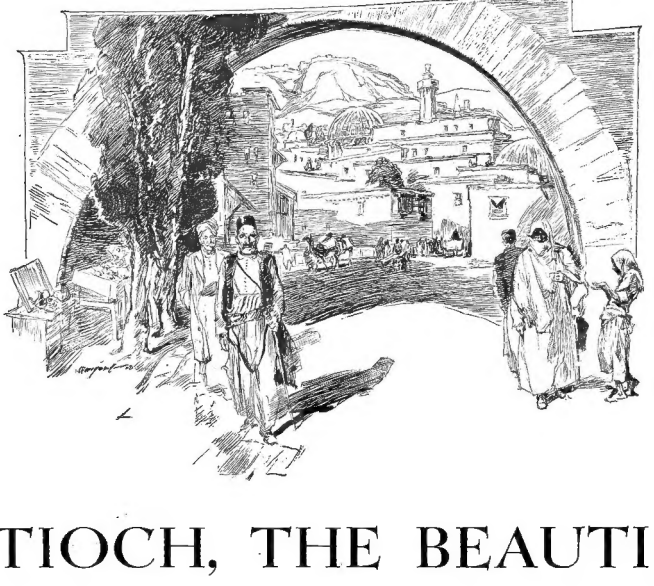

ANTIOCH, THE BEAUTIFUL

This ancient landmark of Christianity celebrates its 1900th birthday . . .

By JOHN CLOVER MONSMA

Drawing by L. F. WILFORD

THE end of another year is at hand. The Christmas spirit fills the air. In a hundred thousand churches and missions throughout the land faithful teachers are training their little scholars for the annual Christmas programs. Lustily and cheerily they will sing—youngsters for whom Christmas is the epitome of earthly bliss—

Welcome, welcome, happy time of year!
Joys unbounded fill the world with cheer!
Bells are ringing! Hear their merry chime,
Sounding forth the welcome to the Christmas time!

There will be a special and unusual note of joy in the Christmas chimes of this particular year, 1929. During the present season the Christian church of all the world is celebrating the nineteen-hundredth anniversary of its founding. Many denominations have scheduled special commemorative programs, with the chief emphasis on the birth, life, and ministry of Jesus. The Christmas bells this year will therefore have a double story to tell.

Among the million and more church steeples in this world from which the Christmas bells will sound forth their special anniversary messages is that of the little church in Antioch, a mountain town in northern Syria.

Year after year, for almost the full nineteen hundred years of the Christian era, the Antioch bells have been ringing out the joyful news of Christmas. To-day their voices are thin and small; they are completely lost in the grand world chorus—the chimes and carillons of cathedrals, basilicas, and modern metropolitan churches. But once upon a time—in the long ago—things were different!

It was in Antioch that Christianity received its real impetus. If it is true that the Christian church was born in Palestine, it is equally true that her cradle stood in northern Syria, in the city of Antioch, and that there she spent the years of her infancy, of her tender youth, when only a great love and incessant care could save her from extinction, carry her through the danger period, and lead her into the first stages of real, vigorous growth. In this season of joy and rejoicing only base ingratitude could forget the city on the Orontes that meant so much to Christianity and the world.

There were definite reasons why ancient Antioch could do so much for the church. Its geographical position, its political prestige, its highly developed cultural life, and the general intelligence of its citizenry made Antioch a logical headquarters for the new movement.

The city had been founded three centuries before Christ by Seleucus Nicator, the first of the Greek kings to rule over Syria. The site had been well chosen. From the east three great travel-routes, coming through as many mountain passes, converged there. From the west, the Mediterranean seacoast, two splendid routes led to the same junction. And from the south, from Syria, Phenicia, Palestine, Egypt, and Arabia, another great travel-route came up through the Orontes valley, and on the same site of Antioch touched the five routes from the east and the west. All this is of tremendous importance in accounting for the early spread of Christianity. Antioch was to become the greatest traffic center in all the Near East.

WHEN the Greek kings had extended their kingdom to include not only Syria and Palestine, but also Bactria, Persia, Babylonia, and a part of Asia Minor, they still retained Antioch as their capital and vied with one another in adorning the city with magnificent public buildings. After Pompey had captured the city, in 64 B. C., the Roman generals and emperors entered a similar contest. Palaces, temples, theaters, colonnades, aqueducts, baths, a forum, and a circus arose all along the banks of the Orontes and far up the mountain slopes.

Before long Antioch was vying with Rome and Alexandria for the supremacy of the world. Her beauty became proverbial. The poets and orators of great Cæsar's time simply referred to her as "the Beautiful," knowing that the minds of even the lowliest bondmen would involuntarily turn to northern Syria. Masses upon masses of chiseled marble and carved alabaster! Domes and spires and pilasters rising opulently to heaven! Gold—all the gold from Barbary cast into a thousand figures of gods and goddesses, naiads and dryads! Apex of Hellenic glory! Rome on its topmost rung!

THE apostle Peter, says tradition, was the first man to bring the message of Jesus to Antioch. Which sounds altogether plausible. This apostle worked chiefly among the Jews, according to the Bible, and the large Jewish colony in Antioch would offer him a splendid field.

But the real beginnings of the Antioch church were occasioned, not by the apostle Peter or any other individual, but by what for a time looked like a fatal catastrophe—the breaking up of the mother church in Jerusalem. That happened when Stephen suffered martyrdom. Thousands of Christians then fled the Holy City and most of them headed for Antioch. Almost overnight, one might say, the headquarters of the Christian movement were transferred from the capital of the Jews to the great eastern capital of the Roman Empire.

That change, for the church, proved of greater significance than almost any other event in its history. Antioch, a great world center, the pulsating heart of the East, magnificent and powerful, became the missionary headquarters and distribution-point of the church.

Luke, the writer of the Acts of the Apostles, tells us that in Antioch the followers of Jesus were first called Christians. People have argued a great deal about whether that name was originally meant as a term of reproach, fixed upon the followers of Jesus by their enemies, or as a term of honor assumed by the Christians themselves. The dispute will never be settled unless some future archeological discovery

Continued on Page 33

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Does your tooth brush ever "*show pink*"?

Neglected GUMS *are a needless threat to your teeth*

EVEN an occasional tinge of "pink" upon your tooth brush should be taken seriously and corrected promptly.

For that little weak spot on the walls of your gums cannot be permitted to bleed, unchecked, without danger! It might be the forerunner of trouble far more serious.

Don't wait for gum troubles, prevent them!

As your dentist will tell you, unhealthy gums are responsible for the loss of thousands of good teeth. The host of gum disorders nearly always start with a slight bleeding—gingivitis, Vincent's disease, occasionally even the dread pyorrhea may follow!

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Thousands of dentists personally recommend Ipana. For Ipana cleans your teeth—keeps them sparkling white, immaculate. It tones your gums at the same time—sends the fresh blood coursing through them, to purify and strengthen the millions of cells!

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So get Ipana and play safe. Its double protection makes it a wise economy, even though you pay a few cents more for it—with gum troubles the danger that they are—with gum neglect the risk that dentists tell you it is!

Send the coupon for a 10-day sample of Ipana if you wish but—better still—get a large-size tube from your druggist. Tonight, begin the full month's test! Your teeth will be kept spotlessly white. And long before the month is up your gums will be firmer, harder, sounder than ever before!

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ARE MEN MORE SENTIMENTAL THAN WOMEN?

By LILIAN BELL

Drawing by MYRTLE SHELDON

AT THE risk of my life I am going to state my belief that men *are* more sentimental than women.

Let us consider.

From the hour that the little boy thinks he will marry his mother when he grows up, through the stages when he is in love with his teacher, to the time when he selects a girl of his own age for a sweetheart, a little boy's heart is about the tenderest thing on earth—much, much more so than that of a girl child of the same age and experience. Just why, no one can say. But mothers know that this is true.

Furthermore a boy has a more unselfish and chivalrous sense of love. When he declares that he is going to marry his mother it is with the thought in mind that he may care for her, keep her smiling, protect her from wild beasts and giants. His nightly prayers are impassioned pleadings for God to look out very especially for *her*. And in those innocent days, before cruel enlightenment comes, knighthood wears very small breeches, and its tiny sword of chivalry is wielded by little fat and often grubby hands.

Girl children of the same age are dressing up in mother's clothes and parading up and down before a pier-glass, dreaming of marrying a prince. No small boy ever dreams of marrying a princess. His dreams are always personal, concrete. Girls dream of place and power. The fairy prince. A plumed knight. A castle. Anything far removed from school, tasks, and drudgery.

The boy idealizes. The girl, even in her first experience, is more critical. She does not realize that the clumsiness, the hot, perspiring effort of the callow youth to make love valiantly, is rooted in a sentiment too deep for words, and that his red-faced, tongue-tied endeavor to express his adoration is what betokens the caliber of the man.

I wonder if women with gray in their hair realize that some men, whose very souls they think they understand, still grieve for the experience of a castaway rose on a dusty road, years and years ago, dropped from a little girl's disdainful hand and found by a little boy whose very heart-beats had gone into the proffering of that now wilted flower? More grown men are like that than some women believe.

For a hundred years the fable has obtained that women were the sentimental sex. I used to believe that men were the sterner sex. I thought that if a girl were disappointed in love she *never* got over it, but let it wreck her life.

I used to believe that if, on the other hand, a man were cruelly jilted by a heartless or mercenary woman, he might suffer a momentary pang or two, owing mostly to an injured masculine vanity, but that within a week you could hear him whistling through his teeth while he shaved.

Since those callow days of mine I have become better acquainted with both women and men. I learned more about the mental life of men during the six years in which I worked in Army and Public Health Hospitals after the War than in all the rest of my life put together. If they like you sick men will tell you the real, honest-to-God truth about themselves, and from that you can deduce an awful lot of truth about the women they think they are not even mentioning. I have met more than one soldier in Army Hospitals who would have got well, but who died because some beloved woman could not make the grade.

I never was a nurse. I belonged to no organization. I just used to take the boys out. I made that my job. To hunt up those who were discouraged and get them to believing that we still cared. They were homesick—ready to give up. Not caring what happened. It had been so long!

I made it my business to get them interested. I took them to dinners in private homes. In hotels. Everything was at their disposal as soon as people realized that four, five, and six years after the armistice the hospitals were still crowded.

I found our wounded avid for entertainment, companionship. So I took them to theaters, in automobiles if they were on crutches, in a big, nine-ton motor-truck if they were in wheel-chairs. That truck, with me on the front seat with the driver, went into parades right behind the band. The people rose to their feet and saluted when they saw those wheel-chairs. So the color began to creep back into cheeks which had been as white as paper. I got a few smiles—a few broken words of thanks—but a little real interest.

"SHE WAS THINKING: 'JUST WAIT TILL I MARRY YOU, OLD DEAR! YOU'LL NEVER WEAR SUCH A TIE AGAIN'"

You get to know sick men if you borrow a friend's suburban house and carry five or six amputation cases out into the country to forget hospital scenes and the odor of antiseptics. Splendid young men, still in their twenties, waiting to be fitted to artificial arms and legs. Then maybe an opportunity would come for them to tell you how bleak life looks to them when their discharge is so near, to realize that the real discharge from an unfaithful sweetheart or wife had already preceded that from the hospital.

"You can't blame her! I don't want you to think I am crabbing. She's all right. Only——"

I listened to these shy, halting excuses, made for a lapse into a sentimentality of which they were secretly ashamed. But these boys held for women as a sex a far higher ideal than the women I know hold for men as a sex. Boys who could not speak a grammatical sentence have expressed views on life and love which might have come from Knights of the Round Table. And what songs did these boys call for? "Smiles" and "The Long, Long Trail" and "Keep the Home-fires Burning"—songs that just oozed sentiment.

You think it was because they were weak and sick? Then take the taste in music of well men—the tired business man. Aren't they songs of childhood, hymns, and ballads which almost drool? My own father, albeit cultured along other lines, preferred "Lorena" and "Swanee River" and "Lead, Kindly Light" to "Tannhäuser" and "Peer Gynt."

The most sentimental love-songs ever written were composed by men: "Believe Me, if All Those Endearing Young Charms" and "Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes."

And what is it that enshrines certain colors in the minds of men—cold reason? Blue was what she wore on such a day. And certain perfumes. Preserved in the amber of a man's memory, whose present-day reactions are concerned almost wholly with percentages.

But did you ever hear a woman sob out:

"Oh, I can't bear it! Take me home! Abner wore a green-satin tie the day he proposed to me!"

No. More than likely, while she was leaning her pink ear against that green-satin tie, she was thinking:

"Just wait till I marry you, old dear! You'll never wear such a horrible tie again while life lasts!"

A woman is never so much in love that she forgets colors which clash. But a man, thoroughly in love, would think tenderly of a pink dress, a bright-red sash, and tan shoes if his well-beloved wore those battling colors on such and such a day.

Who buys the old home and keeps it just as it was for memory's sake—men or women? If women went back and bought the old home wouldn't most of them turn it into an antique-shop or begin to serve chicken dinners to tourists?

I suppose I have questioned, in the years during which I have been slowly making up my mind on the relative sentimentality of the sexes, some hundreds of men all over the country, for much of that time I have been traveling. I tried every sort of man I met. Old. Young. Rich. Poor. I would say, "I want your opinion. Do men——"

This is what I discovered from the statements of men who have had post war experiences with women from a sentimental view-point:

They believe that women more seldom lose their heads in love-affairs than do men. Women may pretend to, but that is for a purpose—that is part of the game. Women are much cooler in the selection of their quarry, more calculating and therefore perforce less sentimental. Men think that present-day women are hard underneath a soft exterior assumed for a lure. They admit that women used to fall head over heels in love. (If they have stopped doing that now, I wonder why.)

I have one question calculated to start a conversation which is nothing short of a riot. It is:

"What does the present-day girl want in a husband?"

Scores of men have told me rather resentfully that the first question most girls ask of a new acquaintance is what kind of car he drives. Next she asks where and how he works. Then she finds out how long he has been with his present employer.

Men tell me that a girl will not cook for a husband nor do any sort of household work that she can get out of. She does not want children, and if her husband does, she will say, "But you don't have to have them nor take care of them after they come!"

Time was when most of the girls I knew wanted children and expected to have them. What has happened? Is it possible that so many of those who did were deserted by worthless husbands and were forced to earn a living for their children without suitable preparation? Can it be that the utter irresponsibility of some so-called men has had anything to do with present-day girls being baby-shy?

I know some men, one or two of them quite elderly, each still nursing a hurt because some idol, years ago, fell from the pedestal to which he had elevated her and crashed at his feet.

He grieves more for the fact that she taught his sentimental soul stark realism than he grieves for the girl herself. Here again is where men differ subtly from women. A woman would grieve for the very man she lost—not for a shattered ideal. She would make of her experience strictly a personal loss.

Ah, me! With men maintaining the sentiment of life and women,in such droves entering the business world and daring greatly! With men wanting homes and women preferring office cubicles and delicatessen meals, sometimes I think that the entire universe, since the War, has become an upside-down cake!

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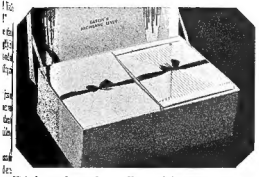
In many charming variations of color and style you may choose these modern writing papers to suit the personalities of your friends



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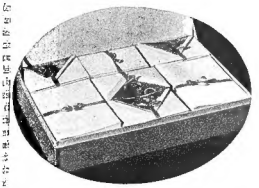
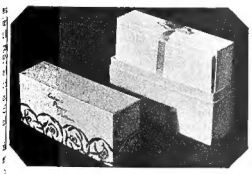


A box of EATON'S TRELLIS has the charm of a beautiful package. The envelopes are lined with a lovely blue and gold flower pattern. $7.50.



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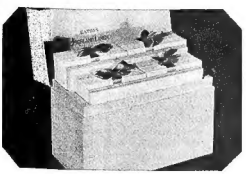

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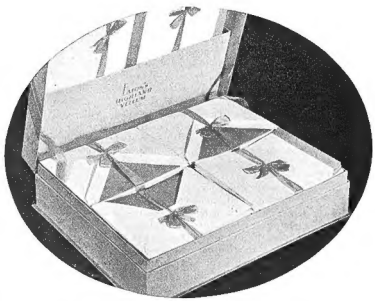
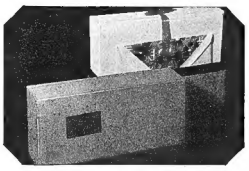
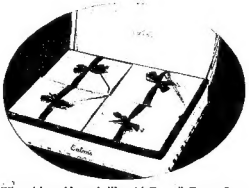
Eaton's Highland Vellum is made by the makers of the famous Eaton Highland Linen, for over 25 years the most popular and widely used writing paper in America. Eaton, Crane & Pike have been quality paper makers for generations. You only have to give Eaton's paper to your friends fully to appreciate the satisfaction and pleasure with which it is received. Look at the many styles pictured on this page and then go to any store where good stationery is sold and choose your gift, *early*. Eaton, Crane & Pike Co., Pittsfield, Mass.



This unusually modish box of EATON'S HIGHLAND VELLUM is the last word. Its narrow paper has a wide, light-blue stripe down the right hand edge. The envelope lining matches. A very, very smart gift. $3.50.

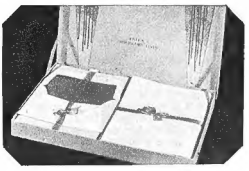


A small package, smartly designed; modern and daintily lined envelopes; a charming gift and at such a saving! $1.



What girl would not thrill to this EATON'S FANCY GIFT BOX, with its buff lined envelopes in a tan package with a smartly striped cover at $3.

EATON'S ARBOR is distinctly feminine; very expressive; and the package is a delightful decorative note as a gift. $2.50.



The blue lined envelopes, the white, correctly sized note paper give an air of distinction and feminine dignity to EATON'S HIGHLAND LINEN GIFT BOX. $1.

EATON'S

HIGHLAND VELLUM • HIGHLAND LINEN

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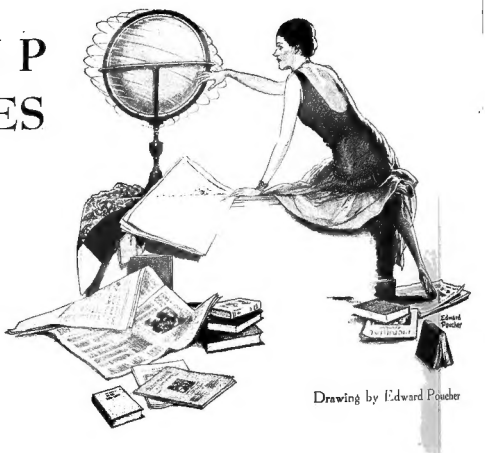
KEEPING UP WITH THE TIMES

By CORINNE LOWE



Drawing by Edward Poucher

A New Policy in Toyland

NOTHING reconciles one so completely to the vanishing of the stage-coach and other romantic associations of Christmas as does a new enlightened policy in toyland. I have witnessed many distressing cases of ennui in my life. I have watched the faces of wives listening to their husbands' stories of college pranks. I have seen department-store buyers making a fiftieth trip across the Atlantic. I have ached for business men going through Wagner's "Ring" with the same pained expression of a poodle through the circus-ring. But never have I beheld such authentic boredom as that of many a pampered child the day after Christmas.

Stultified by expensive toys, it is no wonder that many of these have sought their real refreshment in some old piece of harness retrieved from the refuse-can. For the desire to create, to make something out of something else, is inherent in every child. Unless a toy satisfies this desire it becomes mere self-indulgence on the part of the parent.

Undoubtedly the dealer in toys is beginning to realize this. Influenced by leaders in progressive schools where toys form part of education, these Santa Clauses are substituting for the old finished products—the lavish doll-house, the overdressed mechanical toy—groups of materials which may be assembled into many different forms. Blocks are of course a basic principle, but many new and interesting material groups are here to supplement their creative stimulus.

The First Radio Cantata

SURLY old Dr. Johnson once defined music as a noise less disagreeable than other noises. To-day Boswell would probably be in for a sustained attack of writer's cramp recording what Dr. Johnson said of music that includes actual noises as an integral part of their harmony.

Upon modern music the sounds of modern machinery have made a very definite impression. This linking of the two is more inevitable because of the deference of to-day's composer to the radio. For the radio both permits and encourages vibrations of which the classicist never dreamed. The hum of propellers, the calls of the crowd, the roar of the ocean—all these may be interpolated on the air. And they are, as a matter of fact, interpolated in "Lindbergh's Flight," the first radio cantata ever written.

"Lindbergh's Flight," the music of which was composed by Kurt Weil and the words by Herman Brecht, ultra-modern German poet, had its first audition at the annual festival of music at Baden, a shrine of art once consecrated to accepted works of accepted composers. It is said to contain many beautiful passages, of which the lyric theme celebrating "Lindy's" talk to his motor is of outstanding interest.

A Heroine for the Young Girl

ON THE theory that evil is, like the measles, much better out than in, many modern educators are encouraging a juvenile rash. "Fine!" gurgle such educators at the sight of a boy punching his younger brother and making off with the latter's toy. "If Gerald is a bully and a thief it's much better that he should get it out of his system now than to try to have him conform to some goody-goody standard imposed by the adult world. This way he will have no complexes when he grows up. And gradually he will learn that he can't be popular if he's a bully and a thief. In other words, he himself will adapt his individuality to the social pattern."

I myself don't believe in this theory any more than I do in having St. Vitus dance in order to prepare for a race. It seems to me, as it did to many Greek pessimists, that there is a goal of human conduct established by certain supremely wise and noble souls, and that the discipline imposed by striving for that ideal is a more exciting form of self-expression than that of jumping up and down on your grandmother's toes. In other words, I am old-fashioned enough to think that by holding up to a sensitive young mind images of ennobled behavior you get better results than in any other way.

It is for this reason that one recommends to young girls Jeanette Eaton's life of Madame Roland, "A Daughter of the Seine." This tale, to which Miss Eaton has brought a deep acquaintance with Paris and exploration of many untranslated sources of information, leads you from the time when Marie Phlipon, daughter of a humble engraver, read every book on which she could lay her childish fingers to the day when, with fresh cheeks and intrepid step, murmuring courage to the feeble man doomed to die with her, she—now wife of the fallen Minister Roland—mounted the ladder to the scaffold.

Why Madame Roland could inspire and direct the men of her group, why in her death-cell she could compose tranquilly her famous "Memoirs," why she could give up her romantic love for Buzot—to the source of this strength no youthful mind can be insensitive.

Twenty-niners Rival Forty-niners

IN PLACE of a population—well, there are the Hollywood-peckers. One means the frantic actors and directors of Broadway—to say nothing of the Eastern writers—who rush out to the Coast, give a few hopeful staccato taps at that old sounding-board, the talkies, and then—very often—come back. Yes, things are changing out in Hollywood. Gone are the days when Doug and Mary, Gloria Swanson, and Charlie Chaplin ruled over their snug little kindgom.

But the talkies have resulted in one form of stabilization. Now that the song-and-dance show recently and strikingly represented in the Hollywood "Revue of 1929" has engaged so much attention from the producers, each studio maintains its own corps of singers and dancers. One company, for example, keeps fifty of such entertainers on salary. For this reason the chorus-girl deprived of her public by the lagging spirit of Broadway is inaugurating her own gold-rush. The twenty-niners are speeding across the continent as did the forty-niners before them.

A New Service for Husbands

TO SOME of us the most significant reflection from the first all-women aviation race was a word from the victor, Mrs. Louise Thaden. In a published interview Mrs. Thaden referred to her concern regarding her husband, who, so she knew, would be anxiously awaiting her arrival.

What a picture of a reversed world is contained in this word! No longer does woman, waiting anxiously in her wigwam, strain her eyes for a sight of the lord expected to return from the perils of land and water. In this age of aviation it is often the husband who presses his wan and anxious face against the window-pane.

If this sort of thing continues, in fact, a "Manual for Husbands of Aviatrixes" will be strictly in order. Should a husband be waiting on the field to welcome the champion, or would she feel less embarrassed if, flushed with victory, she returned to their little home to find his fingers drifting softly over the piano-keys? Would she be angered if he rushed out at the last minute to cry, "You'd better wear your heavy suit"?

How should he behave in the presence of the husbands of other aviatrixes—boast of her exploits or, with a dainty little *moue* of protest and a graceful swish of his neck cord, murmur, "But think what your wife would have done if her engine hadn't gone back on her"?

All these and many other puzzling aspects of behavior will certainly have to be settled.

Where the Drys Have It

MRS. MABEL WALKER WILLEBRANDT'S concluded review of the prohibition situation gives some support to enemies of the Eighteenth Amendment. For at least by implication we gather from this report—the result of the doughty compiler's career as Federal Prosecutor—that prohibition is to-day more generally disregarded than during the first years after it became a law.

From another source, however, sympathizers with prohibition may extract comfort. Many of the charity organizations throughout the country report optimistically. For example, the Boston Children's Friend Society states in its annual message that out of 262 broken homes to which it ministered last year less than one per cent. was caused by drunkenness. As compared to the 20 per cent. existing before prohibition, this decrease is electrifying.

Modern Art Gets a Shrine

I SAW a group of modern paintings the other day. In many of them I couldn't tell whether a beautiful lady or a lumpy potato had sat for the artist. Others delighted me more than any conventional arrangements of color and form. But, however these modern artists affect the individual, they are here to stay. In proof of this comes New York's first Museum of Modern Art opened last month.

This museum in the Heckscher Building provides Americans with a splendid opportunity for studying what the new art really means. And what does it mean? Simply this. No longer may the beholder expect a literal transcription of any object. The wattles on the rooster, the nails in the old barn door—these are no longer there. Instead is an interpretative quality which attempts to give the spirit rather than the form of matter. Yes, it is a taste like that for olives. But once cultivated, we prefer bitter Cezanne to fruity Rubens.

You get it just as it comes from the churn . . . cool, sweet, fragrant. A quick journey in spotless Swift refrigerator cars—direct from shining creamery to your dealer! Taste its rich, melting goodness on a steaming baked potato . . . No flavor quite so good as Brookfield Creamery Butter — *CREAMERY FRESH!*

BUTTER
EGGS
CHEESE

Swift's Brookfield

Farm and Dairy Products

These famous packages identify Brookfield quality for you.

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Mrs. Squirrel, at home mornings, 9 to 12

ACTUAL VISITS TO P AND G HOMES *No.* 20

Bobby answered my ring. How glad I was that my very first visit that bright morning had happened at this particular house! For where small boys grow, there is always sure to be something new to learn about soap.

And the minute I introduced myself to Bobby's mother she opened the door wide—"Come in," she invited smilingly, "I've read every single P AND G Naphtha story. And I've often wished on your trips that you would find me!

"You see," she explained, when we were comfortably settled, "I just couldn't use anything but P AND G Naphtha. Other soaps seem so crude and gummy beside my nice white P AND G!

"You saw Bobby," she continued, "but Betty's another reason why I need a soap like P AND G. I've given them nature books . . . and it's become a game with them to know all the birds and trees and flowers. My, the excitement when a Mrs. Squirrel brought her babies one by one to live in a backyard tree!

"Of course, they take nature-loving tummy side up or tummy side down," she said with an amused look, "and I don't know whether I'd be such a sympathetic mother, if I weren't sure of a lot of help in P AND G suds. For no matter how soiled their play clothes are, after a soaking most of the dirt is in the water!"

Fine and white, safe for colors, quick to loosen dirt in hard or soft water—these are a few of the reasons women give for preferring P AND G White Naphtha. Yet few of them know why such fine white soap costs less than cruder, harsher soaps.

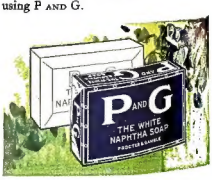
Really the reason you can buy so much P AND G for so little money is because it is the world's most popular soap. If P AND G were made in small quantities, it would have to cost you much more! But because P AND G is made in enormous quantities every day, Procter & Gamble can sell it at such a saving to you!

But remember—P AND G is so popular because women everywhere have discovered it *really is a whiter, better soap.*

CATHERINE CARR LEWIS

FREE!—"How to take out 15 common stains—get clothes clean in lukewarm water—lighten washday labor." Problems like these are discussed in a free booklet—*Rescuing Precious Hours.* Send a post card to Catherine Carr Lewis, Dept. NR-129, Box 1801, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Doesn't it seem nicer to use a *white* soap for clothes and dishes? Every year more women are turning to *white* soaps, and most of them are using P AND G.



The largest-selling soap in the world

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SPECIAL STARLIGHT

By CARL SANDBURG

The Creator of night and of birth
was the Maker of the stars.

Shall we look up now at stars in Winter
And call them always sweeter friends
Because this story of a Mother and a Child
Never is told with the stars left out?

Is it a Holy Night now when a child issues
Out of the dark and the unknown
Into the starlight?

Down a Winter evening sky
when a woman hovers
between two great doorways,
between entry and exit,
between pain to be laughed at,
joy to be wept over—
do the silver-white lines
then come from holy stars?
shall the Newcomer, the Newborn,
be given soft flannels,
swaddling-cloths called Holy?

Shall all wanderers over the earth, all homeless ones,
All against whom doors are shut and words spoken—
Shall these find the earth less strange to-night?
Shall they hear news, a whisper on the night wind?
"A Child is born." "The meek shall inherit the earth."
"And they crucified Him . . . they spat upon Him."
"And He rose from the dead."

Shall a quiet dome of stars high over
Make signs and a friendly language
Among all nations?

Shall they yet gather with no clenched fists at all,
And look into each other's faces and see eye to eye,
And find ever new testaments of man as a sojourner
And a toiler and a brother of fresh understandings?

Shall there be now always
believers and more believers
of sunset and moonrise,
of moonset and dawn,
of wheeling numbers of stars,
and wheels within wheels?

Shall plain habitations off the well-known roads
Count now for a little more than they used to?

Shall plain ways and people held close to earth
Be reckoned among things to be written about?
Shall tumult, grandeur, fanfare, panoply, prepared loud noises
Stand equal to a quiet heart, thoughts, vast dreams
Of men conquering the earth by conquering themselves?
Is there a time for ancient genius of man
To be set for comparison with the latest generations?
Is there a time for stripping to simple, childish questions?

On a Holy Night we may say:
The Creator of night and of birth
was the Maker of the stars.

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THE NEW PATRIOTISM IS PEACE

War has become a greater menace than any enemy. What can American women do to prevent it? . . .

By DOROTHY THOMPSON
(Mrs. Sinclair Lewis)

Decorations by HERBERT PAUS

As a part of my job I have had more opportunities, perhaps, than the average woman to live through some of the most dramatic events of my times.

I have been a witness to six or seven European revolutions. I saw the final liquidation of the Bolshevist régime in Hungary. I reported two minor revolutions in Austria. I was in Munich when Adolf Hitler and General Ludendorff made their bloody attempt to bring down the flag of the German republic and hoist in its place the black-red-white banner of royalism, chauvinism, and the politics of revenge.

I was in Italy when red flags flew over the factories, and the head-lines of the world announced that Bolshevism was at the gates. I have spent months in Italy under Mussolini's government. I have walked in Soña under a rain of bullets as one Government ousted another by force. I have visited the last Emperor of the Austro-Hungarian people when he was prisoner in a romantic Hungarian castle, and three nations were mobilizing on the Hungarian border to keep him from regaining a throne.

I have trudged into Warsaw, seven weary miles, carrying suitcase and typewriter, when the railroads were blocked with dynamite-mines, and I have entered at daybreak, a city pitted with machine-gun bullets and sad with the dead who had fought over whether Marshal Pilsudski should, or should not, be in power. I have tapped out dispatches recording from hour to hour the beginning of an ominous Balkan war between Bulgaria and Greece, and have happily seen the League of Nations intervene to stop it. I can say that most of my mature life has been lived in an atmosphere of war and revolution.

But if I should be asked what I consider to be the single most exciting, most revolutionary, most dramatic, and most thrilling thing in the world to-day, I should answer, "The fact that the civilized world is in sight of permanent peace."

If I should further be asked, "What do you consider the greatest opportunity open to women to influence, however anonymously, their own times and the whole of the future?" I should reply, "In the movement for permanent peace."

And supposing that any one cared enough for my opinion to ask me further, "What women have the greatest opportunity to help change their own times and the generations to come?" I should certainly say, "American women."

Not long ago I was a guest at luncheon in the home of a fashionable New York woman who is normally public-spirited and intelligent. She asked me, "What do you think are the most exciting things which have happened in Europe in the last few years?"

I imagine that she expected me to say that the most exciting things were the romantic dash for the throne of King Karl, Mussolini's march on Rome, the last riots in Austria.

If I had mentioned any of these things, the guests—so my experience has taught me—would have leaned forward eagerly and said, "Tell us about it!"

But they only said, "Oh!" in a disappointed voice when I answered, "The most thrilling things are the Treaty of Locarno, the signing of the Kellogg Pact, the last reparations conference."

We in the United States have a notion that Europe is a continent always on the verge of wars—a viewpoint which spectacular events featured in thick, black head-lines have tended to confirm. We are inclined to think of Europe as a place full of charming cafés, quaint country inns, peasants in picturesque costumes, and extremely dangerous national hatreds, likely at any moment to break into armed conflicts.

It is, we think, a place delightful to visit in its peaceful interims. When we think of the Great War we are likely to argue that an unfortunate combination of events led us, in 1917, to get mixed up in a European quarrel from which, thank Heaven, we managed to extricate ourselves before it was too late. Now, we think, we know better, and we shall take care in the future not to get mixed in the quarrels which will inevitably occur.

We have a confused idea of silly economic boundaries, traditional national hatreds, discontented minorities. We think of Europe as a continent in a chronic state of war, as opposed to America's normal (and chronic) condition of peace. The comparison gives us a feeling of security and superiority.

I take it that this is fairly typical of the American attitude toward Europe to-day.

I AM afraid that I have helped contribute to this attitude of mind. I have not wanted to do so, but I have been a newspaper reporter.

The newspaper that I represented was not an alarmist sheet. It wished me to report the truth, and I wished to do so. But the fact remains that a catastrophe is more spectacular and gets bigger head-lines than any constructive event. A hundred men dead in the streets of a Balkan town is more sensational to the average newspaper-reader than six men sitting around a conference-table, altho the hundred dead men may be merely the result of a final flareup in a dying situation, and the six men around the conference-table may be making a new world.

A few years ago an enterprising journalist discovered in the Vienna state archives some startling documents from the sixteenth century. They were the so-called "Fugger News-letters," and were the first international news service in the western world. The great German banking-house of Fugger, in Augsburg, which four hundred years ago financed potentates and their wars, employed reporters to send news events from the various countries of Europe.

There are numerous reports of witch-burnings; there are eye-witness accounts of the execution of Beatrice Cenci, in Italy, and of Mary Queen of Scots. The English correspondent wrote much of Sir Francis Drake and his activities. But in all the reports there is no indication of the fact that England was living through the great intellectual period which we now call the Renaissance, and no correspondent ever took note of William Shakespeare. None of the many reports from Spain mentioned a gentleman named Cervantes, altho he wrote the only Spanish book of that period which is read by Americans in 1929.

Indeed, if one reads through the "Fugger News-letters" to-day with their reports of "Trouble in Bavaria," their human-interest stories of babies born with two heads, their polemics against the national policies of this or that nation, one can almost believe that one is reading the daily paper of November 30, 1929.

But this does not mean for an instant that the world has not changed. It merely means that the most obvious things about the world—not always the most important things—are the ones likely to be reported and those to which we pay attention. And that is partly because we are so disastrously lazy. It is easy to read an account of a riot, with its spectacular scenes, its morbidly exciting details. It takes more care to read carefully the text of a treaty or the details of a reparations convention.

But hidden in that text, in those details, may be something of the greatest importance for us, for our children, for our children's children.

I believe that such texts have been written during the past four years in Europe. I believe that despite the eleven weary years which have elapsed since the war to end war—years in which there have been new wars and rumors of wars—the civilized world is to-day closer to permanent peace than ever in history.

I believe that the chief hindrance to permanent peace is human ignorance, and that the hope of peace does not lie in good-will, nor Christianity, nor altruism—altho these too can help—but in the growth of human intelligence, the determination of the human mind to conquer mankind's greatest problems, and in the scientific application of certain facts now broadly recognized. I believe in world peace as possible in our own times, and I think I know that active peace is to-day the only patriotism.

It is not a paradox to say that the world can be closer to war than ever in history and at the same time be closer to peace.

I could make a sincere argument to prove that the world is more menaced by wars to-day than it was in 1914.

It has larger standing armies and larger budgets for defense.

Public opinion is split among a greater variety of political ideals. In 1914, in spite of the military autocracies in Russia and Germany, the world was moving toward an ideal of democracy. To-day Russia's communistic state capitalism, Italy's Fascism, England's evolutionary socialism, and the peculiar democratic-industrialism of the United States compete with one another as possible world-systems.

Numerous peoples live under sovereignties to which they give only sullen and reluctant consent, and the peace treaties have in no wise solved the problem of national minorities.

Germans in the South Tyrol hate their Italian rulers, as Germans in Poland scorn the country to which they owe allegiance. Hungarians in Transylvania (Roumania) and in Slovakia, encouraged by their former nationals, are discontented. The peoples of the South Slav kingdom are dissatisfied with their constitution. There are a hundred issues over which the European nations might fight.

Nor have the economic rivalries of the world abated. Great Britain, still the world's greatest empire, but

Continued on Page 34

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"All of tradition is still on the side of war. But on the side of peace are science, human knowledge, intelligence, and the new patriotism"

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"'NO AMERICAN, HOWEVER POOR, IS AS POOR AS A RICH ENGLISHMAN,' SAID TONY SADLY"

CLARISSA STEPS OUT

The dilemma of a duchess whose heritage was oddly involved, and her amusing rescue

By DOROTHY BLACK

Illustrations by HARRY BECKHOFF

"YOU wouldn't," said June, "have found a hot-water system like that one anywhere out of England. No other country ever had the sheer genius to invent such a thing. It must," said June to comfort the despairing Nightingale, all that was left of a once ducal retinue of servants, "have been designed by a woman-hater, getting his own back by subtle means."

There did not appear to be the first thing wrong with it. Black-leaded up, it looked like a handsome antique stove. But that was all about it. It was all for show. It didn't even heat the oven that nestled hopefully beside it, altho it had the healthiest possible appetite for coal.

"Bucket," said Nightingale, "after bucket."

The fire would gurgle and glow, but that small square water-tank, designed by the artist to feed the one bathroom that served the twenty-two bedrooms in the castle, ever remained cold as a society débutante before unsuitable lovers. It did not matter how much you raked and stoked. It did not matter who raked and stoked. It made no difference. Some of the oldest families in England, frenzied at the thought of yet another bathless week, had tried their hand upon the hot-water system at Castle Urquhart.

It defeated them all.

But sometimes a change would come over it for no

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reason that any one had been able to discover up to date. Like a fickle woman, its mood would change in the twinkling of an eye, and then without encouragement or coercion, sometimes almost without visible fire, the water would boil. Boil and gurgle inside that inadequate little tank like some one so charged with emotion that at any moment his feelings might overcome him altogether.

Sometimes it happened in the middle of the night. Sometimes at high noon. Word would go round the castle like magic then. "That bath-water is hot—" Every one queued up at the bathroom door.

Once, just back from school and still full of hope, June had remonstrated with the duchess. "Really, Mother, something ought to be done."

The duchess regarded her daughter blankly. "What do you mean? 'Something!' There is nothing whatever wrong with the system. You young people are ridiculously spoiled. Nightingale will not take the trouble to understand it. What was good enough for your dear father and me must be good enough for you younger ones. I can not understand all this talk about hot water, hot water. Whenever I put my hand upon the tank it is boiling hot."

That was long ago. June never mentioned the subject now, along with many another subject nearer her heart. What the duchess did not wish to worry about, that she ignored in a manner bordering on genius. Besides she belonged to the old school that considers anything more than a sits or hip bath in the bedroom to border upon the immoral. What she said was quite true. She never went near the bathroom unless word had gone round the castle that the water was boiling. Then, from curiosity, she felt that inadequate little tank.

It was Dickie, back from Oxford on his first vacation, who christened the system "Clarissa." "Fickle Clarissa," he said, "who will not when we would."

Even he, who could usually twist the duchess round his little finger, could not move her one inch here.

"What was good enough," said the duchess regally, "for your dear father and myself must be good enough for you."

"They asked me," murmured Dickie, "when I first went to Oxford if I had any dark blood in me. I was unable to convince them this was not the case until I had had a bath."

The duchess talked about something else.

ONCE upon a time June had been very bitter about it. Those were the early days when Tony, fourteenth Baron Fairewell, had started coming for week-ends. How she would have liked to have everything nice for him! What fun it would have been to lead a jolly, luxurious, dignified life, with Tony, so plainly in love with her, learning to know her better in her own ancestral home.

As it was, she heard him morning after morning vainly trying the hot tap. Trying it and trying it. His whistled tune gradually sinking into a minor key. She met him shamefacedly sneaking down the back staircase with his little tin mug to beg some hot water from Nightingale to shave in.

She thought, "There isn't anything beautiful or dignified left. We are all gone shabby and comic and moldy. And Tony will go away and love some one else where the plumbing is better. My life will be ruined because of all this."

Dickie laughed at her. Dear Dickie, so large, so young, so hopeful.

"Many waters," he said, "can not quench love. Besides Tony won't care His place is much worse. I spent a week-end with him, and half the roof fell onto the end of my bed. We boiled our water in a caldron on a Primus stove, lightly boiling our eggs in same before we used it for bathing. You needn't worry about old Tony.

"After all," said Dickie, "remember that it is really much more tragic for me. I have got to inherit Clarissa. Like a too-faithful woman, there she will always be. Useless but permanent."

It was about that time that Tony started bringing his Primus stove and his kettle with him.

"'GOD BLESS CLARISSA. I ALWAYS FELT SHE MUST HAVE SOME REASON FOR EXISTENCE'"

"I feel I know you well enough now, and all that sort of thing," he said apologetically, the first time he hauled it out of his pre-war model Blitz, which he had inherited from his father.

Tony was large and charming, with clean blue eyes in which humor and despair forever fought. It was ten years now since he had loved June, but he could do nothing about it. He had no money, and he hadn't been taught any trade. He had inherited a vast stone mansion, imposingly turreted, standing in a derelict park. He couldn't afford to live in it, and he wasn't allowed to sell it. It must go to the son he would probably never be able to afford to have.

Meanwhile, like a selfish wife, it ate up all the income he had, and unless he worked upon it unceasingly himself, he got served with notices from some urban district council instructing him to see certain repairs were carried out inside a certain time on pain of certain penalties.

He lived in two rooms of his ancestral home, wearing his father's clothes, that still hung about in chest and cabinet, and mended up his fences and roofs with bits he cut off trees himself. Whilst in the village political speakers said, "Look at him there, his lordship, wallowing in his luxurious home, living on the poor." Tony knew they did, but he could not do anything about it. He would willingly have changed places with any of them. They had a job, and if he had a job he could marry June.

Once he had made strenuous efforts to get something to do. If he could only make some money and struggle out of the vicious circle into which he had been born, he knew that he could make good.

But how could he, who had been trained to nothing, get a job when men with proper training were looking for jobs in vain? He lived sadly in his two rooms, and thought about June, and did for himself, running over, whenever he could, to Castle Urquhart to see her.

TO-NIGHT they sat together, the three of them, over the wood-fire in the hall. Dickie had brought in some logs out of the woods, for inside the castle it was bitterly cold. The Spring winds moaned without, and a clammy fog had settled over the glen. If it hadn't been for the green spikes of daffodils coming up under the trees, like a regiment arriving to relieve the beleaguered city at long last, Spring might have been a hundred years away.

June said rather sadly, for they had been discussing the unending questions of ways and means, "I don't see that there is anything we can do. We can just carry on at the moment, and get Dickie through Oxford, without a penny over. And what worries me is, mother is up to something. You remember that awful young man who came here last Spring. With oily hair and a cockney accent. Mother was up to something with him, and I don't know what."

"Perhaps," said Tony, "she was letting him the shoot."

Dickie said lazily, "She can't. I shot the pheasant last Autumn by mistake. This is no longer a well-known sporting estate. It has now become a desirable agricultural neighborhood."

"I have often thought it might be a good idea," said Tony, "to turn a place like this into a hotel. Unusual atmosphere—and—and association and all that kind of thing. People who have never had it seem to like it, or think they might like it."

"Clarissa," said Dickie, "is sufficient in herself to wreck any hotel."

"Well, then, a tea-room," countered Tony. "I have often thought that might pay. A nice tea-room. People don't want baths when they just come for tea."

June said, "That might work in your part of the country, my dear. But no one ever comes to this end of the world. They get born here, and just occasionally return in time to die for old time's sake. But for tea, and everything else, they go somewhere else."

"Yes, that's true. It's only folk like us who are anchored to a place whether we will or no." Tony sighed gently.

Dickie said without animosity or rancor, half under his breath, "We bloated aristocracy." And laughed.

The duchess came in.

She was a beautiful old lady, like a piece of carved ivory gone parchment color with age. On her white hair she wore a priceless lace cap, and her silken skirts made a whispering noise as she came. She leaned on a long ivory stick. Her eyes, still piercing and blue, held sometimes the light that had kindled fires in many a heart in her girlhood. But sometimes they were very dull and tired and old.

She looked from one to the other of them now, and they saw that her eyes were tired.

"Come, Mother," said Dickie. "Here's your chair all ready for you. Join us over the fire, and listen to droll tales of our infancy." He stoked the fire to a cheerful blaze. Without the wind howled dismally.

"What a night!" said the duchess in her gentle, far-away voice. "What a night! And I with no good news to tell you children. No good news."

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"IT WAS DICKIE WHO CHRISTENED THE SYSTEM 'CLARISSA,' 'FICKLE CLARISSA,' HE SAID, 'WHO WILL NOT WHEN WE WOULD'"

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"THE WIND SWOOPED UPON HIM, YOWLING LIKE A WOLF. SOMETHING INSIDE HIM PUSHED HIM ALONG THROUGH THE STINGING SNOW"

WHITE CHRISTMAS

Another convincing proof that one kind act means more than a thousand sermons

By MARGARET BELLE HOUSTON

Illustrations by J. CLINTON SHEPHERD

AT THE woman's gate John Rand paused. It was his first pause since he had started in to make Baird clean. Now he knew why he had reserved the woman until the last.

He had gone boldly enough into "Ned's Place" the week before, had broken up the crap games, and ordered Ned and his gang to leave the town. Likewise with the bootleggers. He had confiscated their still and made their cellar a sink of broken glass and running poison. Some one said that Ned and the bootleggers were operating similar dives in Cullis, down the road. But they had left Baird.

And there had been other menaces to peace and cleanliness removed, the tramp among them. The tramp had taken up his abode in a side-street hut, and Baird would have let the tramp sit there, inquiring nothing. But Rand had discovered certain things about the tramp. Rand had got behind Baird. The tramp was gone. Rand had passed the hut to-night. It was dark. The snow, seeking on no step, was untrodden. Little children might pass there fearlessly.

He had done these things, armed only with the sheriff's order, for, as he told himself, the weapons of his warfare were not carnal. No one knew the efforts it had cost to get that order, to get even the publicity he had needed to use. No one knew the accusations he had faced, the misunderstandings. Politics! The enemies he had made and that his campaign had been one of politics; he was preparing to run for office. How little they understood the purpose that had sustained him, making him zealous, fearless!

Until now, at the woman's gate. How would he talk with her? He had never, so far as he knew, spoken with a woman of her grade. She would be defiant, argumentative. This much he knew from his dealings with women in general. In any strife they relied on their sex for favor or on some physical handicap. She would, no doubt, bring what she was, spit some ugly word at him and slam the door in his face. In that case he knew what he must do, but the doing would not be pleasant.

JOHN RAND braced himself, drawing his coat and muffler closer as if about to face a greater cold. He was a slightly built man, with something open and dreamy in his blue eyes beneath their heavy-eaved brows, something grim and ascetic in his muffler-hidden jaw. Braced and muffled, he opened the sagging gate.

The snow-slush on the plank walk was dirty, trampled. The light from the street-lamp showed him this. From beneath the step a cat emerged, mewing softly, a small shadow with burning eyes. So she kept a cat. It was an odd thought. He went up the steps, knocked, the cat beside him. They waited together for the opening of the door. It came—surreptitiously—and the cat slithered in. John Rand and the woman faced each other.

She had a cautious face, wizened and sharp, between green glass earrings. Her short, frizzed hair had a parched look, as if the ends had been burned instead of cut. She wore a pink-cotton kimono, pinned at her breast with some trinket that twinkled in a ray from the street-lamp. These things Rand observed against a background of tawdry interior—wrinkled wall-paper, a mirror in a gilt frame, a vase of bright paper flowers, a small phonograph. The woman was waiting for him to come in.

John Rand stated his errand. "You are ordered to leave town," he said, "to-night."

Her cautious eyes dilated. She did not move.

"Baird does not want your kind," Rand added, feeling her silence ominous. "I have an order from the sheriff, and unless you leave to-night——"

He took the order from his pocket. Her dilated eyes had not left his.

"I just got here last month," she said. "Where must I go?"

"It is not my business to tell you where to go," Rand replied. "You must be out of Baird by morning, that's all."

Looking at her, he knew that she would go. The task he had dreaded most had been the simplest. As he turned from the door he heard it close quickly, without caution. He loosened his muffler, decided abruptly that he would call to-night on Sid Worsham. It was not a call that had been included in his crusade for cleanness, yet did it not belong there? Had he not postponed it long enough?

Rand was a pillar in his church. Two weeks before at prayer-meeting the names of lost sheep had been passed in a hat. Each member of the congregation had drawn blindly the name of one whom they should seek out and endeavor to reclaim. Rand had drawn Sid Worsham's name. But he had not gone to him.

Worsham, worldling and atheist, was formidable with wealth. His lumber-yards were the biggest things in Baird and Cullis. It annoyed Rand that he had permitted these facts to influence him. (Had not he, too, been successful in his way?), yet nevertheless he had not felt impelled to go to Worsham until now. The immediacy of his success with the woman had left in him a residue of courage that must be expended.

Rand, back in his car, drove until he came to the iron gates that guarded the Worsham grounds. From the lighted windows of the house came a sound of music—of what, in these chaotic days, passed for music. A holly-wreath showed through the leaded glass of the front door, tho it lacked ten days of Christmas. Rand touched the bell.

"I wish to speak with Mr. Worsham," he told the maid, and entered at once into an atmosphere of warmth and sound and varicolored lights. He was shown into a dim book-lined room from whose recesses he could look into an adjoining room where boys and girls were dancing. A large man came in briskly.

"Rand! How do you do? Come in with the rest of us. Just a little pre-Christmas party."

Rand's errand became immediately difficult. He was steeled against Worsham's wealth, but not against his cordiality.

"No," he said. "Thank you." In the warmth of the house he had removed his muffler and his big fleece-lined gloves. He stood now, holding his hat, staring uneasily before him.

"Something wrong?" Worsham said quickly. "Sit down."

They both sat down. With Worsham's gaze fixed on him earnestly, Rand was able to speak.

"My brother," he said, "why are you not a Christian?"

Worsham drew back slightly, laughed his short laugh. "I see," he said. "It's the church."

Rand inclined his head toward the adjoining room. "You are preparing to celebrate Christmas," he said. "Do you know what it means?"

"I don't know that I do," Worsham answered. "Unless—" He turned to the desk beside him. "If it's a subscription you want——"

Rand lifted a hand. "No. I have not come begging for any one—for any one unless it is for you, for your own soul. Will you kneel and pray with me?"

"Oh, come now," said Worsham, embarrassed.

"You are preparing to celebrate Christmas. Will you not kneel with me as part of that preparation?"

"Oh, sure," said Worsham. He drew the portières before the adjoining room. He looked annoyed, but he knelt. Rand prayed in a low voice, long and earnestly. Through the prayer came the shrill battle of the music. "Blues . . . blues . . . My baby got blues——"

"Thank you, my brother," said Rand as they rose.

"That's all right." Worsham laid a hand on his shoulder, going with him to the door. "That's all right, Rand, if it did you any good."

If it did him any good! Him. Well, it was over now. It was off his mind. That good, at least, it had done him. He would go home now. He was already late for supper.

TWO blocks from home Rand halted, staring at the hut where the tramp had been. A light burned in the hut, a small, shy light like a candle-flame. Had people moved into the place already? Rand watched the light for a moment, then he drew up before the door which was abreast with the sidewalk. Almost immediately the light went out. Rand shut off the gas, mounted the step.

There was no answer to his knock. He tried the door, shook it. Abruptly it opened. Even in the dark it was impossible to mistake the tall, slumped figure, impossible not to feel the smoldering eyes.

"You've not gone," observed Rand.

"No," said the man, "I've not." Then belligerently, "What good is it you runnin' me out of Baird? I haven't done no harm since I been here."

"You've overstayed your time by forty-eight hours," answered Rand. "You'll get out to-night or go to jail."

"I know," said the man. "I know what you can do. The town can do a lot more to me than I can to the town. But the town's been more scared of me than I been of it. But I'll go," he added, as Rand seemed about to speak. "I'll go to-night."

The door closed. The small light flamed again at the window as Rand rode away, then almost at once it went out. Looking back, Rand saw the man come down the step, a tall, slumping shape that melted into the dark.

Rand rode on, into his own drive. He told himself as he closed his garage door that it had grown colder. The few pale stars had filmed over. There was a stillness in the air as if the elements were crouched for a spring. He was glad to be at home, glad that the task he had set himself was done. Let no one imagine that he had relished it.

It was warm and fragrant in the house, warm with a wood-fire, fragrant with the waiting supper. Molly, his wife, greeted him quietly. She was a gentle, rounded woman with smooth hair and busy hands. Danny, the boy, had eaten, for Danny was too young to wait. He was already in his night-clothes, but he would not go to sleep until his father had learned of the two additions to his Christmas list, "a pair of rabbits and some fireworks."

"I thought he might have the fireworks," Molly explained, "since we'll be at mother's." Molly's mother lived in the country. They always went there for Christmas.

Danny rushed in while they sat at supper.

"It's snowing!" he cried. "It's snowing!"

Molly went over to the window.

"It is," she said. "I hope it lasts. I hope it's a white Christmas."

John Rand picked Danny up, carried him back to the fire. He sat there with the boy in his arms, looking through the black window at the white, hurrying flakes, sat there till Danny went to sleep.

How could he let Baird be anything but clean, he thought, looking down at Danny asleep? How many like Danny there were, how many firesides to be kept sheltered, safe! Would he not clean the whole world if he could?

A white Christmas! The words took on a new significance. Yes. It would be a white Christmas now for Baird.

RAND rode into town on Christmas eve. They were in the country now, at the home of Molly's mother. He had not meant to return to town till after Christmas, but a phone-call had come that afternoon announcing a mass-meeting of citizens at the town hall. Important business was to be discussed, and he was urged to be present.

Important indeed if it could not wait beyond Christmas eve! Molly, for once, had protested.

"Danny will be hanging up his stocking! And the tree—Please, dear, hurry back. Stop at the post-office before you start home, but don't wait to talk after the meeting."

He promised. But it was hard not to talk afterward. The mass-meeting turned out to be a banquet in his honor. Leading citizens made speeches, and he was presented with a silver cup. On the cup was engraved, "To John Rand, the Citizen Who Cleaned-up Baird." He was mentioned as a candidate for Mayor.

Rand was forced to reply. He did it creditably. His very unpreparedness for the occasion lent appeal to what he said—his reluctance to talk, his earnestness, when once he had begun.

Rand was touched by the occasion. He would have liked to stay afterward, but he had promised Molly that he would not wait. Moreover, the crowd itself dissolved rapidly. There were other Christmas trees, other stockings than Danny's.

It was ten o'clock when he went up the steps of the post-office. Behind the glass of the boxes he could see Jerry Clay, the postmaster, assorting the late mail. The window slid up, and Jerry's round, red face twinkled out at him.

"'Gratulations," said Jerry. "That was some speech. The Lord knows you're right. We needed cleanin'. Just

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"'MY HUSBAND'S NIGHT WATCHMAN OVER AT THE YARDS. THEY WAS TO LAY HIM OFF AT ELEVEN O'CLOCK, BEIN'S IT'S CHRISTMAS. HE STARTED HOME AND HE NEVER GOT HERE'"

"A SOFT TINKLE ADDED TO THE WHIMPER AND THE CHATTER; TOO SHARP A SOUND TO BE RAIN, IT WAS LIKE LITTLE BELLS"

LITTLE LUCY

A deserted dog and an abandoned child share a lonely vigil which ends in happiness for one

By ELSIE SINGMASTER

Illustrations by MAGINEL W. BARNEY

GLADYS GERALDINE lay in bed, talking. She was often alone, and she liked to talk; consequently she talked a great deal to herself. She spoke not only in her own person, but for a doll clasped in her arms. The doll was, like Gladys Geraldine, dressed in her nightgown.

"My darling Eloise! To-night I'll come to bed early and stay with you all night."

"You will!" The voice in which Eloise responded was that of one hearing incredibly good news. It was a most lovely voice. The "you" was a soft inhalation; the "will" died away—a breath, a sigh.

Eloise was a large doll for Gladys Geraldine, who was very small for six years. Gladys Geraldine promised to have one beauty besides her voice, a straight blue gaze from under black brows. Her hair was dark and very straight, and at present in need of trimming. The shape of her features was undefined, unless a ring of brown round her lips and a patch of brown on her nose might be said to define them. The ring and the patch were chocolate candy, of which there was usually a large box in the parlor.

The bed in which Gladys Geraldine lay was broad and long and low, with an enormously high back. You could not reach the top of it by standing on piled pillows; you could not slide beneath it unless you flattened yourself like a piece of paper, or like poor Josie doll after heavy Mr. Weymouth had stepped on her, or—a shiver passed over Gladys Geraldine—like black rubber Dinah, chewed by Mr. Weymouth's Ponto. Happily you did not wish to slide beneath, for there was nothing but a wooden floor and choking dust.

None of the other rented furnishings matched the bed. The wash-stand, which served for bureau, was made of yellow birch; the single chair was painted green; the iron telephone-stand, beside the bed, was pink, striped with blue. Mother liked to have the telephone at hand so that she could talk comfortably.

It was necessary for her to lie abed somewhat late, since she had to be away a great deal in the evenings. Until recently it had been necessary for Gladys Geraldine to stay with her, but now she could dress herself and go down-stairs and find crackers and milk. Mother did not care for breakfast. Where she went in the evenings there were things to eat.

THE milk was not always fresh because the milkman came every second day, and then he would leave none unless the money was ready for him. He had left a quart this morning, which was Saturday; he would not come until the day after to-morrow, which was Monday.

The little house stood alone. Its builder had expected the evergreens and other shrubbery which he planted to remain dwarf, and the deciduous shrubbery to be trimmed, but the evergreens had become tall and the shrubbery had run wild. You could not see the house from a little distance or guess it was there unless there was a wisp of smoke winding above the trees. Tho it was December, the smoke did not rise every day.

Mother was not a very good fireman, to begin with, and in the second place she had laid in little fuel. She had a secret—she did not expect to remain much longer in the little house.

LYING in the broad bed, Gladys Geraldine raised her voice to repeat for the fourth time what she had said to her doll. She said the words loudly, as tho they were intended for the ears of some one else, and the response of Eloise was ecstatic.

Eloise's response was the only one, tho Gladys listened with her ear cocked toward the door. It must be, she thought, very late. Outside the wind was rising. It forced the limbs of a tree against the roof, and the limbs whispered a little objection; it set the slats of the shutter twittering like sparrows. The whimpering sound disturbed Gladys Geraldine.

She drew Eloise closer, but this brought no comfort. She put out her hand and touched a book. This book she loved; it described in verse the humorous the destructive flight of a bullet shot off by one *Tom Potts*. If mother did not come soon she would begin to repeat the story aloud. She heard again the whimpering branches, the twittering slats, the sighing of the evergreens. She heard one other sound. Back and forth in the parlor went mother's

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Footsteps—back and forth. Mother paused; she was listening too.

"I hope he doesn't come!" said Gladys Garaldine. "I hope he doesn't come! I hope he doesn't come!"

Suddenly she sat up in bed. Her mother had left the parlor. Gladys Garaldine opened the front door very softly, and a sound came in, a soft, distant song made by the engine of a motor. She lay down and quickly closed her eyes. If you could get to sleep before mother went away, then you did not know that she was gone, and you could dream that she was here, and in the morning she would be here. Only twice had she failed to be here, or was it three times?

The song of the car grew louder, then ceased. The door was opened from without, and Mr. Weymouth stepped in. Up the stairs floated the odor of a heavier, sweeter tobacco than that in mother's cigarets.

"Comin'?" asked Mr. Weymouth.

Mother laughed, and it was evident that Gladys Garaldine had got her voice elsewhere. "Where?" she asked, ending with an r. It was evident that Gladys Geraldine had also got her speech elsewhere.

"Oh, town!" answered Mr. Weymouth indifferently. Mr. Weymouth, being very heavy, spoke heavily.

"All right," agreed mother. "I must say good-by to the kiddy."

THE words penetrated the concentration with which Gladys Geraldine was trying to put herself to sleep, and a rush into her room drew her as by a powerful magnet to a sitting posture. "Gladys Geraldine," mother's voice was excited, "I'm going out for just a little while."

"You are!" It was a sigh which one would have regretted producing. Even mother regretted it.

"Listen, Gladys Geraldine." Mother sat down on the side of the bed. Gladys Geraldine could not see her—the electricity had long been turned off, and there was but one lamp in the house—but she could touch her. A hand outstretched came into contact with a silk-covered knee; a hand upflung touched a hat. It was a little black hat, fitting mother's head closely, with a sparkling pin its only ornament. She could see in her mind's eye mother's blue eyes, not deep-set, but large and wide like the beautiful eyes of Eloise, and mother's pink, pink cheeks.

"Listen!" Mother began many sentences with "Listen." "I'm going out for just a little while. Mr. Weymouth is very rich." Gladys Geraldine had heard this many times. "He has three automobiles and many houses and dogs." Gladys shivered. She knew one dog of Mr. Weymouth's—Ponto—and that was enough. "He has greenhouses with flowers growing in Winter, and a boat to sail the seas in Summer." Mother was becoming poetic. "Listen, how would you like to have these things, Gladys Geraldine? Perhaps we will have them!"

"We will!"

"Perhaps we will. And I couldn't refuse to go for a little ride with him, could I?"

"Not a long ride," said Gladys Geraldine hopefully.

"Oh, no!" Mother rose, laughing. Something had made her happy. Perhaps Mr. Weymouth had kissed her. He had been kissing her when Ponto caught sight of poor Dinah.

"You'll keep house till I come back?"

"Yes," promised Gladys Geraldine faintly.

Mother halted in the doorway. Usually she ran quickly down the steps, but now something seemed to turn her back. "Listen! You don't mind if I leave you alone?"

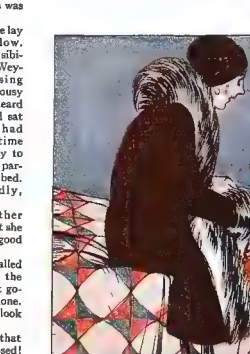
"Oh, no!" This was altogether a sigh.

Gladys Geraldine lay back on her pillow. There was a little sibilant sound—Mr. Weymouth was kissing mother now! Jealousy choked her. She heard the door open and sat up in bed. She had meant the last time mother went away to ask her to put the parlor lamp by her bed. She called loudly, "Mother!"

Instantly mother answered, but what she said did not make good sense.

"Listen!" she called from the foot of the steps. "We're not going to leave you alone. Ponto is going to look after you."

It could not be that the door was closed! Gladys Geraldine leaped from bed.



"'YOU'LL KEEP HOUSE UNTIL I COME BACK?'"

"Oh, no!" she screamed. Here was no gentle inhalation, no rapturous exhalation. "No!" She grasped her throat to still her sobs. "Mother!"

For answer came a little sound. "A-ha-a-ha-a-ha-a-ha!" She saw bared teeth level with her eyes, sharp-pointed ears, a great body. She heard, unmistakably, hard toes scratching the bare floor. Happily the door opened inward; she flung herself upon it, moved with it, fell flat, her body against the crack like a rug rolled to keep out the draft. The crack was wide, and she felt through it a warm breath. Stumbling to her feet, she turned the key.

"You can't come in!" she screamed.

Aloud bark answered her; it was a playful bark, but with playful looks and growls had Ponto mouthed poor Dinah.

In the great bed, she tried in vain to find the warm spot she had left. She drew up the covers; she would make one quickly. But in spite of covers drawn to her chin and arms hugging her body she was cold. Or was it the great bed which shook? She held her breath—"A-ha-a-ha-a-ha-a-ha!" A soft tinkle added to the whimper and the chatter; too sharp a sound to be rain, it was more like little bells.

Her recollection of last Winter was not clear, and she did not remember sleet. It was a pleasanter sound than the breathing of the dog, and her mind dwelt upon it. It grew heavier, sharper. At last her eyes closed.

The clock struck two, then three, then four. The sleet quickened its tap, tap; on the roof, on the little lawn, in the road, in the fields, it formed a hard, smooth surface upon which to play its tune. One could tell only by the sound that the icy coating was there. There were no street-lamps and the lights of houses were far away. Five o'clock, six o'clock—the world was still dark and filled with tinkling sounds of sleet.

Ponto lay inside the front door, and now and then he barked hoarsely. Each time after he had barked he went up-stairs to sniff and listen. Presently he walked toward the kitchen, where he had once or twice been fed. A swinging door separated it from the dining-room, and this he pushed open. He was kept a little underfed, and he was hungry. He walked round licking the floor, then he lay down again inside the front door.

At two, at three, at four—each time the clock struck, Ponto woke, if, indeed, he slept at all. He yawned; now and then he whined. When daylight came he was fiercely hungry and began to growl. He ran from window to window, leaping up and resting his paws on the sill. At each window he barked, then jumped down, having seen only an icy world.

He leaped again and again at the front door and drew long lines through the thin paint and into the soft wood. Again he pushed the door open into the kitchen and sought in vain for edibles from spots which smelled of food. At the refrigerator he grew frantic. From here meat had been taken for him; he could smell, he believed, hidden meat.

Desperate need quickened his wits. Up-stairs was a living creature who could help him. He whirled from the refrigerator, his great body describing an arc. On his first excursions to the kitchen he had had no difficulty with the swinging door; now some fault in the hinge made it impossible to open.

Instinct bade him throw himself upon it and scratch and tear and yelp, but he heard a sound and stood still, his mouth open, his hackles rising. It was a little thump above his head. He believed it was a footstep, but it was not; it was a thud indicating that *Tom Potts* had fallen to the floor. At once, impelled by doggish cunning, he lay down to wait, the chairs and table no more motionless than he.

"SHE HEARD BEHIND HER A LOUDER BARK. THERE WAS NO TIME TO CLOSE THE BEDROOM DOOR".

LIKE Ponto, Gladys Geraldine was underfed, and nature attempted to make up the lack with sleep. The gray dawn came at half past six; at half past seven, pushed from her sleepy hand, *Tom Potts* struck the floor. At half past eight she sat up in bed and rubbed her eyes. She put out her hand and touched her mother's pillow; touch fortified vision—her mother was not there. The pillow felt very cold. She looked with astonishment at the window; coating it was a gray glaze which prevented her from seeing out. For a moment the cold air felt pleasant to her warm cheek, then it made her shiver.

She was tempted to lie back and cover herself to the chin; but she was more strongly moved to step out instantly. Queer as the light was, it was that of morning and not of night. Perhaps mother was asleep on the sofa in the parlor! She had found her there once, her cheeks flushed beyond the red which she put on so cleverly. She had always come; surely if she were not in the house now, she must be in sight!

On the opposite side to that on which mother slept lay Eloise. She placed the covers carefully over her, then she stepped out, and instantly drew her foot back. The floor was icy cold. She pulled on her stockings, which did not come quite to her knees. She could look out the south window; uncoated, it framed icy fields, an obliterated road. No car had come in since the storm began.

"She'll come!" she said. "She'll surely come! She always comes!"

ATHOUGHT, a recollection, seemed to peer at her from round a corner, but before she could see it plainly, or recognize it as composed of the heavy body of Mr. Weymouth, and the pointed ears and red tongue and sharp teeth of his dog, she was assailed, like Ponto, by hunger. She did not remember that Ponto was at hand, any more than one remembers any figure of a nightmare.

"Eloise," said she, "I'm going to the kitchen to get your breakfast."

"You are!" In Eloise's voice was every tone of sleepiness as well as every tone of sweetness.

"Then I'll read to you about *Tom Potts*."

Eloise's response was that of ecstasy.

Gladys Geraldine opened the door and stepped out into the hall.

"Mother!" said she.

Unanswered, she sniffed the air—the smoke was yesterday's smoke. She walked gingerly, her feet shrinking in their thin stockings. She laid her hand on the cold banister and withdrew it quickly. Mother was like the grasshopper; she forgot the Winter.

"Gee!" said she in mother's voice.

In the lower hall she stood very still. On one side the windows were veiled by ice. Could it be that night was coming? She put the tip of her forefinger between her lips and bit it, hard, harder. "Eloise!" she called. "I'll bring you crackers right away."

She walked through the hall—that took about ten steps—then through the dining-room—that took about fifteen. At the kitchen door she paused. It may have been that Ponto made a little sound, a deeper drawing of breath, a motion of his sharp nails on the boards; it may have been that there was only an odor. Vaguely frightened, she gave the door a hard push.

Instantly Ponto leaped, not at her, but for liberty, not with the intention of hurting her, but with the desperate determination of helping himself. Shrieking, she let go the

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FASCINATION

By
ALICE DUER MILLER

Second instalment of a striking novel of modern society in which two men and one woman engage in a titanic struggle

Illustrations by
R. F. JAMES

"LINDA SAW NOTHING UNFRIENDLY, NOTHING TO GIVE HER CONCERN EXCEPT A CERTAIN ADDED GLEE IN MRS. MANNING'S MANNER"

WHAT HAS ALREADY HAPPENED

Nicholas Watts, who had been a friend of Eugene Fenwick's in college, had in the twenty years since graduation slowly grown to financial power. But when Eugene's wife, Linda, went to Watts for advice Eugene was amazed at her "disloyalty."

To be sure, Eugene had been drinking heavily and had smashed the car the night before, but then he often had such mishaps in the mists of his intoxication. Linda had said he was losing his looks for liquor as well as his gentle nature, and now she had turned to Watts for aid. Eugene was afraid of Watts as weak men fear members of their own sex whose qualities they envy and admire.

From her new tenderness to him, Eugene could have no notion of the mental torture that had led Linda to this act, nor could he have imagined the duel of temperaments between this hard-bitten, self-made man and his own disdainful and exotic Linda.

Lack of love and real devotion on Linda's part, so Watts had said, was the chief cause of Eugene's weakness. Linda was so aloof from his intemperance. "Go back and love him more and believe in him, and if this measure fails come back to me," so Watts counseled her. Come back for what? Watts puzzled Linda and fascinated her.

Her battle with her husband's weakened will involves her in a mild flirtation with a young polo-player, and in the temptation to yield to the domination of a strong nature. What can be the outcome in such a contest?

PART TWO

THE FENWICKS had been back from their holiday a month; and what a holiday it had been! What cold, clear nights, what incredible desert stars, what sun! It seemed as if they had gone back thirteen years, and Eugene appeared to Linda once more the dazzling athlete with whom she had fallen so unwisely in love. Before he went Eugene had opened negotiations with a St. Louis firm contemplating a New York office. They stopped a day in St. Louis coming back, and there was a dinner—a man's dinner.

Linda, sleeping fitfully in the hotel room, heard Eugene come in very heavy-footed. She pretended to be asleep, but she did not sleep again, and as dawn filtered in she despaired, wetting her pillow with slowly falling tears. It was the first time she had cried since Watts had told her to believe.

They breakfasted in their room. Linda looked the more ravaged of the two.

Eugene, glowing and clear-eyed after his bath, said, "These boys can tuck it away. A poor old New York ex-drunkard hasn't a chance." She laughed, and was glad she had not expressed a despair which now seemed a little absurd.

After they had been at home a few days the negotiations were broken off. The firm announced that it had postponed the opening of a New York office; but two weeks later Eugene heard they were dickering with some one else. To be idle and discouraged— Linda's heart ached for him.

Driving home from a dinner-party one evening, he said suddenly, "Your eyes follow the champagne-bottle round the table as if it were a cobra."

"It's just an old bad habit," she answered.

But was it? Wasn't it rather that continued lack of faith of which Watts had accused her? She wished she might see him again—not seek him out, but meet him casually somewhere and revive an inspiration now growing a little faded.

"I don't worry consciously, my dear," she said.

"You need not worry at all."

She believed him—almost. What was the horrible thing in her that made it impossible for her to believe completely; to be, as Watts had said one must be, a partizan. Coldness, was it? Or common sense?

The demon of critical judgment began once more to raise its ugly head. She bade herself be humble. What right had she to criticize Eugene, she who could not so much as earn her living? What could she do? Sell ribbons in a shop, multiply thirty-seven and a half by eight and three-quarters? She could not even do that.

Except for the St. Louis dinner, Eugene continued to drink nothing. Evening after evening he would come home after days that gave him nothing to report—nothing favorable, and that meant nothing. Sometimes his good news seemed to her more touching than the bad news. Hornby, Crocker & Co. had a possible opening for him on a percentage basis. Hornby, a man younger than Eugene, had started a meteoric career in Mellick's office long after Eugene had come there.

She wondered why he did not apply to his friend Watts, but she did not suggest it. She had a clear, definite idea of a wife's rôle. When he consulted her she advised against his going to her brother for help with a great investment house for which Dick was counsel.

"He'd do it of course in a minute," she said, "only I can't help remembering——"

Eugene answered rather hastily that he agreed with her.

She and Eugene dined with the Severns in town one night not long after their return from Arizona. Madam seemed to be going through an era of domestic enthusiasm which Eugene had once said was like a layer of rather badly baked cake between the rich cream of her romances. Barty Lee's name was not mentioned.

One Saturday evening about half past six Linda was debating whether to go up-stairs and make one of those slow, elaborate toilets that insure the success even of an

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old dress, for since their finances were low she had had no new dresses. They were dining at the Lyntons', fifteen miles away. They ought to start about a quarter to eight. Eugene had gone over to see Hornby, a neighbor. It was not a brilliant offer, and Eugene had always regarded it as a last resort. Linda would not even regard it as favorably as he did. New business, in her experience, required the consumption of an enormous amount of ritual alcohol.

She had just decided that it was high time that Eugene came home, and that to stop herself thinking about it she would go and dress, when Delia opened the sitting-room door and ushered in Barty Lee.

LINDA felt a little excited and very glad to see him. He would fill a moment that needed to be filled. She let him see she was glad; she allowed her gray eyes to beam softly upon him. He stood looking down at her. "It's awfully exciting that you're back," he said.

"Exciting," said Linda.

"No," he said, "not really—women are not exciting. I was thinking of that the other day. I made up an epigram. Would you like to hear it? Women are not exciting because all of them are either unattainable or inescapable."

"Well, I should think the inescapable ones might be exciting."

"On the contrary, the only faint possibility of excitement is with the others. The inescapable ones are always inescapable, but the unattainable ones are not always quite unattainable." He looked at her boldly. "Linda," he said.

"Since when have you been calling me Linda?" she asked. "Just the other day I was the older generation to you, when I used to come and play duets with Fanny, and you would burst in and bang on the base with very dirty hands—a horrid little boy."

"And now I'm years older than you. You're just a kid, Linda. You don't know anything."

"I know so much more than you do—of real things." She gave him a cup of tea.

"You don't know any of the real things."

"Name one."

He put his cup, untasted, on the mantelpiece. "Well, I'll tell you one. You don't know—you have no idea—that you are the kind of woman who turns men's heads. You think that the kind of women men go mad about are great blowzy blonds and overcolored brunettes."

"Well, one can't help observing——"

"Nonsense! It isn't so. Coarseness isn't a charm. Women always assume it is. The thing a man wants is beauty and elegance and refinement—all the things you have, Linda. Challenge and mystery. Listen to me, girl. Every man is wondering all the time he's with you what in thunder you'd do if he suddenly took you in his arms—whether you'd call for help or say, 'Why have you wasted all this time?'"

"I shouldn't do either," Linda said coolly, but she couldn't help her eyes glancing softly upon him, for he had told her something she had always wanted desperately to know. "I should delicately disengage myself."

"But if he wouldn't let you go?"

"He would," she answered, and added with a faint laugh, "They always do."

He came and sat down beside her. "And if one didn't—if one man was determined to——"

Delia entered. "The telephone, Madam."

Linda sprang to her feet. Eugene. At last. She turned back to Barty. "Anyhow you must go," she said. "I've got to be dressing."

"Are you going to the Lyntons'? Will you be nice to me, Linda? Will you come and walk in the conservatory with me?"

A good, practical realization that Barty was a useful man at a party came to Linda, and she called back to him over her shoulder, "Yes, if you're sensible."

She hurried to the telephone in the pantry to discover that a photographer was eager to make "a lovely portrait of modom." She hung up in a fury, almost regretting that she had let Barty go. He had been an effective antidote to her anxiety. Twenty minutes after seven. Where was Eugene?

At eight she called up Mrs. Lynton, and explained that she had suddenly developed a high fever. It might mean nothing, but she was afraid to go out to dinner. Would Eugene come without her? No, Eugene seemed to be feeling domestic, and refused to leave her.

She put down the telephone with a sigh. So expert she was—actually Flora Lynton seemed to believe her.

She rang for Delia. The cook had gone to the movies. There was nothing in the house fit to give her for dinner, Delia said grimly. Well, a little scrambled egg and toast. She felt utterly uninterested in eating. When Delia brought in her tray, she made her call up the Hornbys' house and ask the servant at what time Mr. Fenwick had left. The answer came back, at five-thirty. Three hours. There might have been an accident, of course. But she did not call up the police. She had done that too often in old times. Eugene carried his license-card. No, it wasn't an accident.

Delia came in once or twice—to get the tray, to make up the fire, really to assure Linda that there was one person in the world concerned to protect and cherish her.

"You had better go to bed, Madam," she said. "I sleep light. I'll hear Mr. Fenwick when he comes in."

Linda blessed her for that "when." "Yes, Delia," she said, "I'll go by and by." She had not the least intention of going. As the night went on she dozed now and then in her chair by the library fire. She remembered the phrase of Watts's—"if you fail you might come to me."

Well, she had failed. Through her weaknesses and her virtues her life had run into a barren waste from which there was no escape. The failure of the great relation of her life was to her complete failure. Staring into the fire all the more able to think deeply because she was straining her ears for the sound of a motor, she wondered why the average woman made this demand for the concentration of all relations into one. Why was it less satisfactory to get friendship from one man, affection from another, companionship from a third, and romantic love from a fourth?

She could have the deep affection of her brother Richard, companionship from half a dozen men, stimulating admiration, too, friendship, a little harder, but still possible—a man like Watts. No, not Watts; he might be troublesome. But there was no use in thinking of it, because she could not lead her life that way. And yet she must do something.

But no illicit love-affairs for her. How humiliating! The world always credited the woman with clinging and the man with eagerness to escape, and how often the man's conduct encouraged this belief!

Barty and Marion. She would like to tell Marion not to trust that young man's devotion too far, but of course those were the things one couldn't tell—one had a code. Besides Marion wouldn't believe it. Linda knew, without resentment, that a fixed idea of Marion's was that she, Linda, was not attractive to men. She would say, "Poor old Linda has led such a sheltered life that she can not distinguish between ordinary civility and a wild passion. She actually warned me the other day——"

Not love-affairs; but for her there was another alternative. She could create her own life—cutting herself off at the source from all this anxiety and sorrow.

SHE sprang up at the sound of a car. It passed. Some one coming home perhaps from the Lyntons' party. She pushed back the curtain. A pale Winter dawn was beginning to pick out the patches of snow that the thaw had left.

Why was she thinking only of herself? Her poor Eugene, lying somewhere, perhaps, sick and deserted, trying to get to her.

All the chain of previous anxieties—other nights, other agonizing dawns—weighted her down now, and that terrible morning when he had been brought home a bleeding, broken body.

With the technique of concealment which had become automatic now, she went up-stairs before the servants got up, so that Delia might find her in her bed.

It was Sunday. Mrs. Lynton called up to assure herself that her dear Linda was not really ill. No, her dear Linda was better, but still in bed.

The person Linda really wanted to call was Watts. Watts, who would understand at once, who would be able to help. But her irritation at him for having failed at her dinner-party made her resolve that she would not apply to him again. Then suddenly she found she had looked up his house and called the number. He was not there. He was in New York. Could they tell her where she could reach him? A civil English servant replied that really he couldn't.

About noon a friend of Eugene's called her to the telephone, a man who drank almost as much as Eugene. She regarded him as a bad influence. Expert that she was, she could hear in his hoarse voice the record of a wet evening. He explained that he felt in need of a little exercise; he almost boasted of it. Gene must come over to the club at once and get some rackets with him. He asked where Eugene had been the night before. So he did not know. She had thought for a moment of asking his help. Then she remembered that he always told everything he had heard. She could imagine his turning from the telephone and saying to a roomful, "Well, Eugene is off on another bust." At this moment, when Eugene was looking so hard for a position, it must not be known.

She did not dare leave the house for fear that while she was gone some word might come.

Late in the afternoon the telephone rang again, and again she sprang to it with a beating heart. Not Eugene. A feminine voice—Jenny Wilston, her dear Jenny.

"I've been down here with the Lyntons. On my way to town; sailing on Wednesday. Would you be in if I stopped for a minute?" Indeed she would; the woman of all others she most wished to see. Jenny. Ah, if she could be like that spirited being, who after two complete smashes of her happiness had built up a gay, interesting existence!

She and Jenny had been at school together. They had had the same background, the same education, and yet how very far apart their lives had moved! Jenny had been in France when the War broke, and had stayed there, wildly working in hospitals and convalescent homes; had fallen in love with an Englishman who had loved him; had been deceived by him, and had been left a widow, all in a few months.

Eventually she had returned to her native land and had remarried—Peter Wilston. The marriage had lasted a few painful years and ended in divorce. All men considered its failure to have been due entirely to Jenny. Men who were not in love with her cordially disliked her. Eugene disliked her—the only one of Linda's friends he did dislike. Her first husband had had no money to leave her; from her second she would accept none. She was supporting herself, as an expert in old books and manuscripts. She was sailing now, sent by her firm, to attend a sale at Sotheby's.

She drove herself to the door, and hopped out, calling "Linda, Linda!" before she was in the house. A small creature, black-haired, blue-eyed, not exactly pretty, but vital as an elf, as a running stream.

"Oh," she cried, "you look like a rag! I didn't believe you were ill. I thought it was Eugene again. Where is Eugene?"

"I wish I knew," answered Linda. There was no reason in telling Jenny the truth for she always guessed it.

A moment later Jenny was passionately advocating divorce. "Just as an act of will, Linda, it would make

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you over, and save Eugene very likely. Oh, I know you think it would ruin him, which seems to me pretty well accomplished already; but you must know you make him feel guilty—all the more because you are so saintly. No wonder he drinks, thinking that he has destroyed a woman like you. If he knew that every time he got drunk you left town on pleasure of your own—no, I'm serious—that would teach him more than all your devotion. Fear, my dear, that's the only way human beings learn."

"I'm sure what you say is true, Jenny, but such behavior would be most repugnant to me."

"Well, that's what I say," answered Mrs. Wilston. "If you won't take the trouble to save Eugene, you might at least have the grace to divorce him. Come to town with me, Linda. Let him find you gone; stay for a few days; sail with me. I could give you a very nice time in London."

Just for an instant Linda considered it, and she could not be sure that it was the highest and best part of her that refused. Again that terrible dread of any overt action decided for her. Of course she couldn't go. Jenny was probably not serious in suggesting it. Yet there was something brilliant in the idea—the sort of thing Watts would approve.

Jenny went off presently, throwing a last word over her shoulder. "Well, if you change your mind between now and Wednesday——"

It was a relief to have seen her. The tenseness of anxiety did not come back for an hour or so after she had gone.

LINDA made up her mind, before she went to bed, that if she heard nothing of her husband by the morning she would go to her brother and make a full confession. The decision brought her enough calm to make it possible to sleep.

She was waked by the ringing of the telephone. She knew at once it must be death and disaster. What an alarm!

The deepest, hoarsest, throatiest voice she had ever heard said, "Is this Fen-wicks'?"

"Yes."

"Is his wife there?"

"I am Mrs. Fenwick."

"Well, if you take the second right turn off the North Hempstead Turnpike, you'll find your husband laying by the roadside."

"Alive?" said Linda with a sort of scream.

"Oh, sure, only I wouldn't leave him lay too long in this weather."

"Who are you? Where are you?" The receiver clicked. She had been cut off.

She sprang out of bed, and began to put on her warmest clothes. The telephone to the garage was in the pantry. She ran down and tried to rouse Mack, but could get no answer. He was a sound sleeper, and sometimes drank, a fault Eugene was not able to criticize too severely. Oh, dear, and this had been his day off. Hurry, hurry, Eugene might be freezing to death!

She ran down to the garage and knocked on the door. No answer. She tried window after window, and then took off her slipper, and rapped a pane of glass. It was harder to break than she imagined. She opened the window, and with great difficulty, for the window was high and she heavily dressed, managed to crawl through. She turned on the ugly, glaring light, and found the car was gone. Of course Eugene had taken it the day before. But the truck *was* there. That would do—better perhaps.

She ran up-stairs to Mack's room. It was empty. No sign of life, but a dirty collar, with a tie through it, hanging on the mirror. She had never driven the truck. Well, what of that? Eugene was freezing to death. Fortunately the truck had a self-starter. She got it going, and backed it out, went back and took the rugs and the blankets from Mack's bed and the flash-light. Her body was trembling with excitement, but her mind was clear and calm.

In spite of her eagerness to arrive, her caution and common sense kept her driving slowly. She had five or six miles to go before she got to the turnpike—the second turn on the right. How the words were engraved on her memory! Here it was at last—the second turn. No one was about. She had passed one or two motors on the highroad, but since then nothing. She drove very slowly now, looking from right to left. She could smell brackish water among reeds.

Then the headlights picked up a figure, lying, as the throaty voice had said, beside the road—alive, dead? She stopped the car and sprang out. It was Eugene, breathing heavily. For the first time it occurred to her that she was powerless to get him into the car. She got the rugs and blankets, put them under and round him, managed to prop up his head so that his breathing was easier. She knelt beside him. Would any one ever come by? "Eugene," she said. He groaned, and his head rolled as she lifted him to her shoulder.

Looking up, she saw that the lights of the car were picking out a tiny house with its back door on the Sound and its front door on the road. All the windows were closed with faded shutters. A telephone-wire led in to an upper window. There was probably some one there—criminals and bootleggers very likely. She rose from her knees and ran down the road, and up the rickety steps of the piazza. There seemed to be no bell, and she knocked loudly on the lintel of the door. No answer.

"Is there anybody there?" she called. Her voice sounded wretchedly thin. She went round the piazza to the water-side. A small, ugly runt of a power-boat was swinging at the steps. There must be some one there then. A horrible, sinister place—a place where people were murdered and their bodies carried away and dumped at sea. But no matter. Let them come out and help her. She pounded again on the front door. "Help!" she called. "Help, help, help!"

This time a window opened over her head, and a deep, gruff voice said, "Say, what's the big idea?"

"THE PROMISE OF SPRING"

Don't miss this beautifully inspiring landscape in the most delicate colors, in full-page size, in the January issue of Pictorial Review.

"Come down at once," said Linda. "There's a sick man on the road and I can't get him into the car alone."

"It's a pity about you waking people up out of their sleep."

He started to shut the window, but Linda called to him, "If you shut that window, I'll break every window in this house."

"What's biting you anyhow?" he answered. "I can't help you. I've a lame back."

"You'll come right down here, lame back and all," said Linda. She was prepared to go up and get him, to drag him down.

She waited for him on the steps, and after a few minutes he came out into the glare of the headlights—a heavy man, flat-chested, and hunched in the shoulders, dressed in a seaman's pea-jacket, velveteen trousers, and a strange round felt hat, a horrible, menacing creature, but to her nothing but an instrument for getting Eugene into the truck.

They did not speak at all as they hurried down the road. The man's back did not seem to interfere with his strength. He lifted Eugene into the truck with no effort, and only one remark. As Linda was covering Eugene with rugs he stood watching.

"Ain't women nitwits!" he said. With that he turned, and walked back to the house.

Linda did not take in what he had said until she had turned the truck round and was driving home again. She thought it would be the high point of the story of the night's adventure, only the story could never be told to any one. Yes, to one person—to Watts.

She stopped the truck at her doctor's house, and, rousing him without difficulty, took him home with her. Eugene was not poisoned; had not caught pneumonia; was nothing but dead drunk.

EUGENE, since Linda had known him, had never before been really ill. A few minor injuries on the football-field. Once he had been brought home to her terribly battered from a fight, the origin of which he had never been able to remember. On that occasion he had been what the doctor called a very bad patient. He had gone laughing out of the house with his arm still in a sling and two broken ribs unhealed. Linda had secretly admired the robustness that refused to be coddled.

Now the nurse complimented her upon his docility. "Men are usually such bad patients, but Mr. Fenwick does just what you tell him." The idea of Eugene being obedient brought tears to Linda's eyes.

For the first few days of his illness she saw no one but the doctor. She was deeply devoted to Dr. Colburn. He had been a local boy, who, after training in New York medical schools and hospitals, had come home to practise. It was the fashion among the people Linda knew to condescend to Dr. Colburn, a nice little man whom they called in for the servants, but for their own precious ailments they sent to New York for greater men.

One afternoon she was giving the doctor a cup of tea, and detaining him to talk to her, for she had spoken to no one for three days except Delia and the trained nurse. The doctor was leaning forward, listening with all his ears to Linda's story of her adventures with the truck. It appeared the little house on the water was a notorious speak-easy.

"A policeman was murdered there—at least his body was found floating near by . . . they've been raided, I don't know how many times. Really, Mrs. Fenwick, you took your life in your hands."

Linda laughed. There is something exhilarating about having taken your life in your hands. And as she laughed Delia came in and said, "Mr. Watts, Madam."

Linda's heart gave a great leap. At last! She said aloud, "On the telephone?"

"No, Madam," said Delia.

"Not Nicholas Watts?" said the doctor. "I hope that man is not a friend of yours."

"He is a friend of my husband's," said Linda. "What do you know against him?"

"Enough to hang him," answered the doctor, and somehow she knew he meant it literally. She felt the confusion of mind that critical people feel when all human testimony is opposed to their own experience. So much evil was spoken of Watts, and yet it seemed to her that the advice he had given her had been on an extraordinarily high plane of morality, of nobility.

He was in the room. "This is kind of you," she said, and stretched a long, cool hand to welcome him. "Dr. Colburn, Mr. Watts." She glanced acutely at the new visitor, looking for a sign of guilty recognition. So, she thought, did the doctor, but Watts hardly seemed aware of him at all.

"Am I interrupting a medical conference?" he said. "I'm sorry to hear that Eugene is ill."

"It's not dangerous, he's in excellent hands." She smiled at Colburn, trying to relax his stiffness. "Tea?"

"I must be going," said the doctor.

"No cream," said Watts. "Don't let me drive you away, Doctor. I can only stay a moment myself."

The two men looked at each other, and Colburn said, "You don't remember me, do you, Mr. Watts?"

Watts thought a moment; then admitted that he didn't.

"I met you when I was an intern in the Westminster Polyclinic Hospital."

Another instant of thought. Watts said, "Oh, yes, of course I remember. We had a talk about the Hippocratic oath."

"And other things," returned the doctor. "Good night, Mrs. Fenwick."

"Will you be in in the morning?"

"About eleven."

"NOW, what was that all about?" said Watts when the door had closed. "I do remember asking that fellow to do something obvious that he thought unprofessional." She glanced at him. He was lying back in his chair. To her mind too much at ease. She was almost sorry that he had come. In his own surroundings she had allowed him to be great, but lolling there in her own sea-green room, where she was so entirely the ruler, she felt his mystery and power had disappeared. No, she thought, decidedly, oracles should not go out to tea.

"I remember," he murmured, "that the little fellow disapproved of me."

"He's such a wise, wonderful little man," said Linda very sweetly.

Watts sat erect. "I remember now. I wanted him to put an old man out of the way."

"To kill him?" Again in her tone there was that curious avidity for life at second-hand.

He looked at her reflectively. "I wonder what you'd think of this," he said. "This was an old fellow, the father of a very beautiful woman who had once had a great voice, an operatic voice, but only for a few years. She lost it and went to pieces and got pretty low-down, and then managed to pull herself together. She heard that her father was bedridden and senile, and she went back to him—he had a small house in White Plains or Larchmont or one of those places—and managed to get a few pupils in singing. Absolutely the only money they had.

"Unfortunately the old man's madness took the form of yelling at the top of his lungs every time he heard a note of music. You can imagine she did not hold many of her pupils. She had no money to put him in an institution, and in those days none of us had any money. I got him into a hospital where your friend, the doctor, was an intern. It seemed to me perfectly obvious that a peaceful, speedy death was indicated for the old fellow. What do you think?"

She hesitated. "I don't think doctors should be given the power of life and death," she said.

"They have it whether we like it or not. Well, that was what they said—the Hippocratic oath—the sacredness of human life. What happened? The woman committed suicide, and the old man died under the most hideous circumstances in a charity hospital, and so the sacredness of human life was preserved." Then without pause, "So you failed?" he said.

"Yes, I failed." She handed him his cup of tea. "Take one of those little toasted things."

"I thought if you failed you were coming back to me."

She gave a little shake to her head that might have meant disagreement or despair. "How did you know I had failed?"

"I inquired. I must if you don't communicate with me—in two months."

"I asked you to dinner once—at least Eugene did."

"A man's dinner at which you weren't going to be."

So that was why he hadn't come. She could not help feeling glad.

"I SAW Hornby the other day," Watts went on. "He told me that Eugene had come round asking for a job—dead drunk."

"Oh!" cried Linda. She tried to remember that Saturday afternoon. Eugene had certainly been sober when he left the house.

"Just what is the situation?" Watts asked.

She went over it all—her first success, the holiday, and then in great detail her adventures in getting Eugene home on Sunday night. She couldn't understand why it was so stimulating to tell him anything when he remained so completely silent. He looked at her when she had finished, and the corner of his mouth twitched.

"You're a curious woman," he said. "The only criticism that could be made of you is that your attitude to life is timid, negative, and yet you go off and do something like that without a tremor."

"You think I'm a coward?" she inquired with interest.

"No, only I don't exactly understand what frightens you and what doesn't. I find I don't always know what you are thinking."

"And do you always know what most people are thinking?"

"Yes, I think so. Why does that amuse you?"

"Because it sounds like such a difficult thing to do—so casually."

"It's not really difficult at all," he returned unsmilingly, "if it interests you to find out. Well, what are your plans? What do you mean to do?"

"My plans? About what?"

"About the future. The first effort failed. Now what is your next step?"

"I've been thinking that perhaps the best thing for me to do would be to go to work."

"What do you think of doing?"

"I don't know."

"Nor I."

"You don't believe I could earn my living?"

"I shouldn't think so."

She might have argued the matter with another man, but she did not want to waste any time with this one, and she went on, "Of course I can not really decide anything until Gene is better."

"Why consult Eugene?"

"It's customary to consult your husband before taking a decision."

He got to his feet. "Well," he said, "I think I shall be going along."

"Are you by any chance cross?" She was utterly astonished at his conduct.

"I don't find you in a very co-operative mood."

"Is it unco-operative to say I wish to consult my husband?"

"It's utter nonsense. Eugene, poor fellow, is not in a condition to take a decision on anything—least of all his own weakness—disease, whatever you choose to call it." He frowned down upon her. "And for your own sake," he added, "it would be a good thing for you to decide something for yourself now and then."

"I do," she retorted hotly. "I do decide things—some things. You said yourself—it was one of your accusations against me—that I depended on Eugene only for unimportant decisions."

"I'm glad to find my words remembered."

She felt him softening. "Sit down again," she said, "and tell me what you have to suggest, for I see you have a suggestion."

"Well," he said, "I told you it was easy to know what people are thinking." He sat down again. "You may have heard that I have an island in the West Indies."

She looked up. The island of the chorus-girls. She colored so deeply that even in the lamplight it could not be ignored. He stared at her.

"It is kind of you to blush for it. It is, however, an entirely respectable island—as respectable as any very beautiful object can be. I suggest that you and I, and possibly a doctor, take Eugene there and keep him there until he is in really good shape. It is now January. We could have three months before it gets too hot. I could control things there so that he couldn't get anything to drink, or only what we decided he ought to have."

SHE was silent. All the advantages of the plan opened before her: health and protection for Eugene, the putting off of his sense of failure in not finding a good position, the enormous comfort to herself in having some one to help her, and, not least, since women are usually good economists, the financial respite—perhaps she could rent the house—possibly the servants. Her mind raced over the whole field. Then aware that he was watching her, she said gravely, "It sounds wonderful, if Eugene consents."

"Eugene will not consent."

There was a suggestion of criticism in his tone. "Why do you think he will refuse?" she asked.

"I'm not sure I know why. I know the fact. A man who drinks does not really want to stop drinking, and no man likes to be coerced. Eugene, you will find, still says to himself that he can stop drinking whenever he wants. It isn't necessary to kidnap him, he will say."

Linda did not answer. She knew that he was wrong. He was a very clever man, but there was one thing he did not know—the quality of an equal love between a man and woman. All these years of her devotion to Eugene she had been building the right to ask something of him. She had never really asked it before. She had never before appeared to doubt the validity of his many professions. All her energy and affection had gone to helping him live his life his own way. It was impossible that he could refuse when for the first time she asked him to try her way. But it would not be easy to explain this to Watts.

Thinking of this, she knew her voice sounded faintly remote as she said, "Of course if Eugene doesn't consent, we can't do it."

Again he rose. "I must be getting back to town," he said.

Continued on Page 72

"THE MAN LIFTED EUGENE WITH NO EFFORT, AND ONLY ONE REMARK. AS LINDA WAS COVERING EUGENE WITH RUGS HE STOOD WATCHING. 'AIN'T WOMEN NITWITS!' HE SAID"

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"HE WAS TERRIFIED. YET, INSTINCT SUSTAINED HIM. HE NEITHER CRINGED NOR RAN. HE STOOD HIS GROUND, FEIGNING ASTONISHMENT. 'BROKEN!' HE SAID, 'WHY, IT WASN'T BROKEN—'"

A GOOD NAME

It takes more than an adage to make an honest man

By RAYMOND LESLIE GOLDMAN

Illustrations by FRANCES ROGERS

JEFFERY FLANGE picked up the locomotive from the circular track on the floor. Experimentally he touched the key in its side and discovered that it was wound tightly. Yet it would not run. He tapped its side with his knuckles. He knocked it, not too hard, against the floor. These things he had tried, successfully, at other times.

But now something seemed to be stuck and, squatting on the toy-littered floor of his room, he took a small screw-driver and poked into the stubborn vitals. Suddenly the small iron engine became as something alive in the palm of his hand. For an instant it quivered and throbbed. There was a loose, whirring sound, a snap; and it was quiet.

Jeffery correctly interpreted this from experience. Other wind-up toys had gone the way of this one. He muttered, "Darn it! Now it's busted!"

He knew that there was nothing to be done when the spring broke. A precious plaything became worthless. He was sorry, but not greatly depressed, for he had another locomotive just like the broken one. He fetched it from the closet, wound it carefully, and set it going around the tracks.

As he played, his mind continually reverted to the broken engine. He remembered that Tom Shanks, who had come over to play with him yesterday after school, had coveted it.

Tom had said that he had some track left from Christmas, and several cars, but no engine. Jeffery pondered this; and soon was deep in thought, planning, his toys forgotten.

Tom was sitting on his front porch when Jeffery strolled up, the broken locomotive in his hand.

"Hi, Tom!" he sang out. "What you doing?"

"Nothing," Tom replied. "But I got to go inside in a minute and do my homework for to-morrow."

"Shucks!" said Jeffery. "Look what I got!"

Tom looked, his eyes brightening. "Oh! That engine! Say, that's a speedy ole engine!" He frowned. "But I can't come play with you now because mom says I got to do——"

"Say!" Jeffery interrupted. "Where's that ole kite of yours? That bum one with the red paper?"

"Go on! That ain't a bum kite!" Tom defended. "That's a real high flier. Didn't it go up three balls of string the other day?"

"Well, suppose it did," Jeffery conceded. "It ain't half as good as this here engine."

This Tom admitted. The kite was good, but the engine was ever so much more desirable. He wasn't sure what his friend was driving at, but eagerness came into his voice.

"Say, Jeff, you—you weren't thinking of—of——"

"Don't you know," said Jeffery, "I got another engine like this one? What good is two of 'em? One is all I can use."

Tom had come down a few steps; Jeffery had gone up a few. The boys stood together, bargaining. Jeffery was filled with excitement, but he concealed every evidence of it. He was careful to speak casually, not to seem overeager, to appear to be conferring a favor. He was not afraid that Tom would ask for a demonstration of the locomotive. He had watched it in operation only yesterday; and now there was no slightest suspicion in his attitude.

WITH a knack for this sort of shady deal that was ingrained in this twelve-year-old boy, with a cunning and hypocrisy that were a part of his nature, Jeffery consummated the scheme as he had planned it.

"And you'll give me your engine for my kite?" cried Tom. "Gee! Sure, I'll trade! Wait and I'll get you my kite."

He went into his house, and Jeffery waited outside, planning further. So far, so good. He would get the fine kite and Tom would have the worthless engine. But soon Tom would discover that the engine was broken. What then? Well, Jeffery would claim that Tom broke it in winding it. He would swear that the engine was good when he turned it over to Tom. And who could prove otherwise? He waited confidently for Tom to return with the kite.

But when Tom came out to the porch he had not the kite with him; and just behind him came his mother. Jeffery looked up at her uneasily. His eyes darted here and there; his brain darted here and there. In an instant he began to scheme and plan, to meet this unexpected emergency.

"Hello, Jeffery," said Mrs. Shanks, smiling.

"Hello, Mrs. Shanks," answered Jeffery.

"Tom told me you were going to trade your locomotive for his kite. I don't think I ought to let him do that. The kite is worth very little, Jeffery. Tom made it himself, you know. And I know that those toy locomotives are rather expensive. I'm afraid that it wouldn't be a fair trade for you. If Tom has misrepresented the value of the kite——"

"No, Mom! Honest I didn't!" Tom put in quickly. "I even said the kite wasn't as good as the engine. Didn't I Jeff?"

Jeff corroborated this. He felt easier now. He said:

"I got two engines, Mrs. Shanks. I don't need only one. And I could use a kite."

"Well," said Tom's mother, putting her arm around her son, "I'm glad to hear that Tom dealt perfectly fairly with you. I was afraid he was trying to take advantage of you."

"No'm, I didn't," said Tom.

"Even so," she added, "I don't think you ought to trade an old home-made kite for a fine toy like that. Why, that must have cost a good deal. I know, because I priced them. Let me see it, Jeffery."

He handed it to her, tho now, indeed, he felt cornered and would have preferred to run away with it. She held it in both hands, turned it over. It seemed perfect, save for a scratch or two in its black paint.

"It's an awfully good one," she commented. "Much too valuable to trade for a kite, I'm afraid. I don't think I can let Tom take it, Jeffery; tho it is certainly sweet of you to—" Her fingers absently turned the winding key. And at once followed a sound that was unmistakable. "Why—isn't this broken?"

"Broken!" Tom echoed.

She kept turning the key, her lips tightening and a light of comprehension coming into her eyes. Jeffery knew that he was lost. He was terrified. Altho, as long as he could remember, his mind had often played with thoughts of dishonest things, this was the first time he had ever put those thoughts into action; had made instinct practice. And he had failed; he was caught. Yet, instinct sustained him. He neither cringed nor ran. He stood his ground, feigning astonishment.

"Broken!" he said. "Why, it wasn't broken——"

"Jeffery!" said Mrs. Shanks. "Do you mean to say that I broke it? That I broke it just touching the key!"

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"It—it wasn't broken," he replied doggedly. "You ask Tom. He saw it run."

"When?"

"Yesterday," said Tom. "I saw it run yesterday."

For a moment Mrs. Shanks was silent. Then she took Jeffery's arm gently and led him down the porch. There was a bench there and she seated herself, making the boy stand before her. She placed her hands on his shoulders and looked earnestly into his face.

"Jeffery," she said, her voice kindly but grave, "I don't believe that you are really a bad boy. I don't believe that you really wanted to cheat your friend. But just the same, you gave way to one bad impulse; and now I'm going to tell you something that I hope will stay with you all your life.

"I want you to remember two things, Jeffery. I want you to say them over and over to yourself until you know them frontward and backward; until they become an actual part of you and your thoughts. One is, Honesty is the best policy. Always—*always*—it is the best policy. And the other is, A good name is to be valued above riches. Do you understand what those wise proverbs mean?"

He hung his head. He nodded. "Yes'm."

"Now repeat them to me, Jeffery."

"Honesty—is the—the best policy."

"That's right. And the other one?"

"A—a good name is—is better—'n riches."

"Do you understand the meaning of them, Jeffery?"

"Yes'm."

She rose. "Here's your engine. It was broken when you handed it to me, wasn't it?"

"Yes'm," he confessed.

She smiled a little. "That confession is good for your soul. It shows that you've already learned the good of what I just taught you. Honesty is the best policy! No matter what you do, where you go, what you say—be honest. And if you do everything honestly and straightforwardly, you'll earn for yourself a good name that will be better than all the riches in the world."

A YEAR later, when Jeffery Flange removed with his family to another city, the boy took with him these two axioms. They had taken root, if not deeply in his heart, at least at the core of his consciousness. There was a twist to his soul that made him dubious about honesty being always the best policy; but observation showed him that a good name had an intrinsic value not to be scorned.

At high school some of his classmates cheated. Because almost daily the teachers caught some student with contraband notes, they were constantly suspicious. And on the day of final examinations they patrolled the aisles, their eyes on every one.

Jeffery Flange was a quick scholar. His mind was unusually alert. He had no temptation to cheat because he had no difficulty getting good grades through honest efforts. Nevertheless the thought of cheating occupied him and excited his imagination. He looked upon his cheating classmates with contempt. What fools they were! The final examinations counted three-fourths of the grade for the term; the average of the daily recitations was relatively unimportant. Had they been scrupulously honest throughout the term, the teachers would have been disarmed. There would have been no patrolling of aisles during the final examinations.

The gentle, righteous Mrs. Shanks had meant to drive home a great truth. She did; but she probably did not know that if one drives a nail into a hole previously made by a crooked nail, the second nail will be bent.

Jeffery Flange did not go to college. He had evolved an economic theory which he thought superior to any he could gain at the university. He wanted to get into the banking business, and he applied for a position to the largest bank in the city. It happened that they needed a runner; and Jeffery was chosen when he showed how readily he could give bond. While Jeffery confidently waited, the bonding company carefully investigated his character.

The principal of his school, his teachers, gave him letters of unqualified recommendation. Never, in four years, had he committed one dishonest act. Never had he cheated, lied, nor appropriated so much as a pencil that was property of the school.

Jeffery Flange had earned a good name, and its value was his first position of trust.

He was a strapping fellow of nineteen. His shoulders were broad and straight; his arms and legs were long. He had wavy brown hair and clear brown eyes. When he spoke he looked his fellow in the eye, as if there were nothing inside him which he could not let the world see. He walked with long strides, easy grace, and poise. Every one at the bank liked him. Despite his youth, older men told him little secrets which they would not have mentioned to everybody.

He ate his lunch at a small café on a side street near the bank. A young man who happened to sit at his table every day struck up an acquaintance with him. He introduced Flange to several other young men and, one evening, took him to a party where there were pretty girls and much revelry.

THESE new friends thrilled him. They were, somehow, different from other people he had known. He felt with them a kinship, an undefinable bond which made him one of them. They were bad—both men and girls. They had evil, scheming minds. They spoke of things which stirred him to the very depths of his being; which roused his deepest thoughts and made his heart leap. He enjoyed himself, tho he drank sparingly and avoided intrigue with the girl who was reserved for him. He was suspicious of every one. He guarded his good name as a miser protects his hoarded wealth.

What he expected eventually came to pass. Three of the men, now become his surreptitious friends, unfolded the plan which, he knew, must have been developing for weeks.

"You carry as much as ten grand at a time, don't you? Well, split that four ways and it means twenty-five hundred for each of us. See? And we three take all the risks. All you do is pass the alley there on Downey Street. We'll leave you bound and gagged—never suspect——"

Jeffery Flange's heart pounded with excitement. This was real! This was life! The plan was utterly crooked; so it fitted perfectly into the groove of his mind. He told his friends that he was with them. He gave them his hand on it. Then, all arrangements made, they parted, and Flange returned to the bank.

On the way back to the bank he chuckled. Twenty-five hundred dollars! Those darn fools would risk their very lives for twenty-five hundred dollars. What, he wanted to know, could a man do with that measly chicken-feed? Was that the value of a good name—twenty-five hundred dollars?

He went directly to the office of the president. When he came out the president was with him, the man's hand resting on the youth's shoulder. Together they laid the matter before the head detective, and plans were made. At the appointed time, Flange walked past the alley on Downey Street, his brief-case stuffed with newspapers. Three men, wearing masks, pounced upon him, took away his brief-case, bound and gagged him.

Just before the gag was applied one of them asked, "Shall I sock you one, Jeff? Not too hard; just to give you a shiner?" The victim said no; it wasn't necessary. And it wasn't. At that moment the detectives swooped down upon them.

Flange's picture was in the papers next day. "Runner for Bank Foils Robbery; Noted Gang Broken Up."

The value of Flange's good name rose considerably. At just about the time that "Spider" Blake and his two accomplices went to the penitentiary, Jeffery Flange was promoted to an office position at the bank.

AT THE age of thirty-two he was cashier. He had changed very little from the youth who had started in as a runner. His shoulders were still square and straight; he had not allowed himself to become stout. As always he thought of things that filled him with excitement and sent the blood pounding through his body.

When he was a teller he handled, from morning until late afternoon, a continuous stream of silver, gold, and currency. But the position of trust which he held meant more to him than the money which passed through his fingers. Never for a moment, through all those years, was he seriously tempted to tuck away a stack of bank-notes into his pocket, tho he figured out a number of ways—novel, original, fairly safe ways—to cover the theft. He enjoyed devising methods for so doing, but he scorned putting them into effect.

Just so when he was cashier. Just so when, at forty-one, he was vice-president.

There was a touch of gray now at his temples. It added distinction to his strong, handsome face. He was an important man; one of the prominent men of his city. He served on this board and that, this and that committee. Tho he was not wealthy, as he thought in terms of real wealth, he was comfortably well off. His salary, tho certainly not staggering, enabled him to enjoy a nicely furnished apartment, a good automobile, well-tailored clothes, a town and country club.

To a certain extent only did he enjoy them. Something deep down inside him barred him from the fullest measure of contentment. At his clubs, in the homes of his friends, he could never experience the thrill, the stimulating pleasure he had known at the parties of "Spider Blake."

The men and women he moved among left him cold for all they liked him,

"FLANGE WALKED PAST THE ALLEY, HIS BRIEF-CASE STUFFED WITH NEWSPAPERS. THREE MEN, WEARING MASKS, POUNCED UPON HIM"

Original from

trusted him, warmed up to him. Their thoughts were not his thoughts. Their ways were not—not actually—his ways. He lived in one world and was a part of another.

When he was with these stranger friends he was suave, at ease, beautifully poised. But when he was alone in his apartment his manner was nervous, his actions jerky; his eyes had a way of shifting quickly from object to object. He would kick a footstool out of his path violently. He would sit sunk in thought, his brows drawn together, his face almost ugly.

He had not married because the women whom his purpose would have permitted him to marry he could not love, did not want. They didn't call to him; none of them was his mate. Once he had met a woman he could have loved, but she was the wife of a business associate, and, altho he knew that she was only too willing to deceive her husband, he turned away from her. He was cashier at the time. A scandal would have ruined him. He was thankful when her husband moved to another city, taking his wife with him.

Shortly after his election to a vice-presidency of his bank he was granted a six-months' leave of absence—his first real vacation in more than twenty years. He boarded a steamer for South America, giving a vast sigh of relief as his native land, where he was so well known, where he had earned so valued a name, sank slowly from his sight. In his pockets were letters of introduction to prominent men of Buenos Aires and Rio de Janeiro. He tore them into strips and gave them to the sea. For six months he was free. For half a year——

WHEN he returned it was with the taste of life lingering pleasantly in his mouth. It was, after all, only a sip he had taken. The time had not yet come when he dared to gulp. He had felt that he must be careful, even in that distant land. He had striven too long, denied himself of too many things through the years, to risk final frustration. Even in Rio, in Buenos Aires, where he found himself able to lose his identity for a while—even there he did not forget the worth of his good name. Its value exceeded by millions the extent of his worldly wealth.

Besides the temporary release, the brief escape from the prison of his utter respectability, the journey profited him in other ways. He had managed it so that he could return to Buenos Aires at any time as George Page. Jeffery Flange could be swallowed up as a leaden weight sinks into deep water. And better still, he had formed a concrete plan. In his stateroom on the northbound steamer he worked on his papers, a smile on his lips.

When he returned to his bank, his clubs, and his friends he had these papers in readiness. They purported to give him unrestricted title by lease to certain extensive lands in Brazil. The seals were perfect. The signature was identical with the one which appeared on the currency of the republic. There were other documents which proved beyond question the oil value of these lands. The latter were genuine. Only the government leases were forgeries.

His first step was to resign from active service at the bank. He told the board of directors that he regretted having to leave them, but his better opportunities lay in another field. He related supposed experiences in South America; he spoke of noted men of the sister republic; of high government officials; of "my friend, the President of Brazil."

He let them see the precious documents. And while he addressed them, while they examined the papers, he stood poised and confident, clear-eyed, honest, dependable. He was Jeffery Flange, known and beloved to all of them; a man who had never committed a dishonest act, never told a lie, never broken his word, never betrayed a friend.

The board was sorry to lose him, but it understood. It offered Flange an honorary vice-presidency as a token of its esteem, admiration, and gratitude. It congratulated him upon the acquirement of the leases.

"There is no man," said the president, "who better merits this rich reward. I assure you that I—and I speak for all of us—that we wish you the greatest possible success in your new enterprise. We want you to know that you may count on each and every one of us if, in any way, we can be of service to you."

This was more or less formal. Informally they came to him as individuals and pumped him with questions; not suspicious, but inquiries about his plans for the development of his wonderful project. If he wanted capital——

Flange let them play into his hands. He urged no one, solicited none. In his straightforward way he organized the Jeffery Flange Development Company, opened pleasant offices in the Fleet Building, and accepted the money which was eagerly brought to him.

Among his wealthy friends there was a sort of relief that he let them in on things. They had been a bit fearful that he could somehow manage it alone, without outside capital. They knew—because Jeffery Flange told them so—that for every dollar that went into the business a hundred would return. There was plenty for Flange, and plenty, too, for them.

Flange was busy from morning until night; busier than he had ever been—and happier. His role of frank respectability irked him no longer. As he watched the golden stream gathering, like a forming lake, at his feet, he dreamed of the things he had always dreamed about, but which were, until now, so far remote. He kept an eye on the totals. One million dollars—two—three. What was the value of a good name? He had four million dollars. Four millions in cash. Carefully he checked over the names of his friends, his acquaintances, the rich people who must have heard of Jeffery Flange. All had contributed. So he set about working the other lode.

There were fifty thousand names in the mailing-list of investors which he procured. In response to the letter he sent out, the other half of his city came to him—the clergymen, doctors, widows, small business men, workers. Individually they did not bring much; fifty dollars, a few hundred, several thousands. But collectively they purchased their share of Jeffery Flange's good name for a little more than one million dollars.

It was comical how they came to him; how they ventured so diffidently into his office, so timidly shook his hand. Their timidity rose not from suspicion nor doubt, but from their knowledge that Mr. So-and-so had invested a hundred thousand dollars, and they brought only a hundred or two. Yet, the letter had stated that no amount was too small to be acceptable; that the least of the investors would receive the same consideration as the greatest.

It was what one might expect of a man like Jeffery Flange, a man who, through honesty and integrity, through truth and Christian precepts, had risen from the ranks of the workers.

The letter modestly pointed that out. It was a good letter; better than the general run of letters because it bore the signature of Jeffery Flange. It told exactly who Jeffery Flange was—as if any one need be told. It made great claims for the project, and then apologized for its exuberance. But the reputation of Jeffery Flange himself stood back of this proposition. There was no plea for funds. It was merely Jeffery Flange extending the same opportunities to the people in moderate circumstances as to those who were already wealthy. There was no slightest element of risk to the investment. Jeffery Flange promised that. He wrote: "I have based my whole life on one great truth: That the value of a good name is greater than riches——"

He had chuckled to himself as he had written that. He chuckled now as he stood at the door of his apartment and allowed his eyes to wander for the last time over the quiet respectability of his front room. At his feet, on either side, were his two suitcases, packed, strapped, ready. Under the layers of clothing, at the bottom of the cases, was currency to the amount of five million dollars.

"The value of a good name," he said to himself, "is five million dollars."

It was seven-thirty and his train left at eight. He was supposed to be going to New York on business, to return in a week. But he had arranged secretly for passage aboard an inconspicuous steamer to South America. It was the last place in the world where they would search for him, he thought, since it was so obvious that he would go there. At any rate, let them search; they would never find him.

He picked up his suitcases and went down to the street. As he waited for a taxicab a friend hailed him, bade him good-by and good luck. "See you next week," said Flange, and got into the cab.

He reached the station with five minutes to spare.

"Carry your grips, Mister?"

He waved the porters aside and went to the train gate. He set down his precious burden a moment while he took his tickets from his pocket. As he was about to step to the gate a voice behind him said:

"Pardon me, Mr. Flange. But may I speak with you privately for a moment?"

Flange turned around. He did not know the man.

"Why—I'm sorry," Flange said. "But my train leaves in a few moments and I'm afraid——"

"I know," the man replied in a low voice. "I want to do this with as little—as quietly as possible. I'm a government man and I want you. You can avoid a scene by coming with me just—casual like."

For a moment Flange stood like a rabbit hypnotized by a spotlight. Everything within him seemed to have stopped. Every ounce of power seemed to have drained from his body; yet he held his two suitcases. Then a strange sinking feeling filled him, making him physically sick. His face grew slick and moist with little beads of sweat. The stranger said:

"Will you consider yourself under arrest? Otherwise I'll have to do it openly and I'll spare you that. Just come along with me."

Flange could not speak. As in a dream he fell into step beside the detective and walked with him through the waiting-room and out to the street. He sought no means to escape; he did not argue. He knew, as he had known once before in his life, that he was lost.

AT THE curb was a police-car with an officer in uniform at the wheel. The detective handed Flange into the tonneau and seated himself beside his captive. The machine started away.

"You got the haul in here, Flange?" the detective asked, putting his feet on the suitcases.

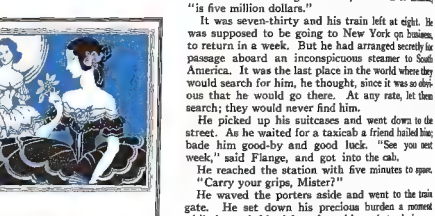
Flange did not answer. His mind was returning to him now; he was able to think again. He had better say nothing; that was the safest thing to do. Safest! No; he was surely lost. No matter what—he was lost.

The detective wanted to talk.

"You're wondering why you didn't get away with it, aren't you, Flange? And you would have if it wasn't for me. I don't believe that any one else thought for a second of suspecting you. When I mentioned it for the first time at the office, they laughed at me. Jeffery Flange? Him crooked? They laughed at me. So I went ahead on my own hook and made the investigations nobody else thought of making. It was easy—since I never heard of you, they said. You're in for a long stretch, I think."

Flange remained silent. Lost—he was lost.

"Curious to know what made me suspect you, Flange?" The man would not be quiet. "It was that letter you sent out. My mother got one of them and sent it to me. Your name was familiar; but what made us remember was that line about basing your life on one great truth: The value of a good name is greater than riches."

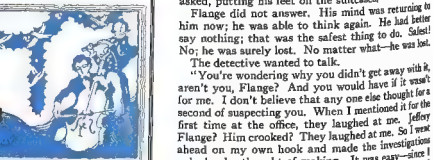


A CHRISTMAS INTERLUDE

By MINNA IRVING

She keeps a sprig of mistletoe,
Relic of Christmas long ago;
The leaves are brown and brittle now,
The berries shriveled, too;
But when she broke it from the bough
Their whiteness matched her fair young brow,
And life and love were new.

He hides a holly-spray between
His favorite book, once red and green
The garland hung upon the wall
Where flutes and viols played;
He loved her, but he dared not call
And tell her so, and that was all,
And she is still a maid.



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BLIND GERONIMO AND HIS BROTHER

By ARTHUR SCHNITZLER
Illustrations by FORTUNINO MATANIA

Editor's Note

As a literary novelty we are placing before our readers this remarkable story of the great Viennese author Arthur Schnitzler, which was first published thirty years ago. Our readers may judge for themselves how this tenderly told tale compares with the stories of to-day.

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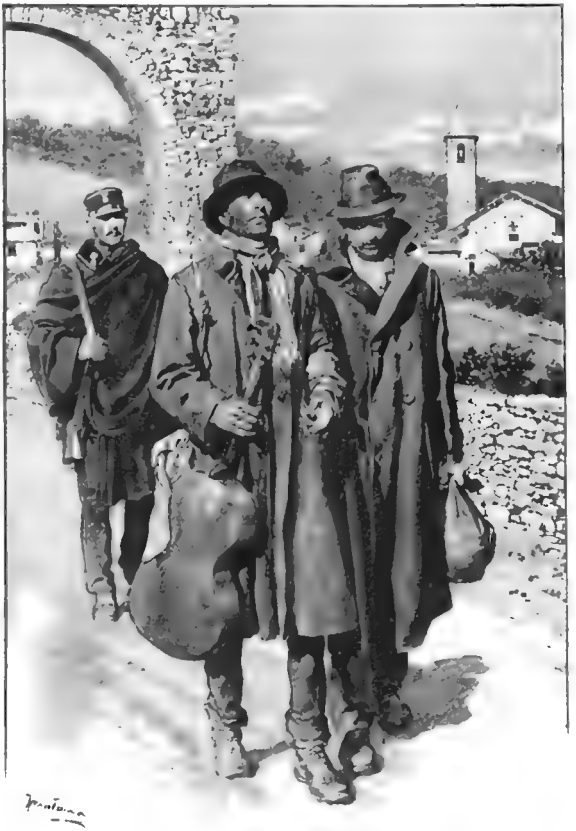


"'WHY DON'T YOU SAY SOMETHING?' ASKED GERONIMO. AND CARLO THOUGHT, 'SHALL I TELL BEFORE WE GO TO COURT? BUT IT CAN'T BE DONE. THE POLICEMAN IS LISTENING'"

BLIND Geronimo arose from the bench and took up his guitar, which was lying in readiness next to his wineglass on the table. He had heard the rumble of wheels in the distance. Now he groped his way to the door and walked down the narrow wooden steps which led into the covered courtyard below. His brother followed him, and both stood on the steps, their backs to the wall, so that they would be protected from the cold, damp wind which blew through the yard.

All the carriages that came over the Stelvio Pass had to drive under the gloomy gateway of the old inn. For those who were going from Italy into the Tyrol this was the last resting-place before the summit. It was not inviting for a lengthy sojourn, but the blind Italian and his brother Carlo practically made their home here during the Summer months.

The stage drove in and was soon followed by other carriages. Most of the travelers remained seated, huddled up in their heavy wraps; some got out and paced impatiently up and down. The weather grew worse, and a cold rain beat down relentlessly.

The blind man sang, accompanying himself on the guitar; his voice was uneven; sometimes he would suddenly screech. But that was when he had drunk a lot. Now he lifted his head with an expression of fruitless supplication. The older brother stood next to him, almost motionless. When any one threw a coin into his hat he would nod his thanks, and look at the donor with a quick, uncertain gaze. But immediately, almost fearfully, he would turn away and stare into the open.

"Bring me some wine," said the blind man; and Carlo went in, obedient, as always. As he was going up the steps Geronimo began to sing again. He had long since learned not to hear himself, and could easily understand what was going on about him. Now he heard the whispering of a young man and woman. He wondered how often this couple had passed over the same road.

Then Carlo came down, bringing him a glass of wine. The blind man lifted it to his lips, and said to the young couple, "To your health!"

"Thank you," answered the young man; but his companion drew away, for the old man was repulsive to her.

A carriage drove in filled with noisy German passengers. In it were a father, a mother, three children, and a governess.

The father gave each one of the children a coin to throw into the beggar's hat, and Geronimo each time nodded his head in thanks. The oldest boy gazed at the blind man with frightened curiosity. Carlo looked at the boy. Whenever he saw children of that age he remembered the day, altho it was twenty years ago, when Geronimo lost his eyesight. Even to-day he could hear the childish scream and the church bells in the village. How often had he shot at the ash-tree with his bow and arrow! But as soon as he heard the screams he dropped his bow and hurried to Geronimo, who lay on the grass, his hands before his face, sobbing. Blood was flowing over his cheek and down his neck.

At that same moment their father came home from the fields, and now both of them knelt beside the suffering child. Old Vanetti was the first to force Geronimo's hands away from his face. Then came the blacksmith, whose apprentice Carlo was at that time, and he immediately saw that the right eye

was lost. And the doctor who came from Peschiavo that evening could not help any. He even warned them about the danger of the other eye. And he was right. A year later Geronimo was quite blind.

Carlo, in his despair, used to wander for days and nights over the highroad. But the holy father told him that it was his duty to live and devote his life to his brother. And Carlo understood. He was seized by enormous compassion. And his sorrow only grew less when he could be with his blind brother, stroke his hair, kiss his brow, tell him stories, and take him out into the fields.

One day Carlo noticed Geronimo's pleasing voice, and the idea came to him that it ought to be cultivated. The school-teacher of Tola, who sometimes came over on Sundays, taught him the guitar. But at that time the blind boy little thought that this accomplishment would serve him as a livelihood.

That sad Summer day seemed to be the forerunner of hard luck for the house of Lagardi. The crops were bad year after year, and the little money that the father had stored away was taken by a swindling relative. Then one hot day in August the father died, and left behind him nothing but debts. The little place was sold, and the brothers left the village.

Carlo was twenty, Geronimo fifteen, when their wandering life began. At first Carlo thought of taking some position that would allow him to support his brother, but Geronimo was never contented in one place; he wanted always to be on the road.

For twenty years now they had been wandering over the passes and highways of northern Italy and southern Tyrol, always taking their stand where the stream of travelers was the greatest.

But even if Carlo no longer felt that terrible sorrow, a sorrow that was made keener by each sunbeam and every lovely bit of landscape, he was always glad when Geronimo got drunk.

The carriage with the German family had driven on. Carlo sat down on the bottom step; but Geronimo remained standing, his arms at his side, gazing upward.

Marie, the maid, came out of the inn.

"Did you make a lot of money to-day?" she called.

Carlo did not even turn. The blind man picked up his glass and drank to her. Marie sometimes sat next to him at the table in the evening; and he thought that she was pretty.

Carlo leaned forward and looked up the highroad. The wind blew and the rain beat down, almost drowning out the rumble of an approaching carriage. Carlo arose and took his place at his brother's side.

Geronimo began singing even before the carriage, in which there was but one passenger, had come to a stop. The driver quickly unharnessed the horses and then ran up to the inn. The traveler remained seated in his corner. He did not seem to hear the singing. After a while he jumped out and began to pace up and down. Then for the first time he seemed to notice the musician and his brother. He stood and gazed at them steadily. Carlo nodded gently.

THE traveler was a young fellow, with a smooth-shaven face and restless eyes. After he had stood in the one spot for a while he hurried back to the gate to inspect the weather.

"Well?" asked Geronimo.

"Nothing yet," answered Carlo. "But he'll probably give us something when he drives off."

The traveler returned, and the blind man began to sing again. A groom appeared and hitched the horses. The traveler put his hand into his pocket and gave Carlo a franc.

"Many thanks!" Carlo said.

The traveler got into his carriage and enveloped himself in his coat. Carlo picked up the wine-glass and went up the wooden steps. The traveler leaned out of the carriage and shook his head with an expression of confusion and sadness. Then he said to Geronimo, who was but two paces from him:

"What's your name?"

"Geronimo."

"Well, Geronimo, do not let yourself be deceived."

At this moment the driver appeared on the top step.

"What do you mean, sir, by 'deceived'?"

"I gave your companion a twenty-franc piece."

"Oh, thank you, sir; thank you, sir!"

"That's all right, but look out."

"Oh, he's my brother, sir, and he wouldn't deceive me."

The traveler pondered a bit, then the driver jumped on the box and they were off. The young man leaned back with a shake of his head, as if he meant to say: Fate take your course!

The blind man waved his hand as a token of thanks. Then he heard Carlo call, "Come up here, Geronimo, where it's warmer. Marie has lighted a fire."

Geronimo nodded, took his guitar under his arm, and felt his way up the steps. Even before he was inside he called, "Let me feel it! How long it is since I've felt a gold piece!"

"What are you talking about?" asked Carlo.

"Carlo, my dear brother, there are good people in the world after all."

"Of course," said Carlo. "Up to the present we have two lire and thirty centesimi, and there is perhaps half a lira of Austrian money too."

"And twenty francs—and twenty francs!" cried Geronimo. "I know it." He tottered into the room and sat down heavily on the bench

"What do you know?" asked Carlo.

"Now stop fooling! Give it to me! How long it is since I've felt a gold piece!"

"Why, what do you mean? All I have is two or three lire."

The blind man struck the table with his fist

"Now we've had enough of that! Are you trying to hide something from me?"

"I'm not hiding anything from you. Why, how can you think of such a thing? No one ever thought of giving me a gold piece," said Carlo.

"But he told me he did!"

"Who?"

"The young traveler who kept pacing up and down."

"I don't understand you."

"Well, first he asked me, 'What's your name?' and then he added, 'Look out! Do not let yourself be deceived.'"

"You must have been dreaming, Geronimo."

"But I heard it, and my hearing is good. 'Do not let yourself be deceived; I gave him a gold piece . . . no, he said, 'I gave him a twenty-franc piece.'"

The innkeeper entered the room.

"Well, what's up between you? Have you retired from business? A four-horse just drove up"

"Come!" cried Carlo. "Come!"

Geronimo at once obeyed him, but on the steps he said, "We still have something to say to one another."

There were two Englishmen in the carriage. Carlo held the hat and Geronimo sang. The one traveler got out, and he threw a coin into the hat. Carlo thanked him, and then murmured as if to himself, "Twenty centesimi." Geronimo's face remained motionless; he began a new song. Meanwhile the carriage drove off.

The brothers walked silently up the steps. Geronimo sat down on the bench, while Carlo remained standing at the oven.

"Why don't you speak?" asked Geronimo.

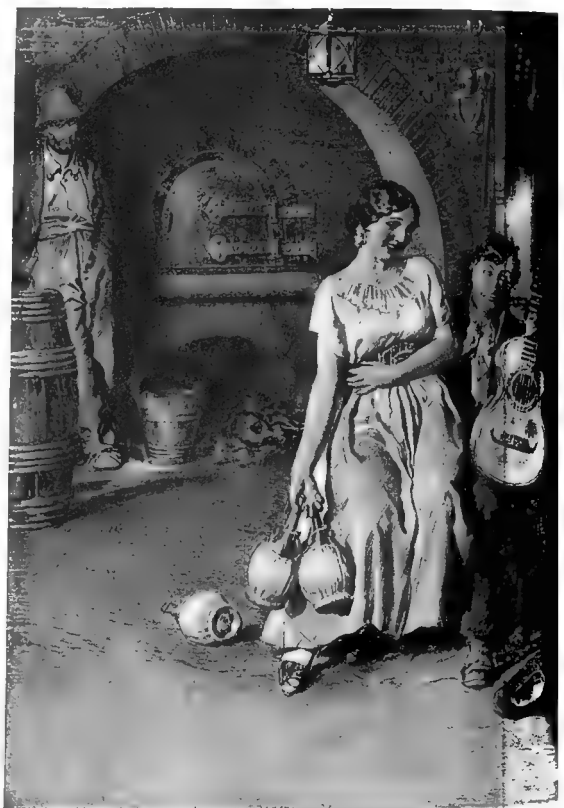
"Well," answered Carlo, "it can only be as I said."

His voice trembled.

"Why should I —how can you believe——?"

"Why does your voice tremble, eh, why?"

"Geronimo, I assure you, I——"



"'DO YOU THINK THAT SHE IS PRETTY? WHY, SHE'S AN UGLY OLD HAG!' BUT GERONIMO DID

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One of the servants called up from below, "Hey, blind man, people are coming!"

Mechanically the brothers rose and went down the steps. Two carriages had come at the same time. In the one there were three gentlemen; an old married couple occupied the other. Geronimo sang. Carlo stood next to him, abashed. What should he do? His brother did not believe him! How could that be? And he gazed fearfully at Geronimo, who was singing in a cracked voice.

The carriages were gone, but Geronimo kept on singing. Carlo did not dare to interrupt him. Then the sound of laughter was heard from above, and Marie called down, "Why are you still singing? You'll get nothing from me!"

Geronimo stopped in the middle of his song. Then he went up the steps again. Carlo followed, and sat down next to him. What should he do? There was nothing left; he would have to try once more to make him understand.

Geronimo muttered, "Don't lie! Don't lie!"

"I'm not lying, Geronimo," replied Carlo.

"Have you given it to her already, or does she get it later?" shrieked Geronimo.

"Marie?"

"Who else? Ah, you liar, you thief!" And he pushed Carlo aside.

Carlo arose and went down into the courtyard. He looked up the highroad, which lost itself in the fog. The rain had stopped. He thrust his hands into his pockets and walked out into the open. What had happened? He still could not fathom it. What kind of person could it be who gives a franc and says it's twenty. He must have had some reason. And Carlo tried to think if he had ever made any enemies. But all that he had done for the past twenty years was to stand in courtyards, his hat in his hand. Was any one angry with him on account of a girl? But what a long time it was since he had anything to do with any of them! It was incomprehensible! What strange kinds of people there must be in the world! And now Geronimo did not trust him! That he could not stand! Something had to be done. And he hurried back.

When he entered the inn Geronimo lay stretched out on the bench and did not seem to notice his coming. Marie brought them food and drink. During the meal neither of them said a word. As Marie was clearing away the plates Geronimo suddenly laughed and asked her, "What are you going to buy with it—a new skirt or earrings?"

"What's he talking about?" she asked Carlo.

In the meantime there were noises in the courtyard; loud voices could be heard, and Marie hurried down. In a few moments three draymen came in and took their places at the table. The innkeeper came to greet them.

"There'll be snow to-night," said one.

Then a second told of a terrible snow-storm that had taken place ten years before. Marie joined them

Now other stages drove up. The brothers went down; Geronimo sang while Carlo held the hat, and the travelers gave their alms. The blind man now seemed quite calm. Sometimes he would ask, "How much?" and would nod his head at the answer.

As the brothers were going up the steps they heard the draymen talking and laughing. The youngest called to Geronimo, "Sing something for us! We'll pay you for it!"

Marie, who was just coming in with a bottle of red wine, said, "Don't begin anything with him to-day; he's in a bad humor."

Instead of answering, Geronimo stood in the center of the room and began to sing. When he had finished the draymen applauded.

"Come here, Carlo!" called one. "We want to throw money into your hat as the travelers do below." And he took a small coin, and held it up as if he were going to throw it into Carlo's hat. Then Geronimo grasped the drayman's arm, and said, "Better give it to me! It might roll away—away."

Every one laughed. They thought he was joking.

"Sit down and join us," called out the draymen. "You're a jolly fellow!" And they moved closer together so as to make room for Geronimo. Their talk grew louder and louder. Geronimo was in the thick of the chatter and kept on drinking. When Marie returned he tried to draw her toward him. Then one of the draymen asked him, "Do you think that she is pretty? Why, she's an ugly old hag!"

But Geronimo drew Marie on to his lap. "You're all fools!" he said. "Do you think I need my eyes to see?"

RIE ON TO HIS LAP. 'YOU'RE ALL FOOLS!' HE SAID. 'DO YOU THINK I NEED MY EYES TO SEE?'"

A SERVANT entered then and told the drayman that if they wanted to reach Bormio by nightfall they would have to start very soon. All arose and noisily bade one another good-by. The brothers were again alone. Geronimo, his head on the table, seemed to be sleeping. At first Carlo paced up and down; then he sat down on the bench. He was very tired. It seemed to him as if he were in a dream. He had to think of all sorts of things: of yesterday, of the day before, and all the days of the past. And everything seemed far away and intangible, just as if it could never be again.

Late in the afternoon the stage came from the Tyrol, and then, at intervals, carriages that were also going south. The brothers had to go down into the courtyard four times more. When they went up finally it was twilight, and the little oil-lamp that hung from the ceiling was smoking. The men who were laboring at a near-by quarry, and who had built little huts for themselves close by, now came to the inn. Geronimo sat down with them; Carlo remained at his own table. It seemed to him as if his loneliness had already lasted a long time. He heard Geronimo talking loudly about his childhood; saying how distinctly he remembered what he had seen before his accident: his father, the fields, the little garden with the ash-tree, his own little hut, the shoemaker's two children, the vineyards behind the church, yes, and even his own childish face. How many times Carlo had heard this all before! But to-day he could not bear it.

He crept out, and again walked on the highroad, which now lay in total darkness. The rain had stopped, the air was cold, and the idea of going on, on, into the night, to lie down in some ditch, to fall asleep and never awaken, seemed to fascinate him. Suddenly he heard carriage-wheels, and saw the light of two approaching lamps. In the carriage that drove by him there sat two men. One of them, a man with a thin, smooth-shaven face, gave a start when he saw Carlo suddenly loom up out of the darkness. Then the carriage and the lights disappeared into the night, and Carlo again stood in darkness. Suddenly he felt he could not stand it another minute, and he turned back. When he stepped into the inn he saw the two travelers who had passed him on the road, chatting over a bottle of red wine.

Geronimo was still sitting at the table with the laborers.

"Where have you been, Carlo?" asked the innkeeper. "And why do you leave your brother alone?"

"Why, what's happened?" asked Carlo.

"Geronimo is treating them all. It makes no difference to me, but you ought to look out for the future."

Carlo stepped up quickly to his brother, took him by the arm, and said, "Come!"

"What do you want?" cried Geronimo.

"Come to bed," said Carlo.

"Leave me alone! I earn the money, and I can do what I want with it. You can't put it all in your pockets. You people think he gives me all we make. But there

"Geronimo," he said, "Geronimo, how can you believe that——"

Geronimo was silent. His eyes seemed to be piercing the window, into the fog. He moved impatiently away. But Carlo continued.

"I don't eat or drink any more than you do, and when I buy a new coat you know about it. For what then should I need so much money? What should I do with it?"

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are people who say to me, 'I gave your brother twenty francs!'"

The working men laughed.

"That's enough," said Carlo. "Come!" and he drew his brother after him, almost dragging him up to their bare little room. The whole way up Geronimo cried, "Where is she? Where is Marie? Ah, yes, I sing for you, I play the guitar for you, and you live on me—and you are a thief!" And he fell down on his straw bag.

From the hallway a weak light streamed in. Across the way the door to the only guest-room stood ajar, and Marie was opening the beds for the night. Carlo stood in front of his brother, and slowly he began to understand. Geronimo's suspicion could not have dated from to-day; it must have been kindled long ago. And everything that Carlo had done for him was in vain; in vain the sacrifices of his whole life. What should he do? Should he beg for him forever? Should he be content with nothing but suspicion as his reward? If his brother held him for a thief, surely any stranger could offer him the same or even better guidance. In truth, to leave him alone would be the best thing to do. And then Geronimo would see what it means to be deceived and to be robbed, and to be alone and miserable. But what should he, Carlo, do? He could find work as a servant almost anywhere.

But as these thoughts went through his head, his eyes fixed on his brother; suddenly he understood that his love for his brother was the whole essence of his life. And he felt that he needed his brother just as much as his brother needed him. He could not, he did not want to leave him. He had either to suffer the suspicion or to find a means to make his brother see how groundless was his accusation. If he could only get a gold piece in some way! If, on the morrow, he could say to the blind man, "I only saved it so that you would not get drunk with the working men, so that they would not steal it from you."

Some one was coming up the steps; the travelers were retiring for the night. Suddenly the idea flashed through his mind to go across the hall, knock at the door, tell the strangers just what had happened, and ask them for the twenty francs. But he immediately realized that that was out of the question. They would not believe him.

He stretched himself out on his straw bag. The room was pitch-dark. He heard the working men, talking loudly, going down the steps. Almost immediately afterward the gates were locked. The groom went up and down the stairs once more, and then all was quiet. Now all Carlo heard was Geronimo's snores. Soon his thoughts drifted and he fell asleep. When he awoke it was still very dark. Geronimo still lay in a heavy drunken sleep. And Carlo thought of the morrow and shuddered. He thought of the next night, and then of the day after that, and of the future that dragged itself before him. Why had he not had more courage? Why had he not gone to the strangers and asked them for twenty francs? But perhaps it was for the best that he had not asked. Yes, why was it for the best? He suddenly sat up and felt his heart beating. He knew why it was for the best: if they had refused him it would have seemed suspicious—but now— The door across the way was bolted—and, besides, they might awaken.

CARLO arose and touched the cold window-pane with his brow. Why had he arisen? To try it? What then? Why, it was impossible—and besides it was criminal. Criminal? What do twenty francs mean to people who travel a thousand miles just for pleasure? They would not even notice their loss. He went to the door and opened it softly. Opposite was another door, but two paces away, and it was locked. On a hook outside hung some clothes. Carlo passed his hand over them. But the pockets were empty. What was there left to do? Go back to the room on the straw bag? Ah, if he only had courage! He gazed over at the door. It was open a crack. The door was then not really bolted? The door was not locked—now all he needed was courage—yes, and luck! The worst that could happen would be that both of the travelers might wake up, but then he could always find some excuse.

He peeked through the crack into the room. It was still so dark that all he could see was the outline of two figures in bed. He listened: they were breathing evenly. Carlo opened the door, and with his bare feet stepped into the room without making a sound. The beds were opposite to the window. In the middle of the room stood a table. Carlo crept up to it. He passed his hand over it and suddenly felt a key-ring, a penknife, a small book—nothing else. How could he even for a moment think that they would leave their money on the table? He approached the bed nearest to the door; there on the chair lay something—he grasped it—it was a revolver. Carlo gave a start. Should he have kept it? And why did this man leave his revolver lying there? He left it where it was.

Then he crept farther into the room. There on another chair beneath their underclothes was a purse! He held it in his hand! At this moment he heard a creaking. Quickly he threw himself on the floor. Once more the creaking—a deep sigh—a slight cough—and then quiet. Carlo remained on the floor, the purse in hand, and waited. There were no more sounds. Already the dawn was in the room. He did not dare to rise, but crept along the floor toward the door. He crawled into the hallway, and not until he was there did he rise with a deep sigh. He opened the purse, which had three compartments, and found in the left and right only small coins. Then he opened the middle part and felt three twenty-franc pieces. He took one gold piece and closed the purse. Then he knelt down, peeked through the crack into the room, and gave the purse a shove so that it fell under the bed. When the stranger awakened he would believe that it had fallen down from the chair.

Carlo rose slowly. Then the floor creaked softly, and at the same instant he heard a voice from the room say, "Who's there?" Carlo stepped back quickly, and glided into his own room. He listened. Once more the bed creaked and then all was quiet. Between his fingers he held the gold piece. He had the twenty francs and could say to his brother, "You see, I am not a thief." And they would go on the road to-day—toward the south, to Bormio, and then through Valtelline to Breno to the sea of Iseo as they had done the year before. That would not look suspicious, for already he had said to the innkeeper, "In a few days we are going on the road again."

IT WAS getting lighter and lighter. Ah, if only Geronimo would awaken! It is good to be on the road early in the morning! Even before sunrise they would be on their way. A good morning to the innkeeper, and also to Marie, and then away, away. And only when they had been gone two hours would he tell Geronimo.

The blind man stretched and yawned. Carlo called him.

"Well, what's the matter?"

"Geronimo, let's get up."

"Why?" And he looked at his brother with his dead eyes.

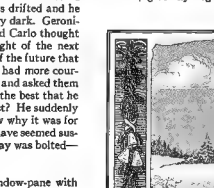
"It's cold, Geronimo; let's go away. It won't be any better to-day; I think we had better go. We can be in Boladore by noon."

Geronimo arose. The noises of the awakening household were beginning to be audible. Down in the courtyard the innkeeper was talking to the groom. Carlo went down. He was always awake early and often went out on the highroad before dawn. He stepped up to the innkeeper and said, "We are going to say good-by to you."

"Ah, are you going to leave us already?" asked the innkeeper.

"Yes. It's too cold to stand here in the courtyard any more, and the wind is too sharp."

"Well, give my regards to Baldetti when you get to



THE HOLLY-TREE

By William Hamilton Hayne

Near to the clinging mistletoe
The branches of the holly grow,
Whose leaves retain their glossy green
Undimmed through Winter's grim demesne.
And berries of this fadeless tree
Are red as blood-drops Faith can see,
Shed on the Cross at Calvary.

Bormio, and tell him not to forget to send me my oil."

"Yes, I'll give him your regards. Oh, by the way—I owe you for our lodging." And he put his hand into his pocket.

"Never mind, Carlo," said the innkeeper. "I'll give your brother the twenty centesimi; besides, I listened to his singing."

"Thank you," said Carlo. "Anyway, we are not in such a hurry. We'll see you when you come back from the huts. Bormio is always on the same spot, isn't it?" He laughed and went up the steps.

Geronimo was standing in the middle of the room, and said, "Well, I'm ready."

"Right away," said Carlo.

From an old bureau which lay in the corner of the room he took out a few odds and ends which were almost sacred to him, and packed them in his bundle. Then he said, "It's a nice day but very cold."

"I know it," said Geronimo. Both left the room.

"Go softly," said Carlo, "because here are the two strangers who arrived last night." Softly they went down the stairs. "The innkeeper sends you his regards," said Carlo. "He made us a present of our night's lodging. Now he is out at his cottages and won't be back for two hours. But we'll see him next year again."

Geronimo did not answer. They stepped out onto the highway, which lay in the morning glow. Carlo took his brother's arm and both walked silently down toward the valley. Mists rose up toward them, and the peaks above them seemed to be lost in the clouds, and Carlo thought, Now I'll tell him all.

But Carlo did not say a word; he took the gold piece out of his pocket and handed it to his brother. The latter took it between the fingers of his right hand, then placed it on his cheek and on his brow. Finally he nodded. "I knew it," he said.

"Well, yes," answered Carlo, and looked strangely at Geronimo.

"Even if the stranger had not told me anything, I would have known it."

"Well, yes," said Carlo, at sea. "But you understand why up there—I was afraid that you would spend the whole at once—and anyway, Geronimo, it is really time to buy yourself a new coat, and a chirt, and shoes."

The blind man shook his head. And he smoothed his coat with his hand. "Good enough, warm enough; now we're going southward."

CARLO did not understand why Geronimo did not apologize. And he went on, "Geronimo, aren't you glad? Now we have it. Now we have it all."

Then Geronimo cried, "Stop lying, Carlo."

Carlo stood stock-still and let go his brother's arm. "I am not lying."

"You always lie. You've lied a hundred times. And you even wanted to keep that gold piece for yourself, but fear got the better of you."

Carlo did not answer. He took his brother's arm, and they walked on. It hurt him that Geronimo spoke thus; but he was surprized that he did not feel sadder.

The mists separated. After a long while Geronimo said, "It's getting warm." He said it as he had said it a hundred times, and Carlo felt that for Geronimo nothing had changed. For Geronimo, he had always been a thief.

"Are you hungry?" he asked.

Geronimo nodded, and took some bread and cheese out of his knapsack. Then they went on.

The stage from Bormio met them. The driver called to them, "Going down already?" Then came other carriages.

"Truly—nothing is changed," thought Carlo. "I even stole for him—and that was in vain."

The mists below grew thinner and thinner, as if the rays of the sun were tearing holes in them. And Carlo thought, "Perhaps it wasn't wise to have left the inn so soon." But what matters all that? What worse could happen to him? His brother believed that he had been stealing from him for years, and would always believe it—what worse, then, could happen?

Down below he could see the large white hotel bathed in the morning sunlight, and below that, where the valley grew broader, lay the village. Silently the two walked down, and Carlo never took his hand from Geronimo's arm. They went through the hotel garden, and Carlo saw guests sitting on the terrace, dressed in light clothes, eating their breakfast. "Where do you want to rest?" asked Carlo.

"Why, at the Eagle, as always."

When they arrived at the little inn at the end of the village they went in and sat down and ordered wine.

"How does it happen that you are with us so early this year?" asked the innkeeper.

The question frightened Carlo a little. "Why, is it so early? It's the tenth or eleventh of September, isn't it?"

"Last year it was much later."

"It's awfully cold up there," said Carlo. "Last night we almost froze to death. Oh, and that reminds me, don't forget to send them their oil."

The air in the room was sultry and muggy. A strange unrest fell over Carlo; he wanted to be out in the open again, out in the broad highway. Suddenly he stood up.

"Are we going already?" asked Geronimo.

"We want to be in Boladore by noon; all the carriages stop there for luncheon; it's a good place."

And they left. The barber, Benozzi, stood in front of his shop, smoking. "Good morning," he called out. "Well, how is it up there? Did it snow last night?"

"Yes, yes," said Carlo, and he hastened his step.

The village lay behind them, and the highroad ran

Continued on Page 33

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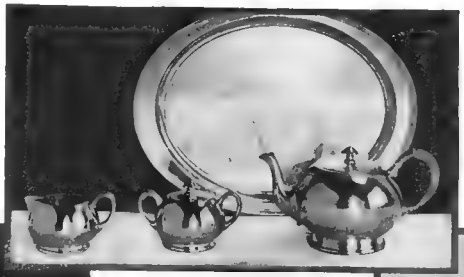
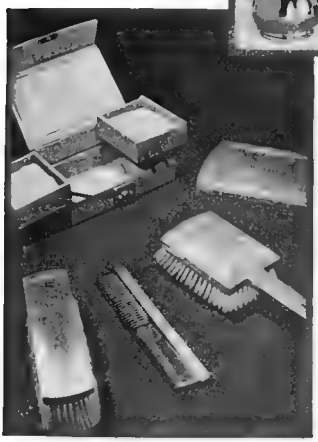
SOMETHING NEW FOR CHRISTMAS

Gifts you can select from your easy chair

A beautifully designed pewter tea-service is shown at the right. The handle of the teapot is wound with wicker. The set may be purchased with or without the tray.



Send a stamped envelop, addressed to yourself, to the Home Bureau Department of Pictorial Review, 222 West 39th Street, New York City, if you wish a detailed description of these gifts or any further information.



One of the round glass balls once used in Salem Town to frighten witches away, now filled with ivy, and a pewter candlestick and snuffer add a homy touch to the guest-room.

As new in its colors and design as milady's costume jewelry is the little box pictured above for taking care of her favorite bangles, rings, and necklaces. The old and the new are graciously combined in the dignified toilet-set of pewter designed in the modern manner.

At the right a gaily decorated pottery jar for beverages, a pewter sirup-jug, a large clear glass jar with a wide mouth for flowers, a nest of good-looking, inexpensive glass-bottomed coasters, and a sturdy ice-water pitcher—all modest in price and valuable to receive.

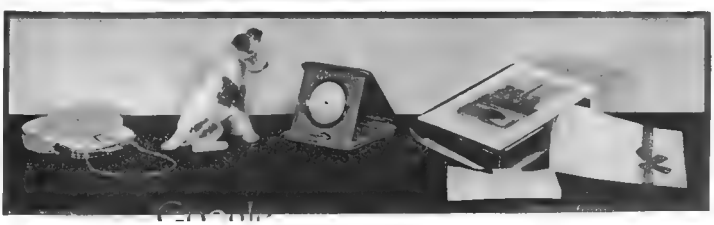
The picture above shows the most decoratively useful combination seen in many a day. The tea-set boasts of twenty-three pieces and has the graceful melon design shown in some of the "old" silver.

The china is white, with fetching little knobs in cherry and green. It is astonishingly inexpensive, and may be used for informal breakfast-, tea-, or luncheon-service for two.

The portable stand is also an adequate luggage-rack, and may be folded up and tucked away when not wanted.

The sturdy yet graceful tray comes in various colors and will be found useful for many occasions.

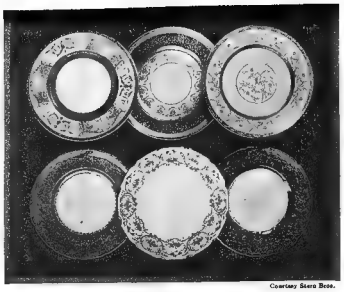
The smart pearl-bead evening bag at the right, which spells PARIS in capital letters, is welcome because it may be used with costumes of any color. An appealingly pensive china dog for the odd space on a table or shelf needs no license and is awaiting a master.



At the left a large-figured radium-dialed traveling-clock, efficient and tailored enough for a man and sophisticated enough for a woman. Exceedingly good French stationery, in pleasingly designed boxes, is just the thing for your casual gift.

Courtesy R. H. Macy & Co.

NEW SILVER DESIGNS



Courtesy Stern Bros.

SERVICE-PLATES ADD DIGNITY AND BEAUTY TO DINING

Courtesy Stern Bros.

VARIED STYLES IN GLASS

SHOPPING FOR THE HOUSE

By GLADYS BECKETT JONES

LAST month we told you about putting your house in order for the holiday season, advising that you take inventory of your needs. We suggested that you make a list of replacements and additions, including notes as to amounts, sizes, numbers, and kinds required. When this has been done you are ready for your shopping-trip and are able to really enjoy one of the pleasures of a home-maker, that of selecting those beautiful, colorful things that add to the joy of living—silver, china, glass, linens, curtains, and hangings.

If your needs include new hangings and draperies your choice of fabric may vary all the way from an elaborate damask or crewel embroidered linen to a glazed chints or casement-cloth, your choice being influenced by the suitability of the fabric to the room and the amount of money that can be spent. If the expenditure is limited, endeavor to get an effect through the use of texture and color rather than through buying a fabric which appears to imitate a more expensive textile.

"Table-linen" no longer implies white-damask only, but must now include the beautiful linens in the homespun weave, the lovely colored damasks, and the elegant lace and embroidered cloths, mats, and runner-sets. If you are going to buy a damask cloth for the table you will at once be confronted with the question of color. Shall you favor the conventional white damask or choose one of the pastel shades?

Much as you favor the colored cloth, be guided chiefly by the china, glass, and silver which must be used with it and the formality of the occasion. If the china is heavily decorated, the silver carved, and the glass has a cut pattern, then select one of the simple white-damask cloths, depending upon the quality of the damask for a rich background.

The present trend is toward ensembles in the dining-room, and the well-dressed table ought to be a harmonious whole, with linen, silver, china, and glass contributing to the general effect. If you select an ivory, gray, or soft green cloth the fruit, centerpiece, and the Christmas holly, mistletoe, cedar, and pine will blend beautifully with it. The use of colored damask does limit somewhat the kind of table-decorations, and as a rule the simpler the decorations used with colored damask the better will be the effect.

There are two rules for the buying of linens: first, the thread should be evenly spun and made of long fibers so they will not fuzz up under use; second, the damask must be of high thread count, having at least a hundred and eighty warp-threads and two hundred and eighty filling-threads. This gives a damask of good firm quality that will launder well.

Be sure that a silence-cloth of the right size is provided for use under the damask table-cloth. It should hang about four inches over the edge of the table, but not show below the cloth. Tapes sewed to the corners of the silence-cloth can be fastened around the table-legs and will hold the corners out of sight.

If you wish to depart from the conventional damask, there are beautiful homespun cloths, some of them with colored borders, others with embroidered centers or corners, all of them at astonishingly low prices. Many of the loosely woven linen crashes are beautifully embroidered Embroidered cloths and runners are handsome on a dark polished table, and are particularly effective when used with colored glass and the new table-silver with colored handles. The napkins to go with these cloths are of homespun linen, with a deep hemstitched edge, plain, or with a small embroidered design in one corner.

IN SELECTING a pattern of china it is well to remember that the designs used on the old wares are always in good taste. That these designs have lasted through the centuries is evidence of their permanence and worth. The home-maker will find on her shopping-trip beautiful old patterns of American and European chinas which have been copied at quite reasonable prices. And with the modern natural and colored linens that are so much in vogue the gaily decorated or plain-colored earthenware is particularly appropriate. If odd pieces are being added get some of the jolly-looking peasant-ware for your breakfast service; it will add a cheerful note on a gray morning.

The modern home-maker has found that metal platters, gravy-boats, and vegetable serving-dishes give her greater satisfaction and are less care than china ones. When buying china it is wiser to select it from "open stock."

The home-maker has a wide latitude of choice in glassware. Fortunately it now comes in beautiful shapes and colors at price ranges acceptable to every budget. And when the goblets are filled and the candles light the table, colored glassware lends a warmth and beauty to even the simplest meal.

There are charming shapes in the thumb-nail patterns of glass that go beautifully with the copies of early American china. For use with modern china there is stem-glass, with the base in black and bowl in crystal; the etched glass in pastel colors, and the fine ruby- and sapphire-colored glass.

No matter how much you admire colored glassware, if you have china and silver of dignified pattern nothing can equal the sparkle of clear crystal with them, and the decorating departments of the large stores tell us that beautifully cut crystal is once more coming into vogue.

In selecting silver endeavor to have it reflect the personality of the hostess and her dining-room rather than to buy a pattern that is beautiful in itself, for silver is a permanent possession and should be chosen with great care.

Flat-ware is largely sold in units of eight, probably because our modern dinner-party is made up in terms of two tables of bridge. In buying flat-ware, balance the knives, forks, and spoons in the hand; an unduly heavy knife-handle, fork-tines, or bowl of the spoon will make the piece of silver feel unbalanced and awkward.

For a dining-room in the modern spirit there is flat-ware in modern design or with colored composition handles to match or harmonize with modern glassware, linen, and china.

It is no longer necessary for the modern home-maker to wish in vain for hollow-ware for her holiday table. Sterling silver is beautiful, but fine designs come in plated ware at reasonable prices. If the dinner china does not include serving-dishes, the first silver purchase will probably be vegetable-dishes, two platters, one large and one small size, and a gravy-boat; gradually an after-dinner coffee-set and later a tea-set may be added. Encourage the family in making gifts of silver, for they will be justly proud of it when they see it in use.

Courtesy Stern Bros.

LUCKY IS THE WOMAN WHO NEEDS NEW LINENS, FOR THERE HAS NEVER BEEN SUCH AN ABUNDANCE OF CHARMING COLORS AND PATTERNS TO CHOOSE FROM

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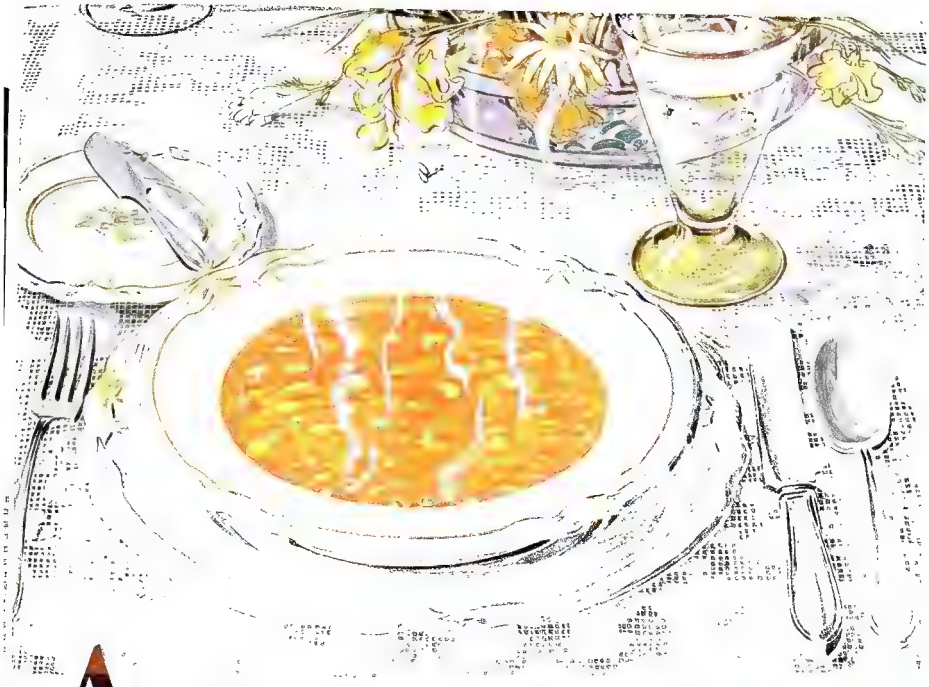

A delightful way to get variety in your meals!

Simply step into your pantry and select any of the 21 different Campbell's Soups for service on your table. It is the easiest kind of way to give newness and freshness to your meals each day.

No work for you, but added charm and quality for your table! Selecting "the soup of the day" is so convenient. And you will find Campbell's Vegetable Soup one of the most useful of all soups.

It's so hearty and substantial. Its 15 vegetables make it a meal—a tempting, satisfying luncheon or supper. This is an especially healthful and beneficial soup for the children. 12 cents a can.

I simply can't tell you
How hungry I grow
Just thinking of Campbell's
As homeward I go!

Here's how you can add a note of newness to your meals:

Asparagus	Chicken	Mock Turtle	Printanier
Bean	Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)	Mulligatawny	Tomato
Beef	Clam Chowder	Mutton	Tomato-Okra
Bouillon	Consommé	Ox Tail	Vegetable
Celery	Julienne	Pea	Vegetable-Beef
		Pepper Pot	

EAT SOUP EVERY DAY AND ENJOY A DIFFERENT SOUP EACH DAY

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When the Land of Nod is only forty winks away

...does that room you call your own lull you off to pleasant dreams?

Armstrong's Marsh Inlaid Linoleum No. 111

"AND so ends another busy day..." When you enter these words in your mental diary, is there as inviting, as restful, a room awaiting you as the one shown here?

There should be! For that room in which you spend so much sleeping time should be full of cheering comfort, the nicest room in the house as far as you're concerned. Let Hazel Dell Brown, decorator, tell you how really simple it is to capture coziness and comfort for that one room you call your very own: "Make your bedroom restful from your first step into it. And by that I mean, start your decoration with the floor. That's what I did when I planned this room.

"It's a north room, well windowed. Against a background of black marbleized inlaid linoleum I used bright color—sun-tan walls, apple green trim, and random splashes of blues, reds, and browns to complete the color scheme.

Armstrong's Embossed Inlaid Design No. 6091

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"Just a word about the comfort and care of the foundation for this scheme, the Armstrong's Linoleum Floor. It's springy to the step—yes, quiet too. Walk on it in your bare feet and you'll find it warm in winter, cool in summer. And spick-and-span at any time, for it holds no lodging place for dirt.

"You see, it's firmly cemented in place over linoleum lining felt, each seam cleverly concealed. Then, too, it has the special new spot-proof, stain-proof Accolac-Processed surface. Light waxing and polishing give it a soft, rich sheen. Or, if you prefer, merely renew the surface occasionally with Armstrong's Linoleum Lacquer. (Do not lacquer over wax.)

"If you want to plan a room that's as pleasant to wake in as it is to dream in, begin your decoration at the very bottom with a colorful and comfortable Armstrong Floor."

Before you tuck away tonight—decide to see the many new Armstrong creations now showing at local department, furniture, and linoleum stores. Decide, too, to send for Hazel Dell Brown's complete story about rooms that are different. "New Ideas in Home Decoration." It offers you Mrs. Brown's personal help. It shows you many of her smart interiors in full color. Just send 10¢. (Canada, 20¢.) Armstrong Cork Co., Floor Div., 924 President Ave., Lancaster, Pa.

Send for the booklet in the coupon

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Armstrong's Linoleum Floors

for every room in the house

PLAIN . . INLAID . . EMBOSSED . . JASPÉ . . PRINTED . . ARABESQ . . *and* ARMSTRONG'S QUAKER RUGS

Or a seal from

BLIND GERONIMO AND HIS BROTHER

Continued from Page 28

on between the meadows and the vineyards, close to the rushing river. The sky was blue and still. "Why did I do it?" thought Carlo. He looked at the blind man from the side. "Does his face look any different than usual? He always believed it—I have always been alone—and he has always hated me." And it seemed to him as if he were walking under a heavy burden which he could never throw off.

And they walked on for hours. From time to time Geronimo would sit down on a milestone, or both of them would lean on a bridge railing to rest. They passed through another village. In front of the inn stood carriages; travelers had gotten out and were walking up and down; but the two beggars did not stop. Away again—out upon the open highroad. The sun rose higher and higher; it was almost noon. It was a day like thousands of others.

"THE tower of Boladore," said Geronimo. Carlo looked up. He wondered how Geronimo could estimate the distance so accurately, for, in truth, the tower of Boladore had appeared on the horizon. Some one was approaching them from a distance. It seemed to Carlo as if he had been sitting on the roadside and had suddenly risen. The figure came nearer. Now Carlo saw that it was a policeman, one that they met so often on the highroad. In spite of it Carlo started. But as the man approached he recognized him, and he felt relieved. It was Pietro Tenelli; only last May they had sat at the same table with him in Morignone, and he had told them a horrible story of how he had almost been stabbed once by a tramp.

"Some one's coming," said Geronimo.

"Tenelli, the policeman," replied Carlo. Now they had reached him.

"Good morning, Tenelli," said Carlo.

"I'm sorry," said the policeman, "but I've got to take you down to Boladore temporarily."

"Eh?" cried the blind man.

Carlo grew pale. "How is that possible?" he thought. "But it can't have anything to do with that. They can't possibly know about it."

"Why, it seems to be on your way," said the policeman, smiling, "so it really can't make any difference to you."

"Why don't you say something, Carlo?" asked Geronimo.

"Oh, yes, I'll talk. Please, Tenelli, how is it possible— What should we—"

"Well, perhaps you are innocent. How should I know? Anyway, we received a telegraphic report to stop you, because you are under suspicion, very much so. They suspect that you stole some money up there. As I said, it's possible that you're innocent. Now, forward march!"

"Why don't you speak Carlo?" asked Geronimo. "What's the sense of standing here on the street? The sun is hot. In an hour we'll be there."

Carlo as usual took Geronimo's arm, and thus they walked on, with the policeman following in the rear.

"Carlo, why don't you say something?" asked Geronimo again.

"But what do you want, Geronimo? What shall I say?"

And he thought, "Shall I tell him before we go to court? But it can't be done. The policeman is listening. Well, what difference does it make? I'll tell the truth down there, anyway. 'Judge,' I'll say, 'this isn't a regular theft. It happened in this way.'" And now he tried to find words that would be clear. "Yesterday a gentleman drove over the pass and this man—' But what foolishness! Who would believe it? They won't even let me talk that long—no one would believe such a silly story—even Geronimo doesn't believe it." And he looked at him from the side. The blind man's head, as usual when he walked, moved up and down in measured tempo, but his face was motionless, and the sightless eyes of the blind man stared into the open space—and Carlo suddenly knew what thoughts there were behind that brow.

"'So that's the way things stand,' Geronimo must have thought—'Carlo does not only steal from me, but he robs other people too. Well, he's lucky; he has eyes that can see, and he uses them. Yes, that's what Geronimo thinks; that is what he must think, and the very fact that they can't find any money on me won't help—no, it won't help me in court, and it won't help me with Geronimo. They will lock me up, and him—yes, they'll lock him up, too, because he has the money"—but he could not go on thinking, he was so bewildered. It seemed to him as if he did not understand anything more about the whole thing; all he knew was that he would be glad to be in jail for a year—or for ten, if only Geronimo would know that it was for his sake alone that he became a thief.

AND suddenly Geronimo stood still, so that Carlo held his breath.

"Well, what's the matter?" asked the policeman. "Forward, forward!" But then he saw with wonder that the blind man had let his guitar fall, and was feeling his brother's cheek. Then he pressed his lips on Carlo's mouth, who at first did not know what was happening to him, and kissed him.

"Are you mad?" asked the policeman. "Forward, forward!"

Geronimo picked up the guitar without saying a word. Carlo breathed deeply, and again placed his hand on the blind man's arm. Was it possible? His brother did not despise him any more? He finally understood? Doubtingly, he looked at him.

"On! On!" cried the policeman.

And Carlo, firmly holding his brother's arm, went on. His step was quicker than before; for he saw Geronimo smiling as he had never smiled since their childhood days. And Carlo smiled too. It seemed to him as if nothing bad could happen—neither from the law nor from any other cause in the whole world. He had his brother again. No, he had him for the first time.

ANTIOCH, THE BEAUTIFUL

Continued from Page 2

provides us with definite information, one way or another.

Luke simply means to tell us, without further comment, that in Antioch the church dropped the bandages and swaddling-cloths of Jewish nationalism and became a world organization. Heretofore the followers of Jesus were known as Nazarenes. That was the name applied to them by the Jews, because Jesus hailed from Nazareth. Now they became known as Christians. That was their name for all the world and for all time.

They displayed great bravery, these Christians at Antioch, right from the start. Again and again they were attacked; the enemy devised a hundred and one schemes to dislodge, cripple, and destroy them; but it was all useless. These early Antiochians seemed to feel that every last one of them had been made a special guardian of the "pearl of great price"—of the only thing that could bring real salvation to the pagan world—of the sacred cause of Christianity. They treasured and defended their possession with astounding heroism.

But their efforts were not limited to defensive operations. It was from Antioch that the great offensive was launched against paganism and all that

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When Age Chuckles

©1929 M. L. I. Co.

"YOU are the youngest looking grandfather I ever saw. What's the secret?" "My dear, two things. The good health that I have worked for and won—and a keen interest in life. With books, music, sports, travel, inventions—each day brings something new. I want to see what will follow the telephone, radio, automobile, aircraft—what electricity will do next. . ."

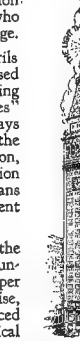
No longer do scientists accept the idea of a fixed "span of life". They know that the average length of life is longer in some countries than in others. They know that babies fare more safely in the world—that people everywhere face fewer dangers today from contagious and other diseases.

While the average length of life has increased by 10 years since 1901, the improvement has been achieved mainly among the younger ages, leaving as our most pressing problem the protection of the lives of those who have passed middle age.

One by one the perils which formerly caused untimely deaths are being conquered. "Witches" are not burned nowadays to stop plagues. On the other hand, sanitation, vaccination, inoculation and other scientific means are employed to prevent most of them.

People are learning the effect of fresh air, sunshine, cleanliness, proper breathing and exercise, sleep and a well-balanced diet. An annual medical examination for the discovery and correction of physical impairments before they have progressed too far to be remedied will help keep the body sound.

In the United States and Canada there are more than 2,500,000 people between 70 and 80 years of age; more than 600,000 between 80 and 90; fifty-odd thousand between 90 and 100; and about 5,000 past the century mark.



The person who plans wisely to live to a happy and ripe old age never forgets that the mind is a powerful influence and that physical troubles are apt to follow a morbid viewpoint.

The world is tingling today with promise of future marvels even more wonderful than those we now know. Live to enjoy them.

* * *

You will find that the Metropolitan booklet, "Health, Happiness and Long Life," will help. Ask for Booklet 129-P. Mailed free.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT—ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N.Y.

The years that pass you by *and touch you not!*

ALL of us know women whose faces make fibbers of their birthdays. Some women at thirty seem to fade, while others of fifty are never, never taken for their age. For their eyes are clear and bright and their complexions are fine, fresh and blemish-free!

Are these latter women possessed of a special birthright? Sometimes, but not always, they are. For, either nature has endowed them with a system that keeps itself clear and free from acids and poisons, or they have learned for themselves the benefits of keeping internally clean!

To arms, then, against birthdays! Enlist to your aid Sal Hepatica. There is no better way of cleansing the system of aging and beauty-stealing poisons than this famous saline method. By purifying your bloodstream and banishing constipation, Sal Hepatica routs the dullness and the blemishes of the cheek. It keeps you young because it keeps you free from acids—exuberantly well.

In Europe, women of wealth and position regularly visit the famous springs and spas where they freshen their complexions and tone their systems by drinking freely of the saline waters. Physicians everywhere—our own and the European—strongly advocate, for the correction of many human ills, the famous saline method.

COLDS and acidosis, rheumatism, headaches, and auto-intoxication are wafted away. Digestions are regulated. Sluggish livers respond. Complexions bloom! For salines, because they purify the bloodstream, are generous doers of good to the entire body.

Get a bottle of Sal Hepatica today. Keep internally clean for one whole week. See how much better you feel, how your complexion improves. Send the coupon for the free booklet, "To Clarice in quest of her youth," which tells in detail how to follow the saline path to health and beauty.

Sal Hepatica

At your druggist's — *30¢ 60¢, and $1.20*

SALINES are the mode the world over because they are wonderful antacids as well as laxatives. And they never have the tendency to make their takers stout!

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. H129
71 West Street, New York, N. Y.
Kindly send me the Free Booklet, "To Clarice in quest of her youth," which explains the many benefits of Sal Hepatica.

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it stood for. We need only note the following facts:

It was the church of Antioch that sent the apostle Paul out on his three great missionary journeys, and Paul used to return there to report on his labors. Paul has been called the apostle of the Gentiles, the great spiritual foundation-builder in the Greco-Roman world. But let us not forget that back of Paul stood the church of Antioch.

In Antioch the different apostles and other church leaders would gather from their various journeys and fields of labor to discuss points of doctrine and to map out practical programs for church-extension work. There they were filled with new strength; recharged and reconditioned for further labors.

When in later years Christianity began to spread with amazing speed and a network of churches stretched from Britain to the Persian Gulf, Antioch continued to provide leadership. The pastor of the great Antioch church was honored with the title of "patriarch," and the patriarchs of Antioch had supervision over twelve church provinces with almost two hundred bishops.

Antioch, during the first centuries of the Christian era, entertained no less than thirty great church councils, at which the welfare of the church was discussed, points of belief settled, and measures adopted for further concerted missionary effort.

As late as the fifth century it was the Antioch church that brought the entire Christian church back from fanciful and foolish interpretations of the Bible and introduced for the first time a scientific study of religion.

This same church of Antioch produced the great church leader Ignatius, who was a student of the apostle John and who practically ruled the entire Christian church for fifty years after the death of the last apostle.

Centuries later Antioch gave Chrysostom to the church, another powerful leader, who became bishop of Constantinople, then the principal city of the world, and under whose influence Augustine was led to accept Christianity.

At the time of Chrysostom the city of Antioch harbored in the neighborhood of two hundred thousand church-members, including both freemen and slaves, which goes to show that even at that late period Antioch was a veritable stronghold of Christianity.

Constantine the Great, the first of the Roman emperors to embrace Christianity, was so impressed by the master rôle that Antioch had played in the propagation of Christianity that as a visible, lasting token of appreciation he constructed within its walls the famous Golden Basilica, a church of enormous size and indescribable beauty. The great Emperor, however, did not live to attend the dedication ceremonies. These were held in 341, under the direction of his son, Emperor Constantius, who was present in person.

"THE BEAUTIFUL." That was Antioch's cognomen in ancient times. Orators and writers called her that because of her external glory.

But she deserved that same description from a view-point of religion and the church. There was the beauty of her faith, her loyalty, her all-conquering courage.

There was also the beauty of her unity. Antioch represents that period in church history when Christianity was as yet undivided; when the church could sing with truthfulness and conviction:

> We are not divided;
> All one body we.

To think of Antioch is to think of a beautiful dawn—the dawn of the church's youth.

It was a rosy dawn, with the heavens in clear splendor and the fields laughing below.

PITY it is that the Antioch of to-day fails to reflect in any sense or measure the glory of the past. Outwardly it is still a city of great beauty—when seen from a distance.

Coming along the winding mountain road from Aleppo, the first thing you see is a collection of white and glistening objects—houses, caravansaries, domes, minarets—thrown in a mountain hollow and squirming around the feet of a dozen more or less of jagged, wildly leaping hills. And above it the laughing blue of Syria's heaven, and clouds of billowy, spotless white blessing the pretty scene below. Beautiful enough!

But the close-up is so different! A squalid town of some twenty thousand inhabitants. A town of dwarfed appearance, covering only a very small part of the territory of the ancient city, whose walls are still visible, far up the mountain sides.

The present inhabitants, what a sorry lot compared with the cultured, highly polished masses that once moved through the streets and squares of imperial Antioch!

Ignorance is written over most of the faces that you meet. Poor people! They are really out of place. They don't belong in those grand, Apollonian surroundings. With the spirits of the world's greatest dead crowding their valley and mountains; with every hilltop and every rock garlanded with reminiscences of grandeur; with the proud Orontes still flowing on and glory leaping from every wave—they see nothing but goats, camels, and *piasters;* they hear nothing but the braying of donkeys and the clink-clank of *bakshish;* they think nothing but little, shriveled-up thoughts that never get beyond the walls of their own existence.

Antioch to-day is a veritable trading-place for the farmers of the surrounding mountain country and the Bedouins of the desert. But around it is the halo of a great past.

While Christian people everywhere are celebrating and rejoicing, let them not forget the little town on the far-away Orontes. While they are commemorating the birth of the church's Founder, let them not forget the place where that Founder's *cause* was made to survive, to gather strength, and to live on hopefully and triumphantly.

Their Christmas cheer will be the brighter for its memory.

THE NEW PATRIOTISM IS PEACE

Continued from Page 10

no longer moving toward the crest of the wave, competes on the seven seas with an empire—differently organized, to be sure, but an empire nevertheless—which hardly existed in 1914: the United States. And the situation between our country and Great Britain has been serious enough to warrant Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, on the eve of the election which resulted in his becoming Prime Minister, to write in a New York publication warning against the genuine danger of war.

After all, the hope of permanent peace is as old as war; the prayers of other religions than the Christian also beg for protection against war; there is not a religion in the world that does not glorify peace, and not one which has not at some time or another fostered war.

Will it be any wonder, then, if you, the woman citizen, when you celebrate this month the birthday of the Prince of Peace and pray for peace on earth, should sigh or shrug your shoulder cynically, as your temperament dictates?

But as for me, I shall do neither.

I shall pledge myself to use my will and what intelligence I possess for the attainment in my own time of an ideal which has been mankind's for more than two thousand years.

It is important that I pledge my intelligence. What has been done for peace has been done only through the aid of enlightened public opinion. No movement has ever sprung more directly from the public itself in all countries, including our own.

I have said that one can be close to war and close to peace at the same time.

Suppose I have an old feud. Let us say that a neighbor and I own adjoining

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THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

An élite Bostonian of dark distinguished beauty

MRS. FRANKLIN MOTT GUNTHER

is a leader in the Diplomatic Circles of three Continents

LONDON, The Hague, Rome, Washington, Cairo—these brilliant circles have all acclaimed the charm, the chic, the dark distinguished beauty of Mrs. Franklin Mott Gunther, wife of the well-known American diplomat.

Tall and of regal carriage, Mrs. Gunther has the lovely coloring of a Velasquez portrait. Her finely-modeled head is crowned with dusky masses of smooth-coiled hair, in striking contrast with her wonderful topaz eyes and the clear pale olive of her perfect skin.

Aristocrat in the true sense, Mrs. Gunther comes of a fine old Boston family, the Hunnewells. When still a young girl, she was taken abroad to finish her education in France and England. She became an accomplished linguist, and learned in Paris to dress with simple yet superlative chic.

In Paris, as in America, a beautifully-kept skin is the first essential to chic. What a tribute to the efficacy of the Two famous Creams that Mrs. Gunther has always chosen them to keep her own skin smooth and fine and clear!

"I have used Pond's," she says, "ever since I was a young girl. For Pond's Creams are utterly wholesome, and I believe the skin should receive simple care."

Now Mrs. Gunther finds Pond's two new products just as dependably fine and pure. She says:

"The new Skin Freshener and Cleansing Tissues complete Pond's Method of care. The Freshener tones the skin so gently, and the Tissues are the only immaculate means of removing Cold Cream."

MRS. FRANKLIN MOTT GUNTHER, *wife of the distinguished American diplomat, is a singularly gracious hostess, whose hospitality has delighted hundreds of travelers abroad.*

Pond's famous four products—Cold Cream for thorough cleansing, dainty Tissues to remove cold cream, Skin Freshener to banish oiliness and tone the skin, and Vanishing Cream for powder base, proiection, exquisite finish.

(Left) *Since she was a girl at school in England, Mrs. Gunther has excelled at golf. During her residence at The Hague she was a familiar figure on the links and two years carried off the amateur championship honors of Holland.*

(Right) *Carefully taught from childhood to guard the beauty of her pale olive skin, Mrs. Gunther is known for the unusual loveliness of her neck and arms, revealed in this striking Paris model of intricately draped black crêpe romain.*

This is the complete Pond's Method of caring for the skin:

First, for thorough cleansing, apply Pond's Cold Cream over face and neck, morning, evening, and always after exposure. Pat on generously with upward, outward strokes, letting the light, pure oils sink deep into the pores.

Then with Pond's Cleansing Tissues, soft, ample, absorbent, gently wipe away cream and dirt. These new Tissues economize towels and laundry.

For scrupulous cleanliness, repeat these two steps.

Next, after cleansing dab Pond's Skin Freshener briskly over face and neck. It closes the pores, firms, invigorates the skin, leaving it without a trace of oiliness, rosy and fresh.

Last, smooth in a delicate film of Pond's Vanishing Cream for protection and as a velvety powder base.

Give your skin this complete care during the day. At bedtime thoroughly cleanse your skin with the Cold Cream, removing cream and dirt with Tissues.

Send 10¢ for Pond's 4 preparations

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A magnificent new edition of the Lionel 1929 catalog—46 pages in full colors. It shows all the new Lionel Locos, both the Steam-Type and the Electric—freight cars, tunnels, bridges, signaling devices, etc. It's FREE.

Send for your copy today!

THE LIONEL CORPORATION, Dept. F
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Continued from Page 34

farms, and that the dividing fence has been destroyed years before. Each of us claims a certain strip; I, on the basis of one set of old deeds, he on the basis of another. Each of us sincerely believes himself to be in the right.

I put up a fence on the basis of my claims. My neighbor claims that this is an offensive act, and, in defense, tears it down. I, in defense, erect it again. One day his dog wanders into my territory and kills some of my chickens. Maddened with rage (entirely righteous), I seize a shotgun and kill the dog. And when a cow of mine appears in his pasture he shoots it.

Now, he has lost a favorite pet, and I have lost a valuable cow. And while these events are fresh in our minds each of us is angry enough to do the other any conceivable injury. But, in spite of our passions—normal and human enough—each of us has somewhere, underneath them, a spark of equally normal and human intelligence and common sense.

I think, He is a horrible man, but I can't get rid of him, nor of his children, and this state of affairs can not go on forever. Neither of us will have anything left if it does. Matters have become so bad that we must really call a halt. We must now settle our differences once and for all, either by calling in a disinterested third party or by sitting down together and striking a bargain. *The quarrel has become too costly!"*

We are, you see, close to war, and at the same time close to peace.

THE world to-day is somewhat like that. The kind of conflicts which, in the past, have caused wars have not diminished. There are more nations in the world to-day than there were in 1914, and any one who has followed the debates of the League of Nations in Geneva must have realized that even in their international meeting-place, dedicated to amity, they are almost as widely divided as ever by differences of speech, psychology, and interest.

But they share—or those citizens who have learned to think do—one sobering realization,

War has become too costly. No nation is rich enough to afford modern warfare.

It is the recognition of this fact which brings us close to peace in the very moment when we are close to war. The vague pacifism of the past, based upon the idea that war was unchristian, inhuman, and individually distressing, has to be supplemented to-day with another fact: war is a form of suicide. Our highest patriotism is to keep the peace.

This has not always been true. Nations in the past have risen to power on the basis of successful war. Many of the antique nations did so—altho the defense of too numerous and too widely separated frontiers was what sapped the strength of Rome and brought about her ruin, and not, as we were taught in school, the decadence of her corrupt populace.

But the fact that, in the past, war has been a means of extending national power and defending national ideals leads us even to-day to think of pacifism as something shameful.

The pacifists are partly responsible for this, because too often they have shown a complete unwillingness to face realities at all.

The pacifist who tries to make you promise not to shoot a burglar who is threatening the lives of your children may have Christianity on his side, but he will never have many Christians.

To-day's sober pacifism is based upon recognition of the fact that the old means of defense is no longer defensive.

When nations were smaller units, self-sustaining, simple-living, contained inside geographical boundaries, and when weapons were simple; when wars were fought by professional armies—one set of men and one set of guns pitted against another; above all, when wars could be more or less comfortably isolated, so that one knew when one started a war with whom one would have to fight—in those days it was possible to win a war. It was possible to extort reparations from the conquered, either by annexing land, in the days when agricultural values were the chief ones, or by annexing men or the products of men's labor. (Those were the days when it was unnecessary for authority to bother at all about what labor might think.)

But no major war will again be fought exclusively with armies. The Great War taught us that in modern warfare the battle-front extends into the home, and every man, woman, and child is a combatant. That realistic people, the French, frankly recognize this, and in their present defense plans, made since the World War, they plan for the potential mobilization of every citizen, of either sex, of any age.

Once armies could fight in some distant field and the normal work of the world went on. Factories manufactured goods, farmers tilled their fields. But a major war to-day would mean that every factory and field would be mobilized. The factories which normally make things to enrich the world would be turned into plants to destroy the enemy, and incidentally all their products would be self-destructive, because the explosive which demolishes an enemy position demolishes itself at the same moment, in a vast waste of human labor and human production.

And you and I know little about the weapons which might be used in another war.

We only know this: that in the last war, when chemical science was not as advanced as it is to-day, a gas was invented in the United States, after our entrance into the War, which, dropped in bombs from airplanes, would have wiped out human life completely in entire cities.

That gas was offered to the allies, but France, with Germans at her gates, refused it. Even in the moment of the highest national passion and fear, France realized that this was a weapon which might all too easily destroy those who used it—a weapon more dangerous than Germans. And the gas, sealed in great drums, was secretly taken far out to sea and sunk in the depths of the ocean.

We know now that with airplanes there is no adequate defense of frontiers and no way of confining war to a few fronts. With gas there is no possible defense of civilians; with every factory an arsenal there is no ultimate justification for confining warfare to any battle-line.

If you want so see how war has changed, even in comparatively recent times, pick up your old copy of "Vanity Fair," and read Thackeray's description of London as it was while England, with all of Europe, was fighting Napoleon. London was gay; life went on entirely as usual, or almost so; people went for their amusement and took trips to Brussels. The war was fought by a professional army, and as far as day-to-day life was concerned it affected only professional soldiers and such peasants as were unfortunate enough to be in their way.

Now, recollect what life was like in London during the Great War. A civilian population hungering, and fleeing into cellars from bombs. Think what life was like in Germany, where, altho the frontiers were never invaded, the close of the War found an entire population starving to death.

WAR has become a greater menace than any enemy can possibly be, and the first call upon our patriotism is to defend ourselves against war itself.

Weapons have become so dangerous that an international convention has been made, pledging the signatories not to use chemical gases in any future hypothetical war, and many of the nations of the world have signed it. But experience has proved that such conventions are likely to be useless if hostilities actually occur; and what convention, made in peace, can prevent possible inventions during war, when the entire scientific knowledge of each nation is concentrated upon ingenious instruments of destruction? Even with chemical warfare prohibited, and with the convention adhered to, what would happen if one nation discovered how to destroy another by explosions caused by radio?

Would it, as France did in the last war, recognize that the weapon was more menacing than the enemy?

War is not only too costly—too menacing—but the nature of world organization to-day makes war absolutely useless.

If I had children I would tell them just one thing about the last war, and I would tell it to them over and over again: *No nation won it. Every one lost it. And from now on all great wars will always be lost by all the combatants.*

The history of eleven years since the War is the story of the failure of military victors to collect economic spoils.

No war was ever more completely won from a military standpoint than the war against Germany.

There are stupid people who now and then, even still, say, "We should have marched into Berlin."

Marching into Berlin would only have meant subjecting weary and homesick soldiers to a long walk. Peace terms could not have been more drastically dictated in Berlin than they were in Versailles.

Every possible means has been taken to collect the winnings. Military means—the Ruhr occupation; economic pressure; threats. The attempt to collect has been made from German governments pledged to pay and from German governments pledged not to pay. Political conditions in Germany have made little difference. In the end we have had to face reality. All that can be done is to liquidate the War. No victor can profit from it. Germany can, perhaps, raise enough for her conquerors to meet the debts which they incurred fighting the War—debts to us—but so far the United States has lent Germany every cent which she has paid to the allies.

In other words, all the nations that participated in the War, regardless of which side they fought on, if they work together in good faith, if they co-operate financially (through the new international bank) and economically, can, perhaps, in three generations, pay for the most wasteful and futile of human blunders. This is exactly what the last reparations conference in Paris meant.

WHY? Because the economic and the financial organization of the world is so intricate that it no longer permits of radical tampering. Because no nation is self-sufficient. Because if Germany pays France in goods, beyond a certain limited amount, she throws hundreds of thousands of Frenchmen out of work.

There was a time when nations did not need to care about workmen, but that time has passed. And if Germany pays cash, beyond a certain limited amount, she must waste away because the sale of her goods, and the only way she can do that is to undersell every nation in the world's markets, so that prices drop, and the general prosperity diminishes, and all the world is poorer—you and I, as well as Germans and Frenchmen.

So we shall find it cheaper, in the end, to lend Germany the money to pay that to have her pay in this manner. Colonies taken away for spoil are likely to be white elephants in these days of national movements among the so-called uncivilized races. Many a German statesman thanks God for the loss of the former German colonies!

But, you may say, we, at least, seem to have profited somewhat from the War. We are enjoying an era of unprecedented prosperity in the United States.

And the answer is: Yes, because during most of the War we were neutrals. What we won in the War we won as neutrals. Every moment we were in it diminished our margin.

Now, in this matter of neutrality, our situation has changed, and the world outlook, especially of that part of the world organized in the League of Nations, has also changed.

Those countries that are trying to establish a world community will be increasingly disinclined to regard as neutral any nation which supplies one of the belligerents with the materials of war—and war materials are anything which a nation can use.

In wars which use starvation as a weapon, food is as much contraband as ammunition. We go on speaking of neutrality when the old sense of the word has completely disappeared from reality. Just what neutrality means to-day is something which we, women citizens, have got seriously to reconsider. And this reconsideration will almost inevitably lead us into making some sort of contract with the rest of the civilized

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A *holiday dinner* for the diplomatic corps in Washington

Mrs. Edward E. Gann
Mrs. Pierce Butler
Mrs. George P. McLean
Josephine Patten
Mrs. Henry C. Corbin
Mrs. James M. Beck
Mrs. John Philips Hill
Mrs. Joseph Strauss
Mrs. Armstead Davis
Mrs. Robert MacKenzie
Mrs. Burdett Wright
Mrs. Louis Little

Sigrid Larsen, "professional" cook to Washington society. Some of her distinguished patrons are listed at the right

—*prepared by* Sigrid Larsen, *"professional" cook to the great hostesses of the capital*

It marked the height of a brilliant season—that holiday dinner for a great ambassador. In his honor, Washington's most distinguished diplomats, her most illustrious soldiers and statesmen were assembled.

What a notable gathering it was that filled the stately dining room! And what a bewildering choice of delicacies was offered them! But that was to be expected, for of course Sigrid Larsen had charge of the affair.

We say "of course" for Sigrid Larsen is today "professional" cook to the society of Washington and Washington's fashionable suburb, Chevy Chase. Mrs. Larsen, the White House cook for five years of the Wilson administration, is now constantly being called upon to prepare important entertainments.

She plans the menus for many of the capital's most talked of social events, supervises the ordering, and cooks the main dishes herself.

A culinary masterpiece

Most imposing of all the dishes at this brilliant dinner was the lordly baked ham described here. Its seductive flavor heightened by a skillful blend of fruit juices—its golden brown crust adorned with maraschino cherries.

A dish however that owes its overwhelming success even more to the meat itself than to the way of cooking. Mrs. Larsen says, "Of course the recipe is important, but the kind of ham selected is more important still. To make certain of tender, juicy, delicately flavored meat, I always order Swift's Premium Ham. I have served it for years, both for my patrons and in my own home."

Swift's Premium Ham as Mrs. Larsen prepares it. Her recipe is given below.

Tender, juicy, exquisitely flavored! No wonder Swift's Premium Ham has long been an acknowledged favorite with lovers of good living. Its mildness, its savory, distinctive taste make an instant appeal to the epicure.

For your holiday feasting—serve Swift's Premium Ham, prepared just as Mrs. Larsen prepared it for this brilliant dinner party. (See recipe below.)

Swift & Company

Place a Swift Premium Ham in double roaster, add 1 pint of grape juice, the juice of 2 oranges and 1 lemon, 2 cups of water and 3 large apples. Bake about four or five hours in a moderate oven, allowing 20-25 minutes per pound, basting frequently. When done, remove skin; trim and sprinkle with sugar, stick in cloves; tipped with halves of candied cherries; return to oven and brown. Remove to platter and garnish with Baked Peaches, water-cress and radishes cut into flowers. (If desired one or two of the fruit flavors may be omitted.)

Baked Peaches

Arrange large canned peach halves in a baking dish. Stick a few cloves in each and fill each cavity with ½ teaspoon butter, 2 teaspoons sugar and few drops lemon juice. Cover and bake in slow oven until done and browned.

BE SURE IT IS SWIFT'S PREMIUM! The new Premium "Savor-tite" Ham, ready-cooked in the sealed container, bears the famous blue Premium label. The ready-cooked hams and bacon carry other identifying marks as well—the word Swift's in brown dots down the full length of the side—the markings on the rind and parchment wrappers.

Swift's Premium Hams and Bacon

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The exquisite fresh flavor of Del Monte Bartlett Pears makes them a favorite for use in salads, desserts and many other delicious fruit treats.

These men – scientists, chemists, engineers by training – *have yet to find the end of their job in bringing you better foods*

Tempting shortcakes are always easy to make with Del Monte Berries. The pure, heavy syrup in which they are packed blends with the rich fruit juice, producing a most delightful combination.

Did you ever stop to think how much harder it is for the *canner* to build a reputation for quality—than it is for *you* to get a reputation as a cook?

Suppose, tonight, you serve a dish not up to your usual standards. It happens—with even the best of intentions.

Does your husband say, "Your cooking is not so good today?" He does not! He knows, nine times out of ten, the fault starts with the raw materials with which you had to work.

But that *never* excuses the canner. And it shouldn't. It's his business to *see* that you get the finest foods. Prime raw materials are up to him. And in the case of DEL MONTE, we simply can't afford to start with anything but the best.

The result is that DEL MONTE numbers among its organization many scientists, chemists and technical engineers—far beyond anything you might think of—unequaled for their number and experience in the whole canned fruit and vegetable field.

In the DEL MONTE organization, for instance, you will find a group of food chemists—as well equipped, as well organized for action, as many a research group devoted only to science. Now in Hawaii, now in the Middle West, they pursue with microscope and test tube, the job of bringing you better foods.

Here is a group of engineers—experimenting, tearing down, rebuilding machines that may possibly shorten canning hours and bring you a little finer, fresher flavor.

In the fields, in experimental orchards and gardens, other trained observers are busy studying nature—hunting for new varieties of plants, making old ones a little better—producing finer, purer strains for DEL MONTE canning needs.

In the orchards, DEL MONTE fruit experts are busy long before picking time begins—watching every change in the ripening fruit. They advise on the work of thinning—to give the fruit better size and more perfect development. They suggest improvements in cultivation and irrigation—so important in giving finer flavor and better yields.

Only when these men know that the fruit is just at the stage of ripeness DEL MONTE demands, does picking even start.

Only part will do for Del Monte

In DEL MONTE canneries, machinery takes the place of most of the preparation you once did yourself. But even here, human skill and experience are always in command—inspecting, checking, making sure that all fruit intended for DEL MONTE cans is fully up to its high requirements. In peaches, for instance, fully half of the fruit selected in the orchard for DEL MONTE is diverted into lower grades—before it ever reaches the canning tables.

It is this kind of care which makes DEL MONTE Peaches so uniformly fine in flavor—so outstanding in appearance. It is this watchfulness that makes DEL MONTE Apricots so tender and delicious—that brings you such plump, delicious Royal Anne Cherries, such delicately-flavored pears and such fine big, purple plums—to say nothing of pineapple, berries and many other fruits. It is *all* the advantages which DEL MONTE enjoys—not just a desire to be in the canning business—which has made *this* brand the favorite canned fruit and vegetable brand in American homes.

And remember—fruits are only a few of the many distinctive products DEL MONTE brings to your table. This one label covers a remarkably wide line of vegetables, condiments and relishes, salmon and sardines, dried fruits, raisins and other foods. It offers you a promise of quality in them all—a brand tested by years of your own experience—a buying guide of the greatest value—at reasonable cost.

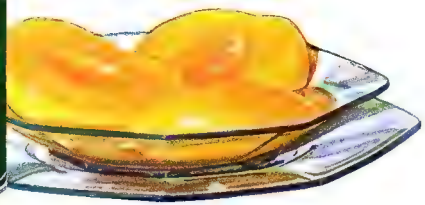
Favorite fruit dishes of famous cooks

In the DEL MONTE recipe collection are more than 260 simple, everyday dessert and salad recipes—many of them selected for us by America's best-known cooking authorities. Wouldn't you like to have them for your recipe files? We'll gladly send them to you—free. Address Dept. 534, California Packing Corporation, San Francisco, Calif.

DEL MONTE DE LUXE PLUMS

The fine big, purple plums you like so well—canned fresh from the tree and bursting with juice. A delicious, tart-sweet breakfast fruit.

IT PAYS TO INSIST IF YOU WANT THE BEST



Food and Cooking for the Up-to-Date Housekeeper

The Home Bureau

CONDUCTED BY NELL HOWARD ENLOE

Modern Methods and New Devices for the Home

MAKE YOUR PLUM PUDDINGS NOW

The hows and whys of mixing and steaming them

By HELEN TREYZ SMITH

STEAMED puddings are the most satisfactory of desserts. They are general favorites; they are comparatively easy to make; they can be simple enough for the children to share, or they can be as rich as you care to make them; they offer an excellent medium for introducing dried fruits into the menu, they are substantial—just the thing to supplement a light meal in Winter-time; they are light and moist and tempting; and they are festive enough in appearance to be the delight of any cook's heart

Ingredients The ingredients used in steamed puddings are similar to those used in cake, and they are blended in much the same manner. In almost every case the mixture could be baked with satisfactory results. Of course the consistency of the finished product would not be the same. As one would expect, steaming makes for a lighter, more moist product. The difference is brought out by comparing a rich fruit-cake with a plum pudding or baking-powder biscuits with steamed dumplings.

A good quality of ingredient is always essential to good cookery. Suet, which is a common constituent in the richer puddings, should be *very fresh*, and care should be taken to remove all the tissues in preparing it. Buy the finest quality of dried fruits and use pastry or a good all-purpose flour, sifting it before you measure.

Of course all the ingredients should be measured accurately and thoroughly blended. You will find a food-chopper a time-saver in making the fruit puddings. Both suet and fruit can be put through the chopper; with a "twist of the wrist" they are ready for the pudding. Raisins, dates, and figs need only to be washed and chopped, while you will find it better to cook until tender such dried fruits as peaches and apricots and prunes.

Preparing the Mold: A tube cake-pan or a heavy tin can, such as a coffee or baking-powder can, makes an excellent substitute for a regular pudding-mold. If you wish to make individual molds, ord nary custard-cups will do very nicely. Individual molds are attractive and easy to serve, but of course there are more dishes to wash.

Whatever kind or type of mold you use, grease it well so that the pudding will slip out easily. Fill the mold only two-thirds full, for if the mixture does not have room to rise completely, the pudding will be heavy. Heavy wax- or parchment-paper tied tightly over the pudding makes a good substitute for a cover. The pudding is now ready for the steamer, or it may be placed on a rack in a pot of boiling water and covered closely.

Steaming: A regular steamer is best for the steaming process, because all parts fit tightly and prevent the escape of steam. The cover should be curved rather than flat so that the moisture will collect on the edges rather than in the center. Moisture collects in the center of a flat cover and will drop on your pudding, making it soggy and heavy.

Steaming should continue without interruption for the entire time of cooking. *Do not lift the cover if you can avoid it.* If you have to add water to the kettle, use boiling water so that the cooking process will not be checked. You know what would happen to a cake if the fire should go out when it was half baked. Well, if the water stops boiling, or if much steam is allowed to escape before the pudding is finished, you will have just as sorry a product on your hands.

Serving and Storing: When you are ready to serve, slip the pudding out of the mold and carry it piping hot to the table. If it is served in the kitchen it will cut more easily with a string than with a knife.

Rich steamed puddings, such as plum pudding, are often made several weeks before they are used. When the pudding is to serve as dessert at a holiday dinner, it is well to have this much of the meal preparation finished so that there is more time for other things on the feast-day. Any of the steamed puddings wrapped in holiday attire make welcome gifts.

When the pudding is to be stored it should be taken from the mold and cooled on a wire cake-cooler, then wrapped in a clean towel and stored in a cool, dry place. When it is to be served return it to the mold and reheat it thoroughly in the steamer.

Sauces: Steamed puddings are always served with a sauce of some kind. Probably hard sauce is the most popular At our house we like a more liquid sauce, and prefer one which we call "sauce delicious." It is truly delicious with any of the steamed puddings.

Carrot Pudding

1 Cupful Grated Raw Potato	1 Teaspoonful Soda
1 Cupful Grated Raw Carrot	1 Tablespoonful Hot Water
1 Cupful Suet, Finely Chopped	1½ Cupful Flour
1 Cupful Raisins	1 Teaspoonful Cloves
1 Cupful Currants	1 Teaspoonful Cinnamon

THE easiest way to make this family favorite pudding is to cut the potato, carrot, and suet into cubes and run these through the food-chopper. Add the remaining ingredients in the order given, dissolving the soda in the hot water before adding, and sifting the cloves and cinnamon with the flour. Fill the well-greased pudding-molds two-thirds full and steam for 3 hours.

Sauce Delicious

½ Cupful Heavy Cream (Whipped to Make 1 Cupful)	1 Egg Flavoring
	¼ Cupful Sugar

BEAT the white and yolk of the egg separately. Add the sugar to the beaten yolk, then add the beaten white, and last of all the whipped cream and flavoring to taste. Serve at once.

The Queen of Plum Puddings

½ Pound Butter	¼ Pound Shredded Citron
½ Pound Suet, Finely Chopped	6 Eggs
½ Pound Sugar	1 Grated Nutmeg
1¼ Pound Flour	½ Pint Milk
1 Pound Seeded Raisins, Chopped	½ Cupful Cider (or Fruit-Juice)
1 Pound Dates	¼ Ounce Cloves
	¼ Ounce Mace

CREAM the butter and add the sugar; add the well-beaten yolks of the eggs, then the milk. Next add the flour, alternately with the beaten whites. Add the cider and spices, and lastly the fruit dredged lightly with the flour and the suet. Place in a well-greased pudding-mold, cover well, and steam for 6 hours. Serve with sauce.

The type of sauce to serve varies with individual preference. Hard sauce flavored with a blend of vanilla and almond is a general favorite.

Sour-Milk Steamed Pudding

2 Cupfuls Bread-crums	1 Cupful Sugar
1 Cupful Sour Milk	1 Cupful Raisins
1 Teaspoonful Soda	1 Cupful Nuts
½ Cupful Shortening	1 Cupful Flour
2 Well-beaten Eggs	½ Teaspoonful Nutmeg
½ Teaspoonful Salt	1 Teaspoonful Cinnamon
1 Teaspoonful Vanilla	

ADD the soda to the sour milk. Add the bread-crums to this, and allow to soak while beating the eggs. Cream the shortening and add the sugar; gradually add the egg-and-milk mixture to this. Add the flour and spices, and lastly the raisins and nuts. Steam for 1 hour. Serve with fruit sauce.

Fruit Sauce

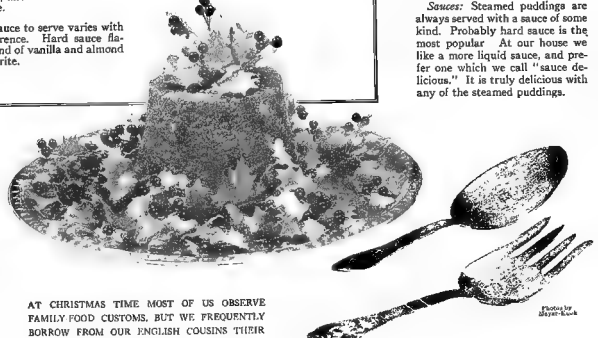
1 Egg Yolk, Beaten	¼ Cupful Cream
	½ Cupful Sugar

PUT the cream and sugar in the top of a double boiler. When hot add the egg yolk, and cook until thickened. Add flavoring (lemon, almond, orange, or cherry).

Suet Pudding

2 Eggs	2½ Cupfuls Flour
1 Cupful Chopped Suet	½ Teaspoonful Soda
1 Cupful Milk	½ Teaspoonful Cinnamon
1 Cupful Molasses	½ Teaspoonful Nutmeg
½ Teaspoonful Salt	1 Cupful Raisins
1 Cupful Nuts	1 Cupful Dates

SIFT the salt, soda, and spices with the flour. Add to the lightly beaten eggs. Add the suet, then the nuts, raisins, and dates. Mix the milk with the molasses and add to the dry mixture. Steam in a well-greased pudding-mold for 3 hours. Serve with sauce delicious.



AT CHRISTMAS TIME MOST OF US OBSERVE FAMILY FOOD CUSTOMS. BUT WE FREQUENTLY BORROW FROM OUR ENGLISH COUSINS THEIR PLUM PUDDING FOR DESSERT

Photo by Meyer-Rook

Original from

CARRY OUT THE TRADITION OF YULE-TIDE CHEER WITH SPARKLING PUNCH AND MANY CAKES FOR YOUR CALLERS

Photo by Mayer-Kunk

OPEN HOUSE AT HOLIDAY TIME

By MRS. PENROSE LYLY

AT CHRISTMAS time the doors of hospitality swing wide. A slice of cake for a friend, a cordial beverage —thus can busy moderns pay tribute to the spirit of Yuletide. The Christmas cakes of history, whether the recipes come down to us from old Louisiana or the stern farmhouses of the North, from the gayer coast of the Pacific or the wide plains of the Middle West, symbolize, in the art of cooking, our feeling of good-will toward men.

Not one, but many cakes should stand waiting the tread of visitors, for all during the week of Christmas old friends may call and new friends knock on the door. Cakes skillfully baked, rich, frosted with elegance, tender, of even slice and subtle flavor stand on our pantry-shelves; and in our refrigerators, ready to blend on a moment's notice, colorful beverages wait to prove our welcome.

The cake recipes listed below call for no unusual skill. Carefully chosen ingredients from the grocer's stock of sanitary and delicious packaged foods, a careful reading of directions, and a controlled oven will guarantee cakes worthy of your attention.

As the cakes will be served over a period of days, freshness is an important consideration. Use plenty of high-grade shortening, the best eggs, and keep the cakes in a stone crock or a modern cake-box. The frosting must please the eye and delight the taste; so spread it with generosity and make it firm and smooth on the surface and creamy underneath.

Arrange slices from all five cakes on one cake-dish, for a variety of sweets is the traditional holiday expectation of children and grown-ups.

Sparkling fruit beverages will enhance the flavors of your cakes and at the same time relieve the hostess of extra preparation in the kitchen. Following the recipes given, blend together all the fruit ingredients. Place in bottles and stand on the ice for several hours. When guests arrive, simply pour sufficient of the fruit-sirup into tall glasses, and add ice-cubes and the bottled carbonated beverages called for.

Coffee and tea may be served, and cereal or chocolate drinks for young visitors, but the unusual note of sparkling punches will add a modern touch to the ceremony of greeting old friends at Christmas time.

Holly Cake

½ Cupful Shortening
1 Cupful Sugar
2 Eggs
2½ Teaspoonfuls Baking-powder
¼ Teaspoonful Salt
2 Cupfuls Flour
½ Teaspoonful Soda
½ Cupful Sour Milk or Buttermilk
¼ Teaspoonful Bitter-almond Extract
2 Teaspoonfuls Orange-juice

CREAM the shortening and sugar. Add the beaten egg yolks. Sift the flour before measuring. Sift together all the dry ingredients twice. Add alternately with the milk. Fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites. Add the flavoring. Bake in 2-layer tins lined with oil-paper.

Frosting

RED and green vegetable coloring is added to the water used to carry out the Christmas color-scheme. Divide the recipe into two parts, coloring one part green and one part red. The red frosting is spread between layers; the green frosting covers the entire cake.

One-half the Full Frosting Recipe

1¼ Cupful Granulated Sugar
¼ Cupful Light Corn-sirup
¼ Cupful Water
1 Egg White, Stiffly Beaten
1 Teaspoonful Orange-juice
½ Teaspoonful Bitter-almond Extract
Coloring

COOK in a double boiler the sugar, sirup, water, and coloring until they form a soft ball (240 degrees F.). Pour slowly onto the stiffly beaten egg white, continuing to beat. Add the flavoring. When creamy let stand for a few moments, then spread.

Southern Cross Cake

USE the recipe for holly cake given above. Bake in layers and frost when cool.

Frosting

3 Cans Moist Coconut
2 Egg Whites
½ Cupful Water
½ Teaspoonful Orange-juice
2 Cupfuls Sugar

COOK in a double boiler the sugar and water until they form a soft ball (240 degrees F.). Pour slowly onto the stiffly beaten egg whites, continuing to beat. When creamy add 1 can of coconut and the orange-juice, and mix well. Spread the frosting thickly over the first layer and sprinkle it generously with some of the reserve coconut. Place the second layer on top of the first, making sure that the edges are even. Frost both the top and sides, and cover with the remaining coconut.

Prairie Chocolate-Cake

½ Cupful Butter
1 Cupful Sugar
3 Eggs
2½ Cupfuls Flour
2 Teaspoonfuls Baking-powder
1 Teaspoonful Vanilla
Chocolate Mixture

Chocolate Mixture

1 Egg Yolk
¼ Cupful Milk
1 Cupful Sugar
6 Squares Unsweetened Chocolate

BEAT the egg yolk. Add the sugar, milk, and chocolate. Cook in a double boiler until thick. Cool.

TO MAKE this Prairie chocolate-cake, cream the butter and sugar. Add the beaten yolks. Sift the flour before measuring. Sift together the dry ingredients twice. Add the cool chocolate mixture and the flavoring alternately with the flour. Beat well and fold in the stiffly beaten whites. Bake in a loaf-tin, lined with greased wax-paper, for 30 minutes in a moderate oven.

Frosting

1 Egg Yolk
3 Tablespoonfuls Milk
1 Cupful Sugar
2½ Squares Unsweetened Chocolate
1 Tablespoonful Butter
1 Teaspoonful Vanilla

COOK all the ingredients together in a double boiler. When the mixture boils remove from the fire, beat until thick, and spread over the cake.

Valencia Cake

½ Cupful Shortening
1 Cupful Sugar
2 Eggs
2 Cupfuls Flour
2 Teaspoonfuls Baking-powder
¼ Cupful Strained Orange-juice
1 Tablespoonful Finely Grated Orange-peel

CREAM the shortening and sugar. Add the beaten egg yolks. Sift the flour before measuring. Then sift together the dry ingredients twice. Add alternately with

Continued on Page 72

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Original from THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

Considered by many doctors

Europe's greatest stomach specialist

he brings you an important message

Dr. Maurice Delort of the Hospital of St. Michel in Paris, is one of the younger leaders of the medical profession in Europe. Physicians of two continents know him as an authority on the digestive tract. His latest book is called "Consultations on Diseases of the Intestine."

"MANY infectious illnesses," says Dr. Delort, "enter the body through the digestive tract. Yeast plays the rôle of digestive disinfectant. It reduces the power of germs. It stimulates gastric secretion and encourages the working of stomach and intestines.

"The action of yeast in skin disorders has long been known. Yeast is not a thing of fashion. It has proved itself."

The astonishing purifying power of the fresh food, Fleischmann's Yeast, comes from the millions of *active* yeast plants in every cake.

Daily, as these microscopic yeast plants pass through your body, they stimulate laggard intestinal muscles and soften the hardened food wastes.

Quick new energy is yours when normal elimination is restored. Headaches and indigestion cease. You no longer easily catch cold. Your "nerves" and "touchiness" disappear.

Don't let constipation poisons cloud your true vigorous self! Start today. Eat three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast daily, before or between meals, plain or in water, cold or as hot as you can easily drink. You can get it at grocers, restaurants, soda fountains... Read below how this famous food now brings you greater health benefits than ever before.

Faulty digestion

and elimination cause most skin troubles, doctors say. From Jacksonville, Fla., Master Joe Power's mother writes: "Joe always has been healthy — except for an attack of boils, which persisted until we took him to a doctor. His advice was yeast. The boils soon began to disappear and he hasn't had one since."

"Long hours and strain brought stomach trouble," restaurant owner says

"When I started my restaurant I missed the outdoor life I had been used to," writes Charles Stanley of Stanley's Restaurant, 100 W. 32nd Street, New York City. The trouble started — indigestion. I was run down — tired. My skin was bad. I had to resort to laxatives daily.

"My physician gave me the same advice as the noted physicians have recently given — fresh yeast. In three weeks I had returned to regular habits. Appetite picked up and my stomach gave me no more trouble. I felt the same pleasure in life I had enjoyed in my college years."

All Fleischmann's Yeast in the foil wrapper contains vitamins B and D. As effective as ever for baking.

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Now . . the "Sunshine" Vitamin in this famous food

Powerful ultra-violet rays give each cake of the *new* Fleischmann's Yeast the hardening, energizing value of hours in the summer sun! The "sunshine" vitamin, of which Fleischmann's Yeast is the richest source, enables your system to absorb its share of lime and phosphorus — elements necessary to firm muscles and sound, straight bones and teeth. It is essential for expectant and nursing mothers. Write for booklet. Health Research Dept. A-78, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington St., New York, N. Y.

A new radio hour! Fleischmann's Yeast-for-Health Hour is packed with musical surprises. Dance orchestras, crooners, the latest Broadway hits. Tune in every Thursday evening with the National Broadcasting Co. and associated stations — 47 stations coast-to-coast network.

"I never missed any winter sports or parties," writes Mrs. Pauline Stowe of Worcester, Mass., "until that tired-out feeling set in. I had constipation, indigestion and — the last straw — a roughening skin . . . After faithfully eating yeast I surprised everyone with my improved energy and appearance. My constipation and indigestion were soon helped. Headaches have gone."

An old favorite food

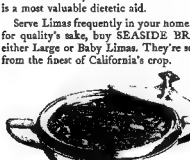
~temptingly served~ lingers longest in memory

Think back a few years to the foods upon which you were "raised"! Weren't they largely old familiar *staple* foods which your Mother had learned to use in *her* Mother's kitchen? And quite rightly so, because the old standbys give the most body-building nourishment and* the greatest taste-satisfaction.

And that's just one of the many good reasons why Limas—the peer of all staple foods—have been so popular through the years. Tempting in flavor, satisfying in goodness, Limas also are a labor saver in the kitchen. There's no peeling, no paring, no cutting. Just soak Limas from breakfast to mid-afternoon—and they're *ready to be cooked*.

Limas are most healthful, too! They're rich in proteins, vitamins, carbohydrates and mineral salts. Besides, the alkaline-ash* of Limas is a most valuable dietetic aid.

Serve Limas frequently in your home. And, for quality's sake, buy SEASIDE BRAND, either Large or Baby Limas. They're selected from the finest of California's crop.



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Nowhere else will you find such a fine, up-to-date collection of Lima recipes as in this free book. By all means write for it, now. Address Dept. 128, California Lima Bean Growers Association, Oxnard, Calif.

CALIFORNIA SEASIDE Limas

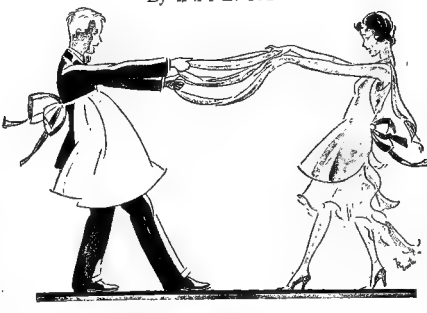
Look for the 100-pound SEASIDE bag, before you buy.

famous for their nut-like flavor

*Many common foods have an acid reaction in the body. Acid-ash foods, eaten in excess, cause *Acidosis*. Acidosis leads to many ills; some annoying, some serious. Dietitians endorse Limas because they are nearly twice as high as any other vegetable in *alkalinity* (which neutralizes acidity), and from six to seven times as alkaline as the most popular fruits

LET'S HAVE A CANDY-PULL

By INA B. ROWE



WHILE parents are dipping into attic treasure-chests to find the newest thing in needlepoint or pewter, to-day's youthful sophisticates are following their example in their search for fun. Smart society has its ear to the ground listening to the echoes of a bygone generation's laughter. It is getting no end of fun out of the revival of old-fashioned amusements; and parlor-games, spelling-matches, country-dances, and all the characteristic night life of the gay nineties are again in vogue. Perhaps the revivalists are not taking their new amusements as seriously as did their forebears, but they are getting quite as much fun out of them.

Take for example the old-fashioned candy-pull. It was fun in 1890, and it is fun in 1929. Something good to eat, the coziness of kitchen warmth, everybody in action, amiable competition, no party could be stiff and awkward with this admixture of good party ingredients. There is a great deal of fun in this sort of prewar diversion when it is fitted in with other plans for post-Christmas-holiday activities.

The authentic old-fashioned way to "pair off" men and girls for a candy-pull is to have made beforehand several pairs of aprons, two of a kind. One of each pair is put into each of two separate piles. The girls then choose from one pile and the men from the other. The two whose aprons match are partners for the evening. Your grandmothers no doubt made neckties for the men instead of aprons, but a gay apron looks quite as handsome over a dinner-jacket as does an equally gay necktie, and the apron is much more useful.

Aprons may be made out of cloth or paper, but the most satisfactory material is oilcloth, which comes in a great variety of colors and patterns, and a plain color may be varied by bindings of different kinds. The hostess may make the aprons, or each of the girls invited may be asked to bring two identical aprons, each wrapped in a separate package. The guests eventually take them home as favors.

The hostess whose candy-pull is a complete success has her guests do the work. The shyest of these for once may have the pleasant sensation of being the life of the party if she can make divine fudge or taffy guaranteed to "stretch." The guests are usually divided into groups so that each guest may take an active part. Some of them will be the cooks, some will crack nuts and cut up dried fruits, and all will join in the stirring and pulling after the candy is finished.

If the hostess lets the fancy of the guests determine what candies shall be made, she will need a well-stocked larder. The following staple groceries are all good candy material:

Molasses (sorghum, or a good grade of sugar-cane sirup).
Sugar (light brown and white).
Milk (fresh or evaporated).
Chocolate or cocoa.
Corn-sirup.
Maple-sirup.
Butter or other sweet fat.
Nuts (peanuts and English walnuts).
Acids (lemon, vinegar, or cream of tartar).
Dried fruits.
Flavoring and fruit-coloring.

Gelatin, honey, confectioners' sugar, coconut, may all be called for by the guest who has a specialty. If the hostess decides beforehand what recipes are to be used and hands her various cooks copies of these on separate cards, she can market for her party much more frugally. Most of the supplies mentioned, however, are those which are used for many other purposes and will not be wasted if not used for the party.

Stirred or pulled candies, or both, are suitable. Stirred candies of the fudge family should be fine-grained, not sticky, nor yet too hard. Granulated sugar is coarse-textured, and to get a creamy fudge one must "invert" the sugar, or break it up into small crystals. Inversion is commonly accomplished in two ways. First the sugar is boiled with a cooking-acid, such as lemon-juice, vinegar, or cream of tartar. Add the acid when the sugar is put on the stove to cook.

Any of these acids may curdle milk, but this will not be objectionable in the finished product. It is not easy to take an accurate cold-water test in a curdled mixture, however, and if acid is used with milk a candy-thermometer should be provided. For candies made with water the acids mentioned, however, are satisfactory.

The second commonly used method of getting a fine-grained texture is to add some inverted or simple sugar, such as corn-syrup, honey, or pure glucose. Half a cupful of any one of these to 2 cupfuls of granulated sugar may be used for a stirred candy. Too much inverted sugar makes fudge gummy.

Proper manipulation is fully as important as are the ingredients in making candy fine-grained. When the mixture is sufficiently cooked it should be taken from the heat and allowed to cool without disturbing it until you can rest your hand against the pan long enough to count five. Then stir until it begins to lose its transparency. When this point is reached pour it at once into buttered pans. If stirred while hot, or if stirred too long, any sugar mixture is likely to have a sandy texture.

Chocolate Fudge

2 Cupfuls Sugar
½ Cupful Milk
½ Cupful Corn-sirup
2 Ounces Chocolate
1 Teaspoonful Vanilla
1 Tablespoonful Butter
½ Cupful Nut-meats

COMBINE the sugar, milk, sirup, and the chocolate, and cook, stirring frequently to prevent scorching, until when dropped into cold water it forms a ball which can be picked up and held for a moment between the thumb and finger (238 degrees F.). Remove from the fire and let it cool at room-temperature until you can hold your hand against the side of the pan long enough to count five. Then divide into smaller bowls or pans for those who are going to stir. Add the flavoring, nuts, and butter, and stir until it begins to lose its transparency. Pour at once into buttered square pans, and cut, when firm, into squares.

Lemon-Chocolate Fudge

2 Cupfuls Sugar
½ Cupful Milk or Water
1 Tablespoonful Butter
2 Teaspoonfuls Lemon-juice and ½ of the Rind
2 Ounces Chocolate
½ Cupful Nut-meats

COMBINE the sugar, liquid, lemon-juice, and chocolate, and cook as described above. The lemon-juice and the piece of lemon-rind take the place of flavoring, and the former reacts with the sugar to give a fine texture.

PULLED candy or taffy must be cooked to avoid all crystallization, or it will not pull. Acid or inverted sugar in larger proportions than for a stirred candy, and even more care lest you disturb the candy while it is hot, are the guiding rules in making pulled taffies. Molasses is one of the non-crystalline sugars, and it also contains enough acid to invert some granulated sugar cooked with it. Molasses candy, or part molasses and part sugar, is most dependable for an old-fashioned candy-pull.

Molasses Taffy

2 Cupfuls Molasses
2 Cupfuls Granulated Sugar

BOIL together, stirring frequently to prevent the scorching of the molasses. Cook until the mixture is brittle when a teaspoonful is dropped into cold water (270 degrees F.). Pour while boiling hot into shallow buttered platters. Allow to cool until it can be handled. Gather it into a ball and pull until cold enough to cut. Stretch it a little at a time into a rope about 1 inch in diameter, and cut with strong shears into 1 inch lengths.

Brown-Sugar Peanut Taffy

2 Cupfuls Light-brown Sugar
2 Tablespoonfuls Vinegar
½ Cupful Water
1 Cupful Blanched Roasted Peanuts

BOIL the sugar, water, and vinegar, stirring only until the sugar is dissolved. Cook until it is brittle when dropped into cold water (270 degrees F.). Pour at once into shallow greased platters, and allow to cool until it can be taken up in the hands. Distribute the nuts evenly over the top and fold the edges over them. Divide into portions for all those who are to pull, and pull until cream-colored and hard.

Chocolate Taffy

1 Cupful Granulated Sugar
2 Cupfuls Corn-sirup
4 Level Tablespoonfuls Cocoa
1 Teaspoonful Vanilla

MIX the cocoa with the sugar, add the sirup, and boil until it is brittle when dropped into cold water (270 degrees F.). Add the flavoring. Pour while hot into buttered platters and pull when cool enough to handle.

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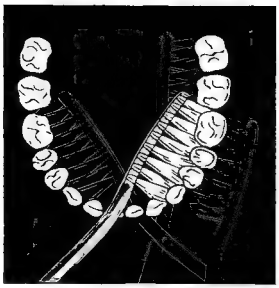
THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

Every crevice penetrated by wide-spaced, accurately-trimmed bristle-groups; a brush easily kept clean!

Two clues to WHITER TEETH



Correct size and shape; teeth far back are cleaned as easily as those in front; inside as well as outside!

Showing the differences that make such a difference in results—as millions have found out

THERE is nothing difficult or complicated in having whiter, more attractive teeth. These plain, common sense facts may aid you.

You should choose a small, correctly shaped brush. Used twice daily, it should not be kept in use for more than 90 days. After that much honest service the cleansing and polishing qualities are impaired. A new brush each 90 days is the rule followed by dentists, for their own teeth.

Also, brush always *away* from the gums—toward the cutting edges; *never across* the crevices. This, too, dentists urge.

In DR. WEST'S famous toothbrush you have correct size and shape. It is smaller, by 20% to 50%, than awkward, old-type brushes still sold. Its correct, unusual shape (shown here) enables you to clean every surface and every crevice thoroughly—*and makes correct brushing easy.*

Your favorite store has new DR. WEST'S toothbrushes for each member of your family: adult's size, 50c; youth's, 35c; child's, 25c; special gum massage, 75c ("professional" brush, 50c). For your protection each brush is sterilized, specially sealed, and fully guaranteed. Get some today to replace your present brushes. See what a difference they make—and *how quickly* it comes.

Your dealer will give you, FREE: *big 25c tube of* DR. WEST'S *tooth paste with purchase of the 50c* DR. WEST'S *toothbrush.*

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Go gle

Wouldn't *you* love one of these adorable sets for Christmas?

. . . your friends will be delighted with them, too

Smart, colorful compacts

. . . exquisite perfume
. . . beautiful holiday boxes

$2.50
Oblong double compact in gold or silver finish with harmonizing bottle of Charvai perfume. Striking modernistic box.

Here's your Christmas gift problem solved right now . . . *give Tre-Jur sets.*

Just *look* at them. Aren't they beauties? There are others, too, equally lovely, that we hadn't room to show. Single and double compacts in all the newest shades (with lipsticks to match, if you wish). Adorable little bottles of fragrant Charvai *odeur.* Boxes in striking new modernistic designs. What woman would not thrill to open one on Christmas morning? And how she will appreciate the *quality* of these exquisite toiletries created by the famous House of Tre-Jur.

Your favorite store is showing these delightful sets now. Be sure to see them. You'll be charmed with their beauty—and astonished at the moderate prices.

$1.00
Remarkable value! Oblong double compact in red, blue, green or black with harmonizing modernistic box.

$1.50
Oblong single compact in red, blue, green or black with harmonizing bottle of Charvai perfume. Attractively boxed.

$2.00
Oblong double compact in assorted colors (red, blue, green or black) with harmonizing bottle of Charvai perfume and beautiful modernistic box.

If your dealer cannot supply you, order direct, enclosing price. State color of compact and shade of powder, rouge and lipstick desired. Powder shades: white, flesh or rachel. Rouge and lipstick: medium or raspberry. Address House of Tre-Jur, 19 West 18th St., New York City.

TRE JUR

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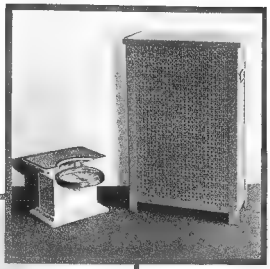
Original from THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

Christmas Gifts for the Home

WHAT better means of taking care of the overweights and underweights than to give new scales for the bathroom? Even the least orderly member of the household will remember that used towels should go into the hamper if the bathroom boasts one as stunning as this one of metal.



As new and as fascinating almost as the new baby itself is this little wardrobe. It has a place for every item of his or her majesty's belongings, even a bank for bright new pennies. It is covered with oilcloth in a nursery pattern and may be scrubbed as often as you please. The French print wastebasket is made of fiber and is both decorative and durable. It may be obtained in various pleasing colors.

A gay Christmas gift is this complete closet ensemble of glazed figured percale in colors to match your own color-scheme. The tips and traveling-case for slippers are especially nice.

For further information about any of these articles send a stamped envelop, addressed to yourself, to Household Hints, Pictorial Review, 222 West 39th Street, New York City.

What's wrong with modern parents?

This daughter found out!

"My Dad had the flu. When it departed, it must have taken Dad's good disposition with it. Whew! Breakfast was hush time; lunch was rush time and dinner the worst time of all.

"Dad and Mother always took caffein, but we were never allowed to have it. The more Dad took, the more crabby he got and the more nervous Mother became. Finally Mother had a nervous breakdown and the doctor insisted that she try Postum for a month. She tried it and gave it to us. Then Dad tried it. Three cheers!

"Now we have a party at our house every meal. We sit around the table, every one of us with a fragrant, steaming cup of Postum, and there is a feeling of companionship and understanding that we never had before. Dad is interested in everything that interests us. We youngsters are learning, by the Postum route, that our parents are not just parents, but real human beings and royal good sports."

J. S. . . . . (Lowell High School student)
San Francisco, Cal.

MOST fathers and mothers want to be more than just "parents" —but how difficult it is when Father feels "crabby" and Mother has "nerves"! The sad part of it is that most men and women don't stop to look for the cause of their trouble. They go on taking caffein—and wonder why uncongeniality has crept into the family circle.

If it seems incredible to you that caffein could be the cause of nerves and irritability in your own family circle, just make this test. Let Postum take the place of caffein at your table for thirty days. Then check up on yourself and your family!

You'll be amazed at the difference you find. You yourself will feel better, both mentally and physically — and you'll see the same improvement all around you. Postum has only *good* after-effects. © 1929, C. F. Corp.

That's because there is no caffein in Postum—nothing to keep you awake o' nights, nothing to irritate your nerves, nothing to cause indigestion. Postum is made from whole wheat and bran, carefully roasted and blended. Its flavor is fine and mellow — distinctive. Two million families could tell you you're sure to like it!

Postum costs less than most other mealtime drinks—only one-half cent a cup. Order from your grocer. Or mail the coupon for one week's free supply, as a start on your 30-day test. Please indicate whether you wish Instant Postum, made instantly in the cup, or Postum Cereal, the kind you boil.

Postum is one of the Post Food Products, which include also Grape-Nuts, Post Toasties, and Post's Bran Flakes. Your grocer sells Postum in two forms. Instant Postum, made in the cup by adding boiling water, is one of the easiest drinks in the world to prepare. Postum Cereal is also easy to make, but should be boiled 20 minutes.

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WHAT WILL YOU GIVE?

By DORIS LEE ASHLEY

You may find some helpful suggestions in the free leaflet "Our Christmas-Gift List." Write, sending a stamped envelop, addressed to yourself, to the Beauty Editor, Pictorial Review, 222 West 39th Street, New York City.

HOW many of you will read this title and smile with a certain smug satisfaction because you purchased most of your Christmas gifts during your Summer holidays? Not so many of course as those who, as usual, put off till the last minute the troublesome job of deciding just what to give those they love and those they must remember for business or other reasons.

I, for one, am not going to decry this most admirable practise of being forehanded—far from it; but I will be willing to wager that, unless you traveled in foreign lands and had a goodly amount of money to spend and were canny about selecting unusual and appropriate gifts, you will find that the manufacturers this particular year have created such adorable and lovely things that you will be sorry you did not wait.

You can not expect to be remembered with a warm glow of gratitude and appreciation if you pass on the bridge prize you won but tucked away because you could not or would not use it yourself.

I know that Christmas shopping seems an insurmountable task, that you loathe the thought of aimlessly wandering in crowded shops wondering which of the countless things displayed you will purchase for the seemingly numberless people you wish to remember. If you go about it in this haphazard fashion your confusion will be worse confounded, and you will be sure to purchase the wrong things.

I say cease your worries, for worries only bring tiny fine lines around your eyes and mouth that will require all your own Christmas money to eradicate by corrective treatments. Let me help you. Get out your pencil and I promise to suggest appropriate gifts for every girl and woman on your list and for some of the men also.

For instance, there is the inevitable and ubiquitous vanity to be carried in the day and evening hand-bag. For years we have been burdened with so much "hardware," as one of my friends calls the compact, lipstick, pocket perfume-vial, etc., that most young women deem necessary for beauty and comfort. Naturally we do not all require so much "hardware," but there is scarcely a woman these days who would not welcome a new compact of her favorite complexion-powder, while others would, if given a choice, select one that combined powder, rouge, and lipstick or cream rouge, so that they would not always be searching in a commodious handbag for the wanted container.

Vanities in Variety

VANITIES are legion this year. There are single, double, triple, and one that I know of which contains not only the compact powder and rouge but cream rouge and an eye-shadow also. Some women prefer a vanity in which they add the selected powder which reposes on their dressing-table. This may be a lovely case or a utilitarian affair; but of course a lipstick must also be carried.

For years I have begged manufacturers to make what they usually said was an impossibility, and that was a vanity-case for your own carefully selected complexion-powder and a wee place in the same container for cream rouge or a lipstick. Well, at last such a case is offered for sale this Christmas, and while it is a bit more expensive than some of us would like, it is really quite lovely and worth the price, for, best of all, it is flatter than you can imagine and not heavy.

Vanities for your own complexion-powder are of two kinds: one has an inside lid which opens easily, revealing puff and powder; the other allows the loose powder to sift through holes in the inside cover onto the flat puff. Both of course carry mirrors in the lid.

There's another compact powder and rouge vanity with an extra sifter-top. If you prefer your own powder to the compact, simply remove the pan, add your own powder, then cover with the extra sifter-top.

You may say, "Another vanity! Why, I gave vanities last year to many of my friends; they will think I have no imagination or originality." Now I ask you, can any woman have too many vanities? If she is considered smart she will have at least one hand-bag for each ensemble. Certainly she would not carry her brown bag with a blue costume, nor a green one with her lovely new prune ensemble. Would it not be a joy to have a modern compact to harmonize in color for each hand-bag?

I have just seen the loveliest conceit in powder gifts. It contains powder, for both day and evening use, in a single imported brown-and-silver box, with the lid opening diagonally. It would be a charming addition to any dressing-table. The same beauty specialist who sells this powder gift had the darlingest group of eye-shadow containers, and a brown-and-silver box containing mascaro. And you must know that eye make-up is more than ever evident in Paris this year. Parisians make the most of their lovely eyes. It is an art that few American women practise with such consummate skill as their French cousins.

There is a little modern case in black, red, and gold that would be most appropriate for your cigaret-smoking friend. Lift the lid off of the box and you see two of the loveliest modernistic cases with patterns reversed. One turns out to be a darling vanity containing powder, rouge, and a tiny lipstick, and the other a case for holding five cigarets. Another attractive case which may be used later for a cigaret-box contains a lovely new perfume and an adorable vanity. The enameled box, like many cigaret-boxes, is lined with wood.

Another manufacturer produces most unusual vanity ensembles of gray water snakeskin and red, green, and blue lizard leather. The azure suède and silver box contains a lipstick and a double compact, most attractive for repeating the style note of the season in shoes and hand-bags. Another vanity comes in two shades of blue enamel with a trick clasp. Another comes in gold with compact powder, rouge, and a tiny lipstick, with a mirror that allows you to use all three without turning and twisting the case, and another comes in a speckled effect to resemble the new packaging of this familiar line of cosmetics.

If you know of a friend who always carries a small vial of perfume in her hand-bag select for her this novelty—a container that closely resembles a cigaret-lighter, but which when examined turns out to be a pocket atomizer for a personally selected perfume.

There is a practical week-end case for the busy woman. Reasonable in price, it comes in an attractive modernistic red-, gold-, and black-designed box, and might be most acceptable as a gift for your business woman friend to keep in one of her desk drawers. So handy, when she is invited out to dinner straight from the office, to cleanse and beautify herself. Another gift for her would be a box of complexion-powder. There is a cute one made with a drawer which is drawn out by a bone pull.

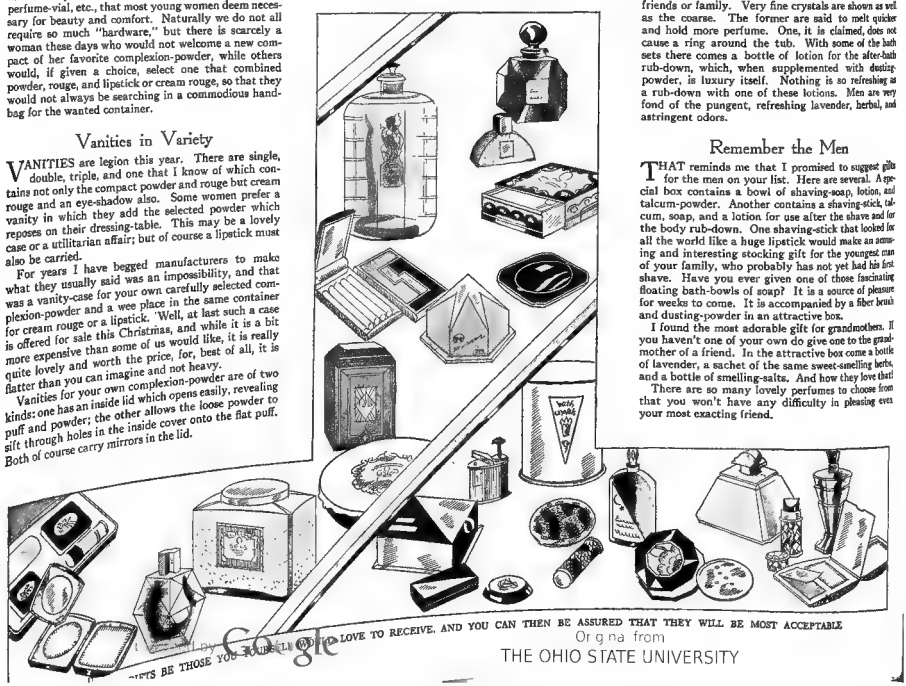
Bath-crystals and dusting-powder sets are most attractive and acceptable for your most intimate friends or family. Very fine crystals are shown as well as the coarse. The former are said to melt quicker and hold more perfume. One, it is claimed, does not cause a ring around the tub. With some of the bath sets there comes a bottle of lotion for the after-bath rub-down, which, when supplemented with dusting-powder, is luxury itself. Nothing is so refreshing as a rub-down with one of these lotions. Men are very fond of the pungent, refreshing lavender, herbal, and astringent odors.

Remember the Men

THAT reminds me that I promised to suggest gifts for the men on your list. Here are several. A special box contains a bowl of shaving-soap, lotion, and talcum-powder. Another contains a shaving-stick, talcum, soap, and a lotion for use after the shave and for the body rub-down. One shaving-stick that looked for all the world like a huge lipstick would make an amusing and interesting stocking gift for the youngest man of your family, who probably has not yet had his first shave. Have you ever given one of those fascinating floating bath-bowls of soap? It is a source of pleasure for weeks to come. It is accompanied by a fiber brush and dusting-powder in an attractive box.

I found the most adorable gift for grandmothers. If you haven't one of your own do give one to the grandmother of a friend. In the attractive box come a bottle of lavender, a sachet of the same sweet-smelling herbs, and a bottle of smelling-salts. And how they love that!

There are so many lovely perfumes to choose from that you won't have any difficulty in pleasing even your most exacting friend.



THESE GIFTS BE THOSE YOU YOURSELF WOULD LOVE TO RECEIVE, AND YOU CAN THEN BE ASSURED THAT THEY WILL BE MOST ACCEPTABLE

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THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

IT LEAVES NO STICKINESS—YOUR SKIN ABSORBS IT INSTANTLY

THOSE DELICATE FINGER TIPS . .

PERHAPS you do not realize how much you depend, in all your activities, on the sensitive tips of your fingers—

Until they become a little roughened or calloused—and then what acute discomfort you suffer! Any fine work becomes almost an impossibility. Especially trying is needle-work when your finger-ends are roughened, for then they constantly catch on the silk or wool.

Keep your finger tips soft and smooth all winter by regular use of Jergens Lotion! Artists, musicians, surgeons—people whose work depends on delicacy and accuracy of touch—find Jergens Lotion a wonderful help in keeping their hands in good condition.

Two famous healing ingredients long used in medicine give Jergens Lotion an almost instant power to soothe and soften the skin. Roughness, dryness, chapping, disappear after a few applications. It leaves no stickiness—your skin absorbs it instantly.

Get a bottle of Jergens Lotion today and see what wonderful skin comfort it will give you. 50 cents at any drug store or toilet goods counter.

Free . A new trial bottle . A beautiful booklet!

The Andrew Jergens Co., 3325 Alfred St., Cincinnati, Ohio
Please send me—free—the new large-size trial bottle of Jergens Lotion, and the booklet, *"Eight Occasions When Your Skin Needs Special Protection."*

Name_____

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JERGENS LOTION

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF WOODBURY'S FACIAL SOAP

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Throughout Infancy and Childhood

FREE TO MOTHERS!

AN authentic and practical handbook, prepared by one of America's foremost children's doctors—"The Food of the Infant and Growing Child." Every mother will find it helpful. Write Corn Products Refining Co., Dept. P-12, 17 Battery Pl., N. Y. C.

THE baby's food must not only be sufficient in amount but must be capable of *easy and prompt* digestion. Tests prove that Karo is digestible by even the weakest baby. It is now widely and successfully used—*and recommended by doctors everywhere*—for the modification of milk for babies because it is wholesome, nutritious and quickly assimilated.

Karo supplies quickly available energy for the active child. Used on cereals or in milk, it does not cause the child to develop an abnormal taste for sweets, nor does it spoil the digestion or the appetite.

For the Entire Family

Over a period of a quarter century, Karo has been the standard table-syrup — delicious on pancakes, waffles and sliced bread.

...OLD AGE

THE BEST OF TOYS

By Dr. Emelyn L. Coolidge

Attending Physician in Diseases of Children to the Society of the Lying-In Hospital, New York City

TOYS play a very real part in the development of children. Therefore care and thought should be exercised in their selection. Many adults make the mistake of thinking very expensive and elaborate toys will please the small child best. This is seldom the case. Children do not consider cost, but like articles which they can cherish and often partly make themselves.

Toys must be well made, as it is very hard on a little child to see a toy he is fond of break after a few days' play. A few well-made, pretty toys, with something about them which will appeal to each special child, are far better than dozens of thoughtlessly and badly constructed articles.

Beginning with the little baby of 3 or 4 months, bright-colored soft balls, rubber animals with the little whistle removed, strings of brightly colored wooden or celluloid beads firmly strung so the baby can not get them off and swallow them, soft dolls and animals that can be kept clean and a rattle or two of some washable material are among some of the presents mother as well as baby will appreciate.

In selecting toys for babies the following points must be considered: Whether they are painted with the paint that will not come off; whether they are smooth, with no sharp points, or parts that can become detached and swallowed; whether they have wool or hair that may be picked off and eaten by the baby; whether they will stand hard wear and plenty of washing. But "Safety first!" should be the idea when buying toys for the very little ones. It is perfectly possible to select such toys when one bears in mind the foregoing points.

For the little runabout babies and children from 15 months up to 2 or 3 years little carts, or animals on stands that may be dragged or pushed about with them, are usually favorites. Boys like carts and horses or automobiles and engines, while a doll-carriage is usually the favorite with little girls, also dolls and animals of all sorts and little dishes to play tea-party with. Blocks are liked by both sexes, also bathtub toys. Rocking-horses with a seat between them are enjoyed at this age and are usually pretty safe. Low tables and straight chairs of comfortable height make good presents, and will keep the little folks off drafty floors while they play.

From the age of 3 or 4 up to 6 or 7, children delight in having toys that will allow them to imitate their elders. Little carpet-sweepers, brooms, ironing-boards and irons, little clothes-baskets and clothes-pins, with small wash-tubs and a wringer, telephones, a doll-house made from a box and fitted up by the child, helped by an elder brother or sister who can use simple tools, will provide happy occupation for many stormy days when the children can not play out-of-doors.

"Busy work" of all kinds is enjoyed by children of kindergarten age, as clay-modeling, sewing-cards, weaving, etc. Picture-books give pleasure, and some simple stories which may be read to the child at bedtime, until he is old enough to read himself.

Musical instruments, crayons and ink, paints, with blunt scissors for cutting out dolls and pictures, are all liked and useful in developing any special talent the child may possess. In Summer, slides, sand-pens, little garden-sets, see-saws, and low ladders to climb may be used out-of-doors. In Winter these same playthings may be enjoyed, if one has a heated attic or clean cellar in which the younger children may play.

FREE CHILD HEALTH SERVICE

IF your baby is under 6 months of age you may join our Special Correspondence Course in Babycraft, receive monthly help until the baby is 2 years old. Send us the baby's name and age, and an Admission Blank will be sent you.

If you want advice about older children up to the age of 12, be sure to ask for a Question Form for our Good Health Extension Class.

No diseases will be treated by mail nor medicines prescribed.

No blanks will be sent or enquiries answered unless you enclose a United States stamped envelop addressed to yourself.

Address your correspondence to Dr. Emelyn L. Coolidge, Pictorial Review, 222 West 39th Street, New York, N. Y.

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"The same advice I gave your Dad... LISTERINE, often"

Gargle with full strength Listerine every day. It inhibits the development of sore throat, and checks it should it develop.

How to prevent a cold

Rinsing the hands with Listerine before every meal destroys germs that lodge there.

Do you remember—

When the good old family doctor came into the house how your heart began to thump? You didn't know but what you had cholera morbus or something equally dreadful. You saw yourself dying in no time.

Then his firm gentle hands poked you here and there. His bright kind eyes looked down your gullet. And, oh, what a load left your mind when you learned that your trouble was only a badly inflamed throat and that Listerine would take care of it?

The basic things of life seldom change: Listerine, today, is the same tireless enemy of sore throat and colds that it was half a century ago.

It is regularly prescribed by the bright, busy young physicians of this day, just as it was by those old timers —bless their souls—who mixed friendship and wisdom with their medicines.

Listerine's success against infection is due to one quality—its amazing power against germs, particularly those lodging in the throat.

Used full strength it kills even the virulent Staphylococcus Aureus (pus) and Bacillus Typhosus (typhoid) germs in counts ranging to 200,000,000 in 15 seconds. Tests by three great bacteriological laboratories prove it.

Yet Listerine is so safe it may be used full strength in any body cavity.

Make a habit of gargling systematically with full strength Listerine during nasty weather. It aids in preventing the outbreak of colds and sore throat. And often remedies them when they have developed. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

It checks SORE THROAT *quickly*

KILLS 200,000,000 GERMS IN 15 SECONDS

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"I *know* they'll all be pleased!"

JIMMY, with his bright new Pocket Ben watch... how proud and happy he will be! And I can just hear 'Sis' say..."A Baby Ben, in Old Rose, too, to match the color of my room!" And dear, punctual, practical Dad, how his eyes will sparkle when he opens his package and finds a *Big Ben*.

Westclox *are* welcome gifts... beautiful... *useful*. In the long, faithful service they render there is definite manifestation of the spirit of sincerity that prompted the giving and a *daily* reminder of the love and esteem of the donor.

There's an extensive variety of Westclox to choose from. *Alarms* in lustrous nickel or exquisite color... so refined in beauty of design and finish that they may also be employed as *timepieces* in any room in the home; good looking and dependable *Pocket Watches* for men and boys; an attractive and reliable *Auto clock* for the car; and Tiny Tim, a handy little timekeeper *without* alarm for the desk of a business associate... the classroom... the study... or for the handbag of one who travels.

Westclox come in substantial, individual, containers; securely packed and convenient for mailing. Prices range from $1.50 to $5.00... selections may be made to conform with your Christmas budget.

Give *Westclox* this year... beautiful, serviceable gifts that are *sure to please*.

Westclox in color, Old Rose, Green or Blue, are priced the same as nickel finish.

Prices slightly higher in Canada

WESTERN CLOCK COMPANY, La Salle, Illinois, U.S.A.
Factory: Peru, Illinois
Western Clock Co., Limited, Peterborough, Ont., Canada

Westclox

ALARMS POCKET WATCHES AUTO CLOCKS

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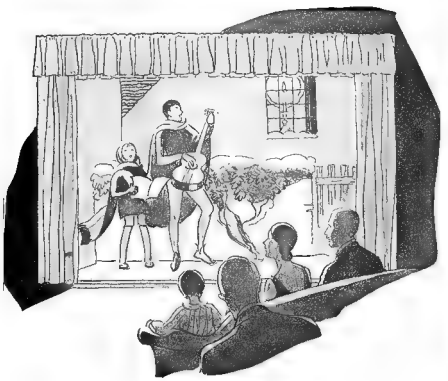

CHRISTMAS THEATRICALS

How to have a play in your own home

By PAUL CAREY, MAXWELL

THE holiday season is an especially fitting time to produce in your own home short plays, tableaux, and the like. It is the natural outgrowth of the time-honored spectacle of Santa arriving in costume to distribute the family gifts. The impersonation of St. Nicholas has been so cheapened and made a common and even commercial affair in recent years that more and more those who still have a lively, sentimental regard for the season of especial gladness known as Christmastide are coming to depend on the production of plays and tableaux to entertain their families and guests during the greatest holidays of the year.

To meet the demands of this new Christmas trend, authors have deftly wrought scores of lovely little plays, some calling for but few characters and simple settings and costumes; others, of more pretentious scope, demanding many characters and likewise simple settings and costumes. All are available in printed form.

Such a host of them to consider! Shall it be in costume with a medieval setting or strictly modern? Any mood or need may be met. As indicating the varied types of plays available, an outline follows of just a few. How to obtain a complete list is told elsewhere on this page.

"The Adoration of the Magi," an old English mystery play: 1 scene; 5 men, 1 woman; old English costumes; plays 10 minutes.

"A Christmas Carol," a dramatization of Dickens's famous story: 1 scene; 6 men, 3 women; costumes those of the period; introduces tableaux and music.

"The Holly Tree Inn," an adaptation of Dickens's familiar story: 1 scene throughout; 4 men, 3 women, including 2 lovely children's parts; costumes of the eighteenth century; plays 1 hour.

"Mimi Lights the Candle," a recent prize-winning General Federation play, which charmingly gives an original and beautiful treatment of the age-old idea of the coming of the Christ Child: 1 scene; 1 man, 8 women; modern costumes; plays 20 minutes.

"The Christmas Burglar," a very effective little melodramatic sketch: 1 scene; 3 men, 1 woman; modern costumes, plays 20 minutes.

"A Christmas Chime," a clever little comedy in which a Christmas party is the means of reconciling lovers "enjoying a tiff": 1 scene; 2 men, 2 women; modern costumes; plays 30 minutes.

"The Christmas Story," the Bible story of the birth of Christ, using the Bible language as far as possible: 4 scenes, but can be very simply produced; any number of performers can be used; adapted for a large house, school, or church; plays 1 hour.

"The Christmas Highwayman," a sparkling comedy of the night before Christmas without a Santa, Jack Frost elf or sprite in it, but abounding with the Yuletide spirit: 1 scene; 3 men, 1 woman, 2 boys, and 4 girls; modern costumes; plays 30 minutes.

The complete illusion aimed for can not be given unless there is some sort of curtained stage, so that the audience, whether it is composed of just your own family or of many guests, may be given the proper atmosphere for the spoken lines. A stage, then, and a curtain, may be considered as essential.

The simplest form of stage that can be contrived is by the use of a number of ordinary three- or four-fold screens which will set off one end of the room. This corner should have lights which can be used independently of the rest of the room.

But why bother with makeshifts when you can have a stage equal to that in use in most little theaters for a few hours' work and with a comparatively small expenditure of money?

Complete detailed directions, with diagrams and a lumber- and material-list for building the portable stage shown on this page have been printed in a leaflet which we shall be glad to send free to our readers. The leaflet also contains a complete list of Christmas plays for home, church, and school, for few and many characters. Helpful hints for costuming and make-up for any Christmas play will be included.

Address Christmas Plays, Home Bureau, Pictorial Review, 222 West 39th Street, New York City.

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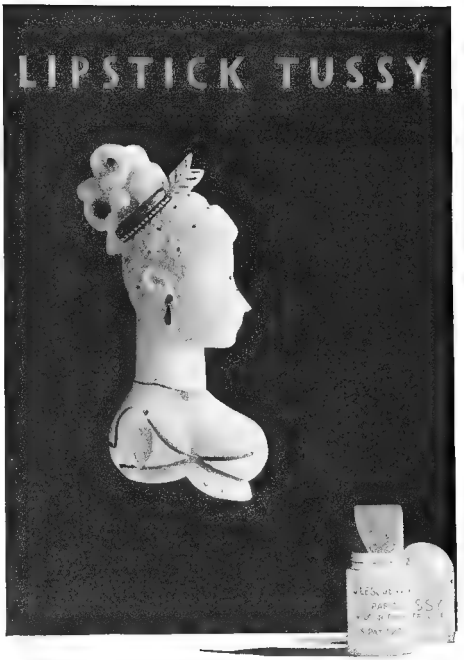

Why has Lesquendieu created his perfect lipstick in eight *distinct shades? Because every woman who follows the caprices of the mode needs at least* three *different lipsticks to provide the correct accent of color to her costume. Morning, noon, and night, with their varying lights and shadows, also demand subtle changes in make-up. With* eight *fascinating shades to choose from, every woman will find her* three *favorites in Lipstick Tussy. This lipstick is a miracle of smoothness, delicacy and lasting quality. It leaves a breath of fragrance on your lips and a smooth touch of the correct color. In the smartest of galalithe containers, Lipstick Tussy comes to you sealed and packaged in France. Lipstick Tussy may be obtained at your favorite shop. There, too, you will find the creams, lotions, paste rouges and cream rouges that have made famous the name of Lesquendieu as the leading maker of cosmetics throughout Europe. They are all made and imported from France. Won't you let us send you the fascinating booklet on make-up, "Cosmetiques Lesquendieu"? Just write to Lesquendieu, Incorporated, 683 Fifth Avenue, New York.*

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COSMETIQUES LESQUENDIEU

Original from THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

Look to my Mannequin—Look to your Skin and see why

"ONLY A HEALTHY SKIN CAN STAY YOUNG"

Frances Ingram

FIRST and foremost, I want to make clear the vital difference between Ingram's Milkweed Cream and other fine face creams.

For my Milkweed Cream is not content, as most creams are, in keeping the skin fresh and soft textured. It *does* help the appearance, yes, but it also benefits the health of your skin, and by keeping it healthy, defends you against beauty-stealing blemishes.

Look to my Mannequin. Study the six spots where lines and defects first appear. Then study your own skin, and you will realize the great importance of Milkweed's extra benefits.

Aging little lines and imperfections are no respecters of youth, so I have selected for my mannequin this month, a girl on the under side of thirty. Her skin, like yours—no matter how few or how many your birthdays—depends upon health for its attraction.

Guard well the six starred places—the column at the right tells how—and your skin will respond swiftly with new loveliness.

Ingram's Milkweed Cream will help you marvelously in caring for your skin. It is ever so slightly therapeutic, and does things for your skin that no other cream, however expensive, can possibly do. It is a splendid cleanser, but, to me, its most appealing virtue is the way it brings smoothness to the skin. Roughness vanishes—blemishes disappear. Tiny wrinkles are discreetly smoothed away. Your skin becomes smooth — clear — altogether lovely.

- The Forehead . . Lines and wrinkles are all too likely to form here prematurely unless the skin is kept soft and pliable—and this Ingram's does with marvelous effect.
- The Eyes . . Puffiness and crows' feet are so very aging and unbecoming. To keep the skin smooth, turn to the soothing and softening services of Ingram's.
- The Mouth . . To prevent drooping lines at corners of the lips, tone the skin and keep the muscles firm by using Ingram's. It is amazingly helpful for invigorating circulation.
- The Throat . . Guard against a crepey throat if you value your youth. Ingram's, with its trace of medication, prevents flabbiness and restores the skin to firmness.
- The Neck . . Finely etched, circular lines are signs of accumulating birthdays. Be faithful to your use of Milkweed Cream. It wafts well-established lines to obscurity and guards against new ones.
- The Shoulders . . Every woman who would proudly wear evening gowns or sleeveless dresses should cleanse her arms and shoulders and keep them blemish-free with Ingram's.

You will find Milkweed Cream at any drug or department store. But I wish you would send the coupon for my booklet on skin care, also, if you have any special beauty questions, write me for advice.

INGRAM'S Milkweed Cream

Frances Ingram, Consultant on Care of the Skin, Dept. E-129, 108 Washington St., N. Y. C.
Please send me your free booklet, "Only a Healthy Skin Can Stay Young" which tells in complete detail how to care for the skin and to guard the six vital spots of youth.

Name _____

Address _____

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Continued from Page 36

world, whether we join the League of Nations or not. The Kellogg Pact, I think, is the first step in that direction.

Moreover, we are to-day, as we were not in 1914, a world financial power.

Before and during the War we were a self-contained nation, with negligible investments outside of the United States. But during the War impoverished Europe bought goods from us with money borrowed from our banks. And ever since the War we have been lending more, not out of charity but out of necessity. With so much money we have had to find new channels for investment; with so much goods we have had to have money in the pockets of foreign buyers. Our very wealth ties us to the rest of the world as we have never been tied before.

Not a single European nation could go to war to-day without American interests being in some measure affected. There are European squabbles which might not affect all European countries, but there is none possible which would not affect us.

Where, then, are our frontiers?

YOU and I think geographically. All our habits of mind teach us to do so. The United States is, for us, the space between the Atlantic and the Pacific, between Canada and Mexico. When we think of national defense we think of this continent and, specifically, of the spot of earth which we call home.

But for purposes of defense these are not our frontiers. If a nation to which American banks lend your money and mine defaults in its debts, or a nation in which we are vitally concerned is attacked by another, are we not, as a people, specifically injured? And do you think that we can withdraw our interests within the geographical limits of the American continent? Never! Our empire is in the ascendency, and even were we to will away our power we could not do so.

We shall not become more isolated from the world, but less so. We are a great industrial, capitalist nation, and modern capitalism knows nothing of nationalism in its narrower, geographical sense. If a factory needs manganese it reaches out and includes Russian manganese-mines in its boundaries, and immediately the political and economic situation in Russia begins to be of interest to the United States.

If an automobile market demands expansion and South America, or Denmark, or Germany wants cheap automobiles, the flow of goods follows the demand and leaps the seas as lightly as Lindbergh did. And, in that moment, the people of the United States have an interest in their customers. The more scattered, varied, and vast our interests become, the more susceptible are we to conditions in other countries *and the more likely are we to become involved in their wars!* We, of the United States, are not further from war to-day than we were in 1914, if war continues in the world. We are closer to it!

For that very reason, I believe, we are closer to peace.

It is not really strange that the countries which have done most for the cause of permanent peace are those between whom war has been chronic, those with the bitterest quarrel, and those with the greatest traditional distrust of each other. It is not really strange that the most fought-over stream in Europe, the Rhine, should give its name to the Rhineland Pact in the Treaty of Locarno, the most constructive peace document which has been signed in modern times. It is not really strange that the countries to sign the most revolutionary treaty of peace should be those who suffered most in the last war—Germany and France.

I have said that the most thrilling things which have happened in Europe since the War have been the Kellogg Pact, the reparations settlement, and the Treaty of Locarno. The reparations conference made a program for the financial liquidation of the War, and taught those who have eyes to see that war can not be made to pay. The Kellogg Pact pledged the nations of the western world, including ourselves, who alone had taken no similar previous pledge, to renounce war as an instrument of national policy and to substitute in place of war peaceable means of settlement.

The second part of the Kellogg Pact seems to me more important than the first. That no procedure for the peaceable settlement of disputes acceptable to the United States has yet been worked out is a weakness of the pact, but it is a weakness which a sufficient demand from public opinion can remedy. And the Treaty of Locarno goes further than any peace document yet signed, because it not only renounces war in general, but it renounces it specifically, and it proposes a procedure to be followed in case conflict seems imminent.

France and Germany say, in effect, to each other: We shall never fight each other again, and specifically, and especially, we shall not fight over the particular issues which in the past, and in the present, most disturb our peaceful relationship. And beyond this noble and dramatic gesture, they go to build up a system for averting war if it ever becomes imminent.

IN THE next of this series of articles, I shall try to explain the various proposals now being debated in the world for averting war. They are proposals with which we must be familiar, because one of these days our country is going to choose between them or adopt some modified version of one or several of them, provided that the citizens of the United States demand it.

When the people of the United States and of the world demand it.

We must face the fact that to avert war we shall have to throw overboard a whole system of old ideas; that we shall have to reconsider the meanings of such shop-worn terms as "neutrality," "national defense," and "freedom of the seas." We shall have to work out a system of procedure to replace the one which has had centuries of development. We shall have to remind ourselves, when we are too optimistic, that the League of Nations, with all its secretariats, bureaus, and commissions, could run for six centuries on the military budgets of its members for a single year! All of tradition is still on the side of war.

But on the side of peace are science, human knowledge, intelligence, and the new patriotism.

This is the first of a series of three remarkable articles by Dorothy Thompson dealing with World Peace. The second will appear in Pictorial Review for January.

LITTLE LUCY

Continued from Page 17

door, which, swinging, caught his throat. She ran like the hare, which reckons partly on speed but mostly on silence. She ran, bent, huddled, not an upright human being, but an animal dashing to its lair.

She reached the hall; she heard behind her, still far behind her, choked barks. She leaped, gasping from step to step. She heard, as she reached the top, a creaking hinge, a louder bark, a scamper.

There was no time to close the bedroom door, and in the great bed was no refuge, tho Eloise was there. She dived beneath, pressing her body flat. She did not dive quickly; she had not put on enough flesh since she had last crept under, but her body was a little larger. Her head was safe, her shoulders; she was safe down to her knees; one leg was safe, the other—alas for Gladys Geraldine! Ponto's intentions were not vindictive, but only self-preservatory. He wanted the child to feed him, he would entice her to the refrigerator. He could not know exactly how sharp were his

Continued on Page 57

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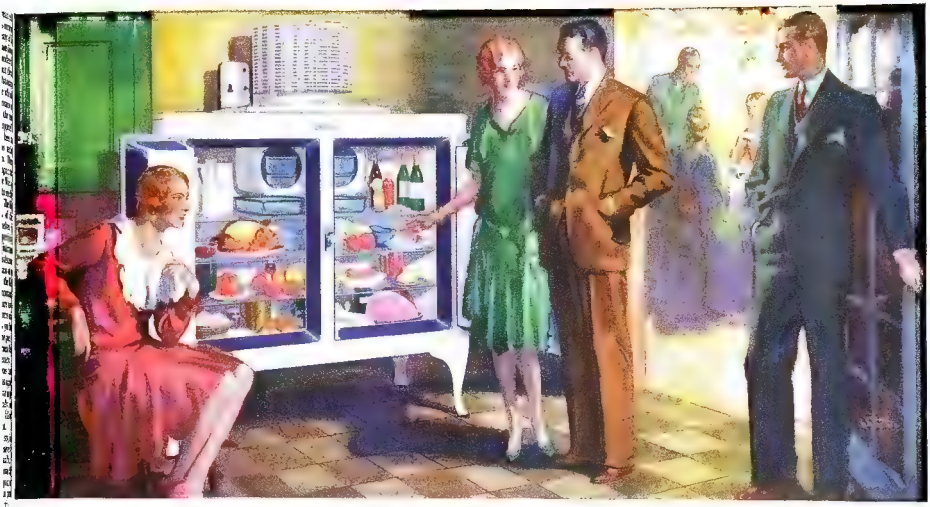

Happy to own it . . . proud to show it

Really, you can't blame her. Who wouldn't drag her friends out into the kitchen to show off her new General Electric? There it stands, gleaming white, strong as a safe, incredibly quiet . . . the envy of all who see it.

For a gift that gives all-year usefulness, that makes every-day tasks lighter, that safeguards health, the General Electric is really ideal. It makes a generous supply of ice cubes and, of course, freezes those luscious desserts which every hostess enjoys serving.

When you buy a General Electric you are choosing the one and only electric refrigerator which has an *all-steel* cabinet. It is rust-proof, warp-proof. Its doors are finished with trim black Textolite edges, an attractive contrast to the whiteness of the cabinet. The inside corners are rounded so that they are most easy to clean. And the graceful legs leave plenty of broom-room under the cabinet. In fact, this refrigerator has every detail that makes for sanitation and cleanliness.

And the General Electric is the only refrigerator which has all its mechanism mounted on top in an hermetically sealed steel casing . . . out of the way, dust-proof, never needs oiling . . . leaving the greatest cabinet area for food storage . . . and allowing the heat to rise above the cabinet—not up through it. It has an accessible freezing regulator and it creates no radio interference.

Prices on the new all-steel models now start as low as $215 at the factory.

When you are deciding on the gift that will best serve the whole family, consider the sound value which the General Electric offers. The operating cost is but a few cents a day and not a single owner has thus far paid a dollar for repairs or service. No other refrigerator approaches that record. Easy, spaced payments can be arranged.

For complete information about all the models, write to Electric Refrigeration Department of General Electric Company, Hanna Building, Cleveland, Ohio. Ask for Booklet P-12.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

ALL-STEEL REFRIGERATOR

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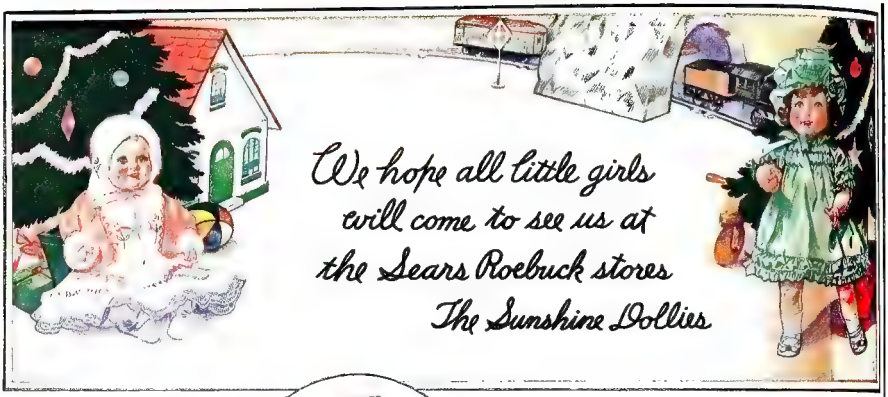


We hope all little girls will come to see us at the Sears Roebuck stores
The Sunshine Dollies

Above is Baby Sunshine all ready for outdoors, in a brushed wool sweater and cap.

A Baby Sunshine Doll that can stand up alone. She can also open and shut her eyes and say Ma-Ma. Comes in two sizes—18Z57, 16 in. $3.39; 18Z58, 18½ in. $4.75.

BABY SUNSHINE

$3.39 and up *The finest line of Baby Dolls at Sears, Roebuck's money-saving prices!*

At first glance you might think a real, live baby was sitting there, so lifelike is this Baby Sunshine Dollie.

A smiling, dimpled face big, blue go-to-sleep eyes . . . two tiny baby teeth . . and a head that can be turned from side to side in natural poses.

Her dainty little dress is of lace-trimmed organdy, with an imported yoke, and she has a lovely bonnet to match. Her clothes are all fitted with real buttons and buttonholes, so that Baby Sunshine can easily be dressed and undressed.

All Baby Sunshine Dolls say Ma-Ma except the very smallest size, which can only cry.

There are five sizes of Baby Sunshine Dolls—and they can be purchased with pink, white or blue dresses. Sent postpaid.

18Z35	14½ inches	$3.39
18Z36	17½ inches	4.25
18Z37	19 inches	4.75
18Z38	22 inches	6.95
18Z39	24½ inches	9.95

Mary Sunshine has a fine mohair wig, moving eyes and eyelashes. Her dress is of lovely organdy in dainty baby shades. She can say Ma-Ma, too. There are three sizes—18Z43, 16 in. $3.39; 18Z44, 18 in. $4.25; 18Z45, 19½ in. $4.75.

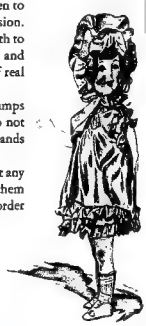
Her most treasured toy . . a little girl's doll . . . should be chosen with the utmost care, especially at Christmas time. It must be beautiful, of course . . . yet so constructed that it can stand a child's severe handling. So in creating the Sunshine Dollis our object has been to produce both the loveliest and the sturdiest of modern dolls.

When you purchase a Sunshine Doll you are buying an unusual one . . . a doll that is unrivaled in beauty, quality and workmanship . . . that is guaranteed to brighten the heart of every little girl . . . that costs surprisingly little.

Skilled artists worked many months designing the faces of Sunshine Dolls—infinite care was taken to give them a smiling, lifelike expression. Their chubby arms and legs, so smooth to touch . . . their tiny, dimpled hands and feet . . . are formed just like those of real babies and children.

And best of all, knocks and bumps won't hurt Sunshine Dolls. They do not chip or crack, and their faces and hands can be washed like any little girl's!

You can purchase Sunshine Dolls at any Sears, Roebuck retail store, or order them from the nearest Sears, Roebuck mail order plant.



Here is Sally Sunshine, who can stand all alone. Her beautiful silk taffeta dress has a bonnet and bloomers to match. She has a real hair wig, eyelashes, go-to-sleep eyes and a Ma-Ma voice. She can be had in three sizes.

Sunshine Ann is the little sister of all Sunshine Dolls. She can cry and go to sleep. Priced at $1.95 up.

SEARS, ROEBUCK AND CO.

RETAIL STORES
Everywhere for Everybody

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DOLLY DINGLE'S CHRISTMAS

By Grace G. Drayton

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Conducted by MARION LAMBERT

JUST AMONG OURSELVES

DEAR MARION LAMBERT: It is well for mother to keep up with the children's activities, and so I think the advice you gave to Mary Lee was splendid as far as it went. But it also is very important for the children to keep up with mother's activities. A woman who takes complete care of a family and a house knows many things that are well worth respecting—a fact to be realized by those who attempt to do the same things.

If daughter irons her middy blouse—you know what collars and cuffs are; or if son cleans the stove—amazing how many corners and bright nickel bits there are—or if both of them find that a bed is a surprisingly difficult thing to arrange properly, they will acquire a new respect for mother and her skill.

At first this takes more of mother's time than doing the tasks herself, but presently it begins to save time which mother can use in learning to understand and share the outside activities. Children like to feel important and necessary to the home; it makes for loyalty.

I learned all this by experience. We have only one daughter, and do quite a bit for her. It seemed as if all her time was needed for outside activities or for required rest. I began to realize in her a decided detachment from her home. After much thought and planning I talked it over with her. I let her decide which of the outside things she would drop entirely and which she would put on a "come if possible" basis.

Now we do dishes together at night; make beds together in the morning; do some cleaning and cooking together on Sunday. She loves and understands her home better because she knows now that an atmosphere of pleasing order, beauty, and restfulness doesn't just spring up of itself, but requires intelligence, energy, skill. And she has plenty of time for as many outside things as she really cares for. Mrs. C. L. P.

What a sane and wise letter, and what a wonderful thing for a daughter to have gained so true an understanding of real values in life!

Contrast the picture of that home life with this one:

Dear Marion Lambert: I have a daughter of twenty-one who has been working for three and a half years. She lives at home and she won't give one penny toward helping with the expense. I have a younger boy in school, and my husband is working man and sometimes we are quite hard pressed, but she refuses to do one thing to help out. She hoards her money.

I do all my own work, and she doesn't even make the bed she sleeps upon. If I try to talk to her in a motherly way she won't listen. She says she is old enough to run her own business. I have sacrificed so much for my children, and it seems as if I couldn't bear this much longer. I have always been crazy about my children and did want them to be congenial with me. Please tell me what to do. Worried Mother.

I am so very sorry for you, Worried Mother, and I know that all my readers are. It is heart-breaking to work and sacrifice for years and then to have nothing but ingratitude and injustice in return. And it doesn't make it a bit easier to think that this was brought about by a wrong beginning on your part. Of course if your daughter had been accustomed from little girlhood to making her own bed and the home duties and responsibilities she would not be living as she now is. However, the question is what to do now.

It seems to me that you must have a definite understanding with this daughter. Tell her that she is now, as she says, able to run her own business; therefore she must run it in a businesslike way. She is of age. There is no reason why she should be dependent on others for her support. If she wishes to board at home and do no work at all in the home, she may pay a certain weekly sum. If she wishes to save, she may help with the work, and you will accept a smaller sum for her board. But put the whole thing on a definite basis; let it be understood just what home duties she will take care of. She may say that she will go elsewhere to board. Let her go. When she sees how little she gets for her money compared to what she gets in her home she will come back and be reasonable.

EDITOR'S NOTE

Do you ever have a problem or a trouble which you long to talk over with some one who will listen, understand, and never tell? Marion Lambert is that some one. Have you gained from life some bit of experience or wisdom which you would be glad to pass on to those who need it? Send it to Marion Lambert. It will be used to help those who will deeply appreciate it.

This page is for all our readers. We want you to use it. Every letter is considered confidential. The writer's real name is never printed.

If you need immediate advice enclose a stamped envelop addressed to yourself.

Address Marion Lambert, Pictorial Review, 222 West Thirty-ninth Street, New York City.

Some of the readers may have better suggestions than mine for this harassed mother. Have others had this experience?

While we are on this subject of child-rearing I want to add one more letter. Since more than half my letters are about family problems I think it only fair to give them space on this page.

Dear Marion Lambert: If it isn't outside your province please say something about how one may govern a child without using caveman tactics. I read about how we should reason and how we should be kind but firm and how we should never, never strike a child—and I agree with it all, in theory. But when it comes to working it out—well, can any one do it?

In fact, I find that my two-and-a-half-year-old Junior pays little attention to reasoning, once his young mind is firmly set on a thing. Of course if one had nothing else to do—but one has! And a disobedient child is not only an annoyance to other people, he is unhappy himself, and he grows up to be a other people, he is unhappy himself, and he grows up to be a menace to society. My mother used to punish me and I don't look back and resent it, as they tell us that children do. I think how wise and firm and just she was!

Goodness knows I don't want to alienate Junior, but neither do I want him to run away and be crushed by a car. "Put him to bed for the afternoon," you'll say. I do—and he cries for a few minutes, then cheers up, builds himself a tent from the blankets, and has a gorgeous time. Once I put all his toys in the attic for a whole day because he wouldn't pick them up nicely. And the next time I told him to pick them up he said, "Oh, put 'em in the akkik!" Now I ask you!

Mother of a Man-Child.

I am reminded of a wise man I knew years ago who brought up a family of motherless children. He used to say, "I don't *believe* in whipping children, *but* I believe in making them mind, no matter what you have to do to them!" And that is the way I myself feel about it. How do the rest of you feel?

Dear Marion Lambert: My young daughter has an opportunity to spend a wonderful month in a large city with one of her father's cousins. They are lovely people and I know she will be all right when she reaches them, but I am so worried about letting her go alone! Suppose they should fail to meet her, through some mischance, when she arrives at the station? One reads such horrible things. I am afraid to take the chance, yet I don't want her to miss the good time and the real benefit of this unusual invitation. M. E. M.

I really am glad that you brought up this question, Mrs. M. E. M., because it makes me see that there must be many people who do not know about the Travelers' Aid Society.

Tell your daughter, if she fails to see her friends when she gets off the train, to go directly to the Travelers' Aid desk. Any porter will show her the way if she does not see the sign herself.

The Travelers' Aid will look after a child who has to change cars at a strange station. It will meet a child, timid young girl, or an old person if you will wire it a request to do so. It will bring a wheel-chair to meet a train if it is needed. It will help the stranger to find a safe, clean room at a reasonable price. It has a list of good boarding-houses, and I was interested to note that it lists those of different nationalities, so that if an Italian girl, for instance, makes inquiry for lodging it can send her to one of her own race if she wishes this.

In any emergency of travel this society is there to help you. It helps the woman who has lost her purse, the old man who has lost his daughter's address, the girl who has run away from home and already is sorry. A letter or telegram will reach it if addressed to "Agent of Travelers Aid Society" at whatever railroad-station you need it.

Dear Marion Lambert: The man who has been my beau for eight years has just finished college. I am a nurse and have paid the greater part of his college expenses (he is now in M. D.) with my earnings. We were to be married right after commencement. And now—he is going to marry another girl! He doesn't love me any more. There is nothing any one can do, but if some comfort does you come to me. I can not face life.

I keep wondering what I have done that he should stop loving me when all my efforts for eight years have gone toward his education. I have thought and dreamed of nothing but the day when he would be ready to begin his practise, when we would start our little home. And now another girl is to steal that home with him. What shall I do? Dolores.

What you must do, my dear, is to face life exactly as you would if this man had died. The man whom you thought was good, honorable, loyal, is dead. You do not want this strange, unworthy, disloyal being who has sprung into his place.

You think you never can forget and be happy again, but you can and you will. Think of all the women who lost their loved ones in the War. They faced life, went bravely on, and little by little won their way back, not to total forgetfulness, but to peace and serenity. Time heals all wounds; otherwise so many people would die of grief that the world could not go on.

Give yourself a chance, Dolores. Keep saying to yourself, "He is gone. I am going to build a new life for myself and I shall be happy." And some morning you will wake up and find that you are happy. You don't believe it? No, but *try it.*

Over and over again have women come to me with this same story. They helped a sweetheart or a husband or a friend to get his education or his start in business, or even his car or his new suit—and the man proved himself weak, irresponsible, one who never made good. I do not know *why* it is true, but experience has taught me that it is true that the mature man of character does not accept money from a woman.

This must be a cake-loving country! Three thousand women have asked for the fruit-cake recipe. It is a good cake. I don't wonder it sells easily. Do you want the recipe? If you need money why not have a Christmas cake sale?

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Continued from Page 52

white teeth, nor how tender the flesh on Gladys Geraldine's leg, now blue from cold.

He tried to hold her; she pulled frantically. He could not have held so very tight, because his teeth slipped, down, down. At the ankle there was a crunching sound, and from beneath the bed a scream. At that he let go entirely, and sat on his haunches, trouble in his eyes.

He sat for a long time. He crouched down, his head between his paws. When there came from under the bed a long moan he rose and galloped up and down the stairs, through the hall, the dining-room, the parlor. He planted his paws on the window-sills and looked out; he threw his body against the outer door.

The clock struck again—many times—and after a long time it struck one. He was back at the bed, sniffing at the bottom. He cried now like a child, and from beneath the bed came an echo. "Oh! Oh! Oh!" He barked his body once more at the front door; he raced from window to window and looked again upon the icy earth. Already the light was changing, tho it was not yet mid-afternoon. He stood before the window and scratched the frozen glass with his paw.

He went to the foot of the bed; the little voice was near the head. He went to the head; the little voice was near the other side. He leaped across; the useless electric lamp on the table struck the floor with a crash, the telephone with a clatter, and the table itself with a bang.

He heard the little voice no more, but within the small object on the floor there was a voice. He planted his feet upon the long, green tail of the strange creature and barked fiercely. He grew quiet; from beneath the bed there was no sound. But from within the creature which he held with both paws came, now and then, a voice. Each time he answered it with fiercer barks.

THE clock struck three and four and five; still from beneath the bed there was no sound. The light faded, was gone; the room was dark as midnight. Then Pondo lifted his head and looked, not round about the room, but up. On the ceiling showed a faint light. He rose; he remained with head uplifted as tho it were the moon, and he meant to bay.

He looked toward the south and saw, creeping across the ice and following a strange and erratic course two fiery eyes. He uttered a deep-throated bark and watched. There was a sound, not the smooth purr for which he waited, but a heavier sound, punctuated by a click. He walked across the room, and slowly down the stairs, misgiving in his heart. There was a voice, but not the voice for which he listened.

Springing up, he planted his feet on the sill of a little window beside the door. Across the ice, glistening in the light from the car, three men made their way carefully. They were strangers; their approach was to his mind cunning and to be distrusted. Details which a human eye would have gathered he missed. The men were dressed alike in blue, and in the hand of one was a revolver.

"A fool's errand!" No, it was not the voice he knew! A step crossed the porch; it was no step he had ever heard. He began to growl. The unlocked door opened an inch, another; he struggled madly to reach the blue figure. There was a sharp report; he barked no more. The three men entered. They looked round the rooms and up the stairs. They turned powerful flash-lights here and there.

"Shut up here alone!"

An officer stepped into the parlor. "Nothing here." Another officer stepped into the dining-room and on into the kitchen. "Nothing here." The third officer went up the steps, his flash-light in one hand, his revolver in the other.

"Come up!" he shouted.

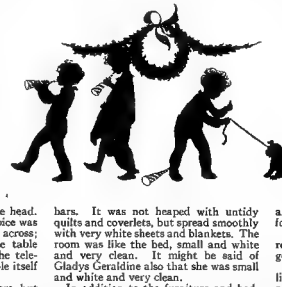
His companions looked at the bed. From it the quilts and coverlets trailed; on the wash-stand and floor lay powder and powder-puffs, perfume-bottles and rouge, all imaginable aids to beauty.

"Takes a woman to go away and leave a dog without food!"

An officer stepped across the sheets and coverlets and picked up the telephone. "All right, Central!" said he. "Nothing here but a dog."

The third officer stood staring, his flash-light turned upon an object on the floor. It was a little stocking, once white, long soiled to a dingy brown, now stained with red. He got down on his knees, then he lay prone on the floor.

"Look under here!" he said sharply.



GLADYS GERALDINE lay in bed. The bed was not broad and low and imposing, but narrow and high and with no head except a few white-painted iron bars. It was not heaped with untidy quilts and coverlets, but spread smoothly with very white sheets and blankets. The room was like the bed, small and white and very clean. It might be said of Gladys Geraldine also that she was small and white and very clean.

In addition to the furniture and bedding and Gladys Geraldine, there were other objects in the room. On Gladys Geraldine's right arm lay Eloise, large, smiling, superior to mortal care. Eloise, too, had been somehow renovated. In Gladys Geraldine's left hand was held a book which recounted the course of the bullet of *Tom Potts*.

On the wall between the windows hung a picture called "The Savior Blessing Little Children"; on its corner a wreath put there at Christmas. The name of the picture had been given Gladys Geraldine, and she meant to ask questions about it —after a while. After a while meant later in the morning, when the doctors and nurses had been here. There were many questions to be asked. One was "Where is my mother?" But this Gladys Geraldine was not certain she would ask.

There was also, attached to Gladys Geraldine, but unseen by her, a leg, bandaged and wrapped until it resembled a swaddled bambino, for a while—how long it was she did not know—there was an interesting tent above it, formed by the covers held up by a frame. Now the covers rested upon it, a new arrangement which seemed to please doctors and nurses.

Doctors and nurses there were in plenty, nurses who bathed her and gave her drinks of water and by her pain, encouraging her through fearful pain. She had only to press a bell and she heard footsteps. She heard also voices outside her door, uttering words, sentences of no meaning. "Down the embankment on a glaze of ice . . . identified him of course, at once, but not her." "By merest chance the operator . . . ." "They put two and two together." "Surely if there's a living relative, he or she will wire, or send a present, or something!"

There were words also of doctors, young men and older men. Some looked at her, some touched her, one hurt her cruelly. All patted her cheek and called her kind names—"little one" and "dear" and "darling" and "chicken." The one who hurt her most was the pleasantest of all. He brought her each day a surprize, and about the surprize he talked from the time he arrived till he presented it upon departing. He talked also to the nurse.

"You can't guess what I have for you! Now steady there! It's wrapped in paper in my pocket. The other one, Miss Farrel. I'll bet you think it's something to eat! Well, it isn't anything of the—hold firmly, Miss Farrel!—of the kind; it's a —there you are, darling! Now it's over, precious. Don't cry!"

There were doctors' words also from outside the door—"No rabies, only hunger . . . all done in play." "The stocking was brown with dirt and the floor was deep in dust." "Terror" was a word which she heard often, "undernourishment" was another, "neglect" another. Fortunately she did not keep them in her mind.

Yesterday the doctor had brought her no surprize, neither an egg which opened and revealed another egg and still another and another, nor a tiny white doll dressed like a fairy, nor a little pig which squealed—gifts which pleased her, but which seemed, if truth must be told, a little young. But the doctor had promised her a surprize to-day. It was large;

It would come from far away. She was a little like her old self, she said with old inflections, "it will!"

The doctor's eyes had looked suddenly odd, as tho a veil of moisture passed over them. "Say that again," said he.

"It will!" repeated Gladys Geraldine, laughing.'

"It's traveling now on the train." He looked at her; a mention of traveling on the train brought no gleam of understanding or recollection. Questions trembled on his lips —"Don't you remember anybody in the world but your mother? Where did you come from? Don't you remember any other place?" But questions were forbidden.

This morning the doctor's cheeks were rosy, and he was rubbing his hands together.

"You're a lucky child!" said he. "To lie in bed and be waited on! To ask for anything in the world to eat and get it! To"—Gladys Geraldine looked past him —there alas! was Miss Farrel pushing her little table on wheels. "To boss everybody about, and to have a surprize. To——"

"Oh!" cried Gladys Geraldine. "Oh! Oh!"

"Hold tight," said he. "Only one more second. Steady! There, Miss Farrel, we're done." He laid back the covers and put his hand on the hand which held "Tom Potts." "Did I promise you a surprize? Your grandfather is here."

Gladys Geraldine tried to fix his brown eyes with her blue eyes, and failed. In her blue eyes was no surprize, no recollection, no idea, apparently, of what a grandfather might be.

"He is!" she tried to say politely, but failed.

When she awoke the sunlight no longer danced upon the bed, but touched only the frame of the window. In a few minutes it would be gone; then they would bring her supper. There was something she must remember about supper —ah, yes, it was to pretend that she liked supper! She believed—why, yes! she was a little hungry without pretending.

Lying with her eyes closed, she remembered that the room had not seemed unnatural. She opened them again. The walls were there, the ceiling was there, the lovely picture was there. Beneath the picture, in the wicker chair, sat the doctor. No, it was not the doctor; the doctor had no time to sit and read. It was an older man in a black suit which came up to his chin.

HIS ruddy face was clean-shaven and he had thick gray hair. She closed her eyes again, and he looked across at her, then back at his book. His features were handsome, but he had a single great beauty which the beauty of features negligible—a stedfast gaze of clear blue eyes from under black brows.

Gladys Geraldine opened her eyes and studied him again. The sunshine had left the window; she heard the clink of trays —trays on tables moving on wheels. There was something she longed for with the strength of her soul, something dearer than little eggs with other little eggs inside them, or than pigs that squealed, or flowers, or bits of peppermint candy which dissolved upon the tongue. It was a favor which she asked of few persons; one of the few had been queerly

Continued on Page 59

ROUGH CHAPPED HANDS

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Keep a tube on your dressing table for daily use.

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Please send me full information about the General Electric Cleaners.

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Continued from Page 57

Mr. Weymouth, whom she knew long, long ago. Mr. Weymouth was sometimes very nice. How he had shouted at *Tom Pollit*, and how often he had read:

Out in the kitchen Bridget Quinn
Was busying about,
When through the boiler crashed the shot,
And let the water out.

Mr. Weymouth had had time; here also was some one with time.

"Would you read to me from my book?" she asked gently.

The stranger closed his own book—a tiny book it was—and put it into his pocket. He rose and lifted his chair and moved it to the side of the bed. The chair had a queer vibrating motion.

"Indeed, I will!" Of this voice Gladys Geraldine's might have been an echo. "But first I'll give you your supper."

"You will!" said Gladys Geraldine with rapture.

"I will," said the stranger. "Now and always."

"MISS LUCY!"

Gladys Geraldine lowered her heels and elevated her body from its horizontal position on the window-seat. Her chin had been propped on her hands, her elbows on the cushion. The light was fading, but how long the light lasted! A black woman stood in the doorway; all one could see of her was a white apron and the whites of her eyes, both very large for objects of their class.

"Suppah is se've."

Gladys Geraldine tossed back her hair and smoothed her dress. The room, to eyes which had been fixed upon a book, was dark, but she knew her way, past the carved sofa, past the round table with its brass feet like a bird's claws, past the great piano, past the tall secretary. It was a large room to one who had had only two feet between her bed and the wall.

"Thank you, Oomah." Gladys Geraldine loved to say "Oomah"; it was like the eyes of its owner and like her figure. It suited her, and Gladys Geraldine had learned that this is a desirable quality in a name. Her old name, Gladys Geraldine Fontaine, had, it seemed, not suited her; her new name, Lucy Graham, did. Lucy had been, it seemed, the name of her grandmother. She forgot that she had ever been Gladys Geraldine Fontaine.

The hall was easier to find one's way in than the parlor because the western light shone through a window at the turn of the stairs, a window divided into diamond-shaped panes through which you could see the ocean. That is, she had seen the ocean—whether it remained permanently visible was a matter which she settled anew with each time she ascended and descended. Frequently she ascended or descended on purpose. Here were to be seen no ice or snow, even in Winter, but pine-trees and magnolias and crêpe myrtle, and beyond a white beach.

Down the hall and on the other side there was a light—candle-light. Gladys Geraldine's steps quickened. Grandfather was in his place, and so was aunt. Aunt was very old; she was grandfather's aunt, and one did not keep her waiting. Gladys Geraldine's chair was drawn out for her, and, sitting down, she folded her hands. She said a prayer. "For what we are about to receive, O Lord, we thank Thee." She unfolded her hands, lifted her eyes, looked upon her soup, and found it good.

"It has been a beautiful day," said aunt.

"It has," answered grandfather.

That was the way you took your meals: you talked a little, and then you ate a little. Gladys Geraldine sometimes counted—you ate, one, two, three; then you talked, one, two, three.

"Did you take a long walk?" asked aunt.

"A very long, very pleasant walk. I look forward to the time when Lucy will go with me."

Aunt sipped her soup delicately from one side of her spoon. It was interesting to imitate her, but difficult not to make a noise.

"How long?" Aunt was a great asker of questions. Sometimes she asked the same question over several times; sometimes her questions had little relation one to the other.

"About ten miles."

"Are you hungry?"

"I am," answered grandfather positively. "Oomah, another cup of soup, please."

Gladys Geraldine ate faster; it was more satisfactory to imitate grandfather than to imitate aunt.

"Where did you go?"

"To Unionville."

"You did!" Aunt's voice was like the sweet pipe of a bird. "What did you see there?"

"Perhaps he saw ships and sealing-wax and cabbages and kings," suggested Gladys Geraldine.

"You are," declared grandfather, "my precious treasure."

"I am!" cried Gladys Geraldine. She looked at grandfather, then away. On his face was a quiver which queerly transferred itself to her throat.

Aunt gleamed upon Gladys Geraldine. "Little Lucy," said she, "how old are you?"

"Ten."

"Do you remember"—ah, poor aunt was forgetting!—"do you remember any place but this?"

Gladys Geraldine knit her beautiful dark brows. "I remember a gentleman who used to read to me."

"Can you remember his name?"

"No, aunt." Gladys Geraldine shook her head.

"Can you remember—" While aunt spoke grandfather stirred in his chair. He cleared his throat; often he answered inquiries addressed to Gladys Geraldine. "Can you remember your father?"

"That would be impossible," answered grandfather.

"I know how he played when he was a little boy, and that I look like him," said Gladys Geraldine. "I remember about his pony."

"He was gone a long while," sighed aunt. "A very long while. Your mother I never knew. Do you remember her?"

"A little." Gladys Geraldine tried to be patient, but she longed to be following grandfather's example and lifting her soup-cup by both handles.

"I understand that she was very, very beautiful," said aunt.

"She was?" cried Gladys Geraldine with surprize and pleasure.

AUNT finished her soup—that is, what she could get with her spoon, which did not quite fit into the bottom of the cup. The last few drops she regretfully let Oomah carry away. Disappointment put a little sharpness into her sweet voice.

"You ought to try to remember her!"

Gladys Geraldine's eyes were fixed upon the door which led to the kitchen; she saw Oomah with a platter in her hands. How exciting! What would it be?

"I'll try to remember her," she promised. "I'll do my best. I—it is chicken!" she observed solemnly. "I knew it in my heart!"

CLARISSA STEPS OUT

Continued from Page 13

"Pity the sailormen at sea, for they are worse off than we are," said Dickie. Dear Dickie, so large, so young, so hopeful, trying to hearten her.

"Indeed I often do pity them," said the duchess earnestly. "Being such a poor sailor myself, I have felt for them many a time. But, oh, my children, I also need a little pity at the moment, too, for I do not know what you will say to me."

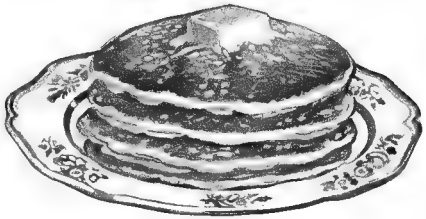
Then Dickie took her hand, exchanging anxious glances with June, and said, lightly and jovially, "Come, Mother, what have you been up to now? Tell us all about it."

The duchess said, "You remember Mr. Barden-Gorles."

They remembered him with displeasure. That oily-haired young man with the cockney accent, introduced to them

Original from

All food and no fun
makes breakfast a dull meal



for brighter mornings
try this modern kind of pancake!

Some of us have fallen into the sad habit of treating breakfast as simply so much nourishment. Good food, to be sure, but nothing to cause any particular excitement.

That's the wrong idea. Unless we are cheered as well as fed, breakfast is only half a meal. It's just as important to refresh the spirits as the body. For the sake of good digestion and good living, we should get pleasure as well as nourishment from our morning meal.

For instance, take pancakes—especially this modern kind, made with the new Pillsbury's Pancake Flour. That's the way to bring a gleam of delight to a man's eye—a positive outburst of joy from the children. A breakfast like that is more than good food—it's an occasion for enthusiasm. And enthusiasm over a breakfast is just as important as the food itself.

You'll like these improved pancakes—Pillsbury has made a real discovery. Pillsbury's Pancake Flour contains a new type of flour, unusually soft, fine and delicate. It makes lighter cakes, more tender, more delicious, easy to digest, much better than the old-fashioned kind.

They're made in a minute—simply add water or milk to Pillsbury's Pancake Flour and bake on a hot griddle.

Pillsbury's are truly *modern* pancakes, thoroughly in keeping with up-to-date diet ideas. They furnish ample fuel for the busy morning in school or at work, in a warm, light, quickly digestible form. And, more than that, they supply keen enjoyment, zest, eagerness—an important part of a successful breakfast, the proper start to a happier day!

PILLSBURY FLOUR MILLS COMPANY
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Millers of Pillsbury's Best Flour, Pancake Flour, Wheat Bran, Farina, Cake Flour, Rye, Whole Wheat and Durum Flours

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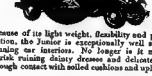
Never *such a* Gift *for the* WHOLE FAMILY

WARM AIR DRIES HAIR, WARMS BATHROOM

In an instant, the Eureka Junior can be changed into a hair dryer. At the snap of the switch it quickly and comfortably dries the hair with a gentle current of warm air. This feature is worth instead the Junior will take the chill from any ordinary-sized bathroom.

POWERFUL SUCTION CLEANS AUTOMOBILES

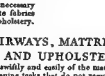


Because of its light weight, flexibility and powerful suction, the Junior is exceptionally well suited to cleaning car interiors. No longer is it necessary to risk ruining delicate dresses and delicate fabrics through contact with soiled cushions and upholstery.

THE sensational new Eureka Junior with its electric heater attachment is a device of amazing general utility . . . as a warm air hair dryer, it is more efficient than many built exclusively for that purpose . . . as a heater, it will take the chill from an ordinary bathroom in a few moments . . . and with its powerful suction you can quickly and easily clean your automobile, upholstered furniture, mattresses, drapes, stairway and all other hard-to-clean things in your home. Can you imagine a more practical, inexpensive, all-year-useful Christmas gift for the whole family?

Also STAIRWAYS, MATTRESSES, DRAPES AND UPHOLSTERY

For disposing swiftly and easily of the many bothersome little cleaning tasks that do not require a large machine, the Eureka Junior is ideal. It whisks away such dust and litter from inaccessible places; cleans clothes, upholstery, stairways—does all the work ordinarily done with attachments.



See the Eureka Junior. Try it, without delay. At the same time you should learn about the advantages of the other famous Eureka models, the "Special" and the Standard.

You may now own a powerful, rugged Eureka Special at the sensational low price of $39.50—attachments $6.00. The "Special", recently announced, is full-sized, sturdy . . . with gray enameled steel handle and handsome gray bag. It embodies the same fine materials and workmanship as other great Eurekas . . . truly exceptional quality at a popular price.

The Grand Prize Eureka Standard, combination home and automobile cleaner, is priced at $56.50—attachments $8.00. It is even more powerful—with many special features such as detachable handle and nozzle, and special attachments for moth control. The cleaner for those who desire maximum suction, cleaning power and convenience!

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the previous Spring by the duchess without explanation or warning.

"He had the warmest recommendations from—from all sorts of people," said the duchess. "A cleverer woman than I am would have been taken in. Very probably. He was my guest here, you will remember. I was told he knew everything there was to know about financial matters. I was told that he had the stock-market at the tip of his fingers. Yes, those were the very words. I remember them."

The duchess clasped the arms of her chair with her hands. Those slender hands like the claws of a faded bird.

"I invested in a certain company recommended by him. If it had done as he said it would have made money, my dears. Any amount of money. I had planned what I would do with it all. A fixed income of her own for June. A proper allowance for you, my son."

Tears filled her eyes. "Mr. Barden-Gorles did not appear to know anything. Not anything at all. For the money has gone. Gone, they tell me, absolutely. You will blame me. I am prepared for that. But I acted for the best."

There was a little silence, broken only by the flickering of the fire, the howling of the wind.

"How much money has gone, Mother?" Dickie asked gently.

"Not all," said the duchess bravely. "Mercifully not quite all. We still have a little something left. And there is the castle. A valuable asset, of course."

"Clarissa," said Tony aside to June, "is also with you still, darling."

"I would not have told you yet. I still hope and pray that something will turn up. Things often right themselves when hope seems gone. God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform,' But what brought me in here now is a communication from the lawyers. A most distressing communication. The insurances are due upon the castle," said the duchess, "and I can not meet the premiums. I can not understand how that can be, for the money is not all gone. But I can not meet the premiums."

Dickie said, "How long have we?"

"They are due, my son, in three days. Oh, if only something would turn up! Just occasionally things do. I always hope perhaps one of these wealthy Americans we hear about will come one day and take a liking to the place. I had even thought of advertising it in the *Daily Press*."

Silence greeted this original idea.

"I suppose this means I shall have to leave Oxford, Mother."

The duchess said unsteadily, "My son, unless something happens—unless a miracle comes about."

"If only you had consulted us before doing this, darling."

THE duchess disarmed him completely by saying, "If only, my son, I had. But I wanted it to be a surprize."

Dickie said rather wanly, "It has. But don't you worry, darling. We'll manage somehow."

"Talk it over," said the duchess, "and if you can think of anything let me know, dears. Let me know."

She leaned on Dickie's arm. He escorted her down the cold, stone passages to her room. Her room, full of ancient tapestries, silken hangings, and painted miniatures of Urquharts long dead and gone.

He went back to the hall.

June said, "Perhaps the most tragic part of the whole affair is mother imagining that any American would live with Clarissa for five minutes."

Dickie stood looking at the fire, whistling under his breath. He could think of nothing just then but the fact that he had to leave Oxford. All his splendid hopes and dreams must be abandoned. He would have to do something to make some money quick; but wasn't England simply congested with people who had that desire and couldn't find a way?

Tony sat, elbows on knees, looking at June. He thought, "She's getting older every day, and things are just going from bad to worse with us. If I could make some money and take her away—away from all this rottenness and decay."

People said June was fading a little. She was twenty-nine, and the first fresh glory was dying out of her eyes and hair.

But Tony thought, "She is lovelier and sweeter now than ever she was."

Tony, fourteenth Baron Fairmeath, thought, "I must be a pretty effete sort of rotter not to be able to *do* anything to get clear of all this."

Through the silence of the castle there came an unwonted sound. So rare and surprizing that it sent the eyebrows of the young people, before the fire, halfway up their foreheads.

Some one had rung the front-door bell.

They heard Mrs. Nightingale slipper-slopper down the passageway to open it. They heard the Spring winds conspiring madly, setting the crusaders' shields aclanking on the wall and all the ancient tapestries dancing like drunken ghosts.

They waited in silence. Mrs. Nightingale brought in a card on a tray. She looked flustered. "Benighted, it seem. It's terribly thick outside. He's run his car into a shed, and I've put him to wait in the armory."

Dickie picked up the card. By the light of the fire they read it. It said:

MR. ED HASSOCKS
Philadelphia

Dickie said solemnly, "The Lord has delivered an American into our hands. Nightingale darling, show him in here with all possible haste, speed, and ceremony."

MR. ED HASSOCKS was a short, fair man with a genial smile, and the kindest blue eyes any man ever had passed on to him from a good-looking mother.

"I just feel it's dreadful of me to come butting in like this," he said, "and I can not tell you how grateful I am to you for your generous hospitality. I was as keen as ever the children of Israel got in the wilderness, when I saw your lights, and there was nothing for it but to turn in. The fog outside is so thick you could trot a mouse on it at this moment."

Dick said, "Don't worry, my dear chap; you have no idea how pleased we are to see you. We don't often get visitors."

Mr. Hassocks rubbed his hands. "You sure are right off the map."

June, assisted by Mrs. Nightingale, bustled about up-stairs. Unfurled a guest-chamber long shrouded in dust-sheets, aired ancient coronet-embroidered sheets, stirred a wood-fire until it blazed gayly in the long, empty grate.

"It's our one chance, Nightingale darling. Do your number one best. Turn out your very best omelet. Get out some of the '96 port. If he takes a liking to the place we may be saved. He might take it for next Summer. Could you go round and moan a little late to-night, Nightingale, making a noise like a family ghost? Americans, I'm told, adore a ghost."

"Indeed I shall moan without trying if you hustle me round so, my lady. My bunions have been as bad as can be all the day, sitting still."

"And whatever happens, Clarissa has to boil to-night. She simply has to, Nightingale."

"I'll do my best, my lady, but well you know that 'tis only the Lord's will that sets that range aboiling, and if it isn't the Lord's will, there is nothing I can do about it."

"Don't worry. Go and get the dinner ready. Tony and I will come down after dinner and see what we can do."

"His lordship has a wonderful way with the fire. I seem to remember there was once he made it hot. Oh, my lady, my dear, if only you and him——"

June hugged her. "I know. I know. Don't make me cry just now. Get the water hot, and you never know. Wonderful things may happen."

"To see you, year after year, just going on here. And his lordship so patient, so loving."

Nightingale departed, her apron to her eyes. June blew her nose and went up-stairs into the library.

The duchess had appeared in her dinner-party cap, Mr. Ed Hassocks took to her at sight. She was just like a picture he had had in a book he had loved very much when he was a boy.

She was most affable to him, tho she had difficulty with his name. She had been praying in her room when the front-

Continued on Page 62

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Makes your cakes stay fresh longer . . . taste more delicious

EVERY ROYAL CAKE turns out so perfectly—is so marvelously delicious—that thousands of women would never think of baking except with a Cream of Tartar baking powder.

With Royal there's never a baking failure. You can cut every cake with pride . . . knowing it will be far above the ordinary. Lighter . . . more delicately flavored . . . more velvety in texture. And it will stay fresh to the very last crumb.

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Royal, you know, is the only nationally distributed baking powder that is made with this most wholesome ingredient. So use Royal—and be sure of a perfect cake every time.

Next time you buy baking powder read the label on the back of the can. It isn't Cream of Tartar baking powder unless the label says so.

SPANISH CAKE

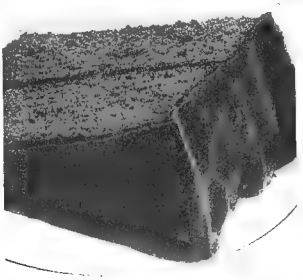
½ cup shortening
1 cup sugar
2 eggs
1¾ cups of pastry flour
3 tsps. Royal Baking Powder
1 tsp. cinnamon
½ cup milk

Cream shortening; add sugar and yolks of eggs; beat well; sift together flour, baking powder and cinnamon and add alternately with milk; fold in stiffly beaten whites of eggs. Bake in greased tube pan in moderate oven at 375° F. 40 to 45 minutes. Cover top and sides with the following:

SEA FOAM FROSTING

½ cup light brown sugar
1 cup granulated sugar
¼ cup water
2 tbsps. strong coffee
¼ tsp. cream of tartar
Whites of 2 eggs
⅛ tsp. salt

Boil sugar, water, coffee and cream of tartar without stirring to 248° F. or until syrup spins a long thread. Pour hot syrup very slowly over stiffly beaten whites of eggs, beating continually until thick enough to hold its shape. Add salt; whip again and spread very thickly on cake.



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Yet no woman need yearn in vain for this appealing charm which is so easy to attain under the magic touch of Plough's Face Powder!

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TODDLER WALK

Continued from Page 60

door bell rang, and she looked on him as a direct answer to prayer. They were only afraid, Tony and Dickie and June, that her methods would prove too transparent.

"In the Summer, I assure you, it is too delightful round here," said the duchess, "and so very bracing and healthy, and the shooting might easily become first-class with a little care. Have you ever considered taking a place in this country, Mr. —er—Hotsocks?"

Mr. Hassocks said sincerely, "I love and admire the old country, and it is the dream of my life one day to have a little home in some romantic spot such as this!"

THE duchess's blue eyes burned with the old fire that had kindled so many hearts in bygone years.

Later said Tony to June, "He must be enormously rich. I have been out to look at his car. It is the size of a small yacht. It is fitted up inside like a millionaire's bathroom."

June said, "Come to the kitchen; we've got to do something with Clarissa. She's got to boil to-night, whatever happens. You know what store Americans set on their baths."

They went arm in arm down the long passage, past men in armor of other days, beneath shields crusaders had borne. Tony slipped an arm round June and drew her to him in the chilly darkness.

"Oh, June, my darling, don't you wish we were different? Don't you wish we were any one but ourselves?"

"Don't I just—"

"The waste of time that it all is, and yet we are tied. I love you dearly, and I can't ask you to marry me, and God knows whether I ever shall be able to. What business have I to marry, and bring other people into the world, to be tied hand and foot to a great ruin of stone as I am? And yet, if we were together, I could be happy with you however moldy things were."

The kitchen was filled with a comfortable glow. Nightingale had gone to bed. Clarissa roared amiably behind her bars, but the little tank designed by the artist to feed the one bathroom that served the twenty-two bedrooms of the castle was cold as a society débutante before unsuitable lovers.

"It's wonderful," said Tony, stoking, "wonderful how she does it. Chuck on another log, darling. It's this going on all alone, and thinking of you here just the other side of the county, alone too, that finishes me. If we could come out and start a small shop somewhere I'd be happy. It isn't that I haven't tried to get something to do. I have, again and again. They just laugh at me. And the days go by. Oh, June!"

"I know. Here I sit, looking after mother, who would manage just as well without me, really. It's a ghastly business. Some more coal right at the back, darling. I believe that is the secret. Oh, yes, you know I love you. Kiss me. Kiss me lots. I want you to. I miss you and miss you, and I am growing old, Tony. Soon I am going to be quite old, and I shall never have had anything lovely but dreams."

He took her in his arms, there in the darkness and the warmth. "Darling, darling. My darling."

Clarissa's note took on a new roar.

"There," said June, drying her eyes. "That sounds rather more hopeful. I suppose we had better go up now and help to entertain Mr. Hassocks. Tony, isn't he a dear? I like that straight way he looks at you. Oh, Tony, what a comfort you are to me!"

Mr. Hassocks was standing in front of the library fire, expounding something to the duchess and Dickie, who listened to him with features from which all hope seemed to have departed, giving place to a great endurance.

"Mind you," said Mr. Hassocks, "I am not exaggerating when I say it is the best car in the market, because it is the best car. Neither in America or this country. You'll not find another with one-half of its equipment or accomplishments at double the price.

"Take the timing of the engines," said Mr. Hassocks. "Why, I've sold nine cars on the timing of that engine alone. It's magnificent. Say, I'll tell you, Duchess, that timing is a miracle. And as for acceleration——"

The duchess's delicate face bore the look of one in an enchanted bewilderment. It is doubtful if she had the first idea of what he was talking about. All she knew was that there was something about the answer to her prayer gone seriously amiss.

"And now," said Mr. Hassocks, genial and charming, "I'm just going to show you the names and addresses of some of the people in this neighborhood to whom I have already disposed of cars on this tour of mine."

He produced a small note-book, luxuriously upholstered. "It is in this book, Duchess," said Mr. Hassocks, unsnapping its taut and trim elastic band, "that I hope shortly to enter your name."

June interposed gently, "For what?"

"I am trying to sell the duchess a motor-car. That's the proposition I am at the moment touring this country on, and it was in pursuit of my business that I happened to be in this part of the country to-night. As I was telling the duchess, this car——"

He began all over again.

When he was half-way through Mr. Hassocks became aware of something. A chill in the atmosphere, a blight in the air. His kindly voice faltered and broke off. He looked from one to the other of them in surprize. The duchess arose regally and held out her hand. That delicate hand like the claw of a faded bird.

"I will bid you good night," she said, and the light had died from her eyes again, leaving them old and tired. "I—e—retire early, Mr.—Mr. Hatsucks. You will forgive me, I know. An old woman."

SHE went. Dickie closed the door after her and came back to the fire. Mr. Hassocks rubbed his hands, trying in vain to recover the cheerful vein of the early evening.

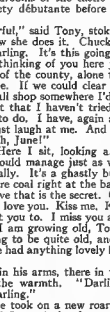
"That's a splendid old lady," he said. "I'm proud to have met an old lady like that, and I'll say that the Starbeam Company would be glad and proud to think of her riding in——"

The atmosphere became too much for Mr. Hassocks. His smile died, and he leaned forward with, "Say, what's wrong?"

The three people looked at one another and laughed, altho June had tears in her eyes.

Mr. Hassocks said, appalled, "I've said something. What have I done? I've sure made some bum break."

Tony said, "No, you haven't. Do sit down. We are



only laughing because it is really rather humorous. I'd better tell him, June. Here you see before you three people absolutely broke to the wide. I never did have any money, and just before you arrived to-night my friends had learned that what they had is gone. Lost forever in what I believe you would call a bum investment. (I like that word.)

"Dick here has to leave Oxford, and endeavor to do what I have never yet succeeded at. Find a job. We create a false impression by our surroundings. We haven't a bean. Far from being in any position to buy a motor-car, we can't buy socks."

Mr. Hassocks's distress was so manifest that Tony said quickly, to cheer him, "But you didn't know this. How could you know? And in any case we've been jolly glad to see you. It has helped to cheer us up on a rather gloomy night. Hasn't it, June? And I don't mind telling you if I had any money, or was even in a position to buy a car, which I never shall be (I inherited one from my father—prewar), I would be all out to get a Starbeam. I've had a look at yours in the shed. It's—it's a lovely thing."

June said, with a little laugh that was half a sob, "When you came we thought you were a rich man who would take the castle at a fabulous rent."

"Me? Rich?" Poor Mr. Hassocks blew his nose with bottomless feeling into a striped silk handkerchief. "Why, I'm just a poor man starting out on his own, with darn little behind me."

"No American, however poor, is as poor as a rich Englishman," said Tony sadly.

"Gee, I'm sorry. I *am* sorry. I didn't have one idea. Looking around this place. And the duchess, there, too. No one would have guessed——"

"No one ever does," said Tony. "That is our biggest tragedy of all."

June got up, smiling tremulously. "If you'll go to bed now, I believe you might get a hot bath. The water system here is a little—uncertain and difficult to manage."

They all went to the bathroom together, and turned on that tap so optimistically marked "Hot." An icy trickle emerged.

"Sometimes, if you let it run for a while—" said Tony hopefully.

An icy trickle went on emerging.

Mr. Hassocks said, "It's of no consequence whatever. I got a grand bath before I started. I didn't really think to have another to-night. Pray don't bother about me."

WHEN all the doors were shut Tony took June mutely in his arms out there in the icy passage.

"One wouldn't have thought it possible. After all we did. Those lumps of wood and all that coal——"

"It's like all our efforts, darling. Useless. Nothing we do has any effect. Fate is against us, and all our kind." She sobbed in his arms. Dumbly he kissed her good night.

He went to his room, but he couldn't sleep. How could he sleep, a corner of his dinner-jacket still wet with her darling tears? He paced his cumbersome bedchamber, trying for the thousandth time to think of something. Things were worse now than ever they had been.

Outside the fog had lifted a little, but the Spring wind still moaned round the turrets in a sad and eery fashion. Depressing even to one in good spirits.

Presently on its voice there was borne an alien sound. Something unusual and odd. A crackling and a rumbling. Tony opened his door and met June passing along the passage outside.

"I believe Clarissa is boiling," she said. "Listen. If she is, you must go and rouse Dick. It's his turn to have the bath."

Sweet was June in her ancient black kimono all covered with storks that had once been gold, her pretty hair tumbled loose down her back. She leaned on the window-ledge, smiling at him sleepily.

"Go, like a darling, and see," she said.

He didn't have to go. He looked past her at night's sky, all lit with an unusual glare. He saw the tower outlined against the sky. He said quietly, "Run and get your things, darling, and warn the duchess. The place is on fire."

"On fire!" She put her hand to her mouth with a little cry.

"On fire, three days before the insurance premiums were due. God works in a mysterious way. Run quick. I'll get Dick and Mr. Hassocks."

There was no need to call them. They arrived, aroused by the smoke, and the smell, and the crackling.

"Drive mother into Granton and park her in the hotel like a good chap," said Dickie. "We shall be able to save odds and ends before the place caves in, with any luck."

Continued on Page 65

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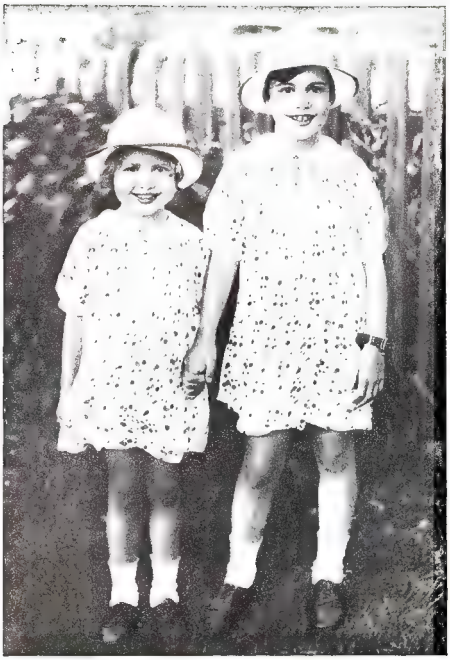
Daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Amos Pinchot of Park Avenue, New York

Mary and Antoinette Pinchot

Healthy.... happy — and guarded by this simple care



Antoinette Pinchot is blonde, blue eyed and hilarious. Mary, who is nine, is taller, darker—and equally merry

Antoinette's "latest favorites book" is "Millions of Cats." She loves animals—and is afraid of nothing

THEY'RE a jolly pair, with wide and friendly smiles—Mary and Antoinette Pinchot, the nine and five year old daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Amos Pinchot, of New York City.

Both youngsters are outdoor girls. Dressed alike, in little dark blue chinchilla coats, berets to match, they ice skate in Central Park. Or, gingham clad in autumn days, whizz about on rollers in the Mall. When school is out, they ride and swim, garden and play tennis, at their parents' summer home at Milford.

Simple routine carefully followed

The little girls' father goes through a set of simple exercises with them every evening. Their mother watches their diet with intelligent care. Famous child specialists laid out the correct program when each child was born, and it has been scrupulously followed.

As a matter of course each little girl begins her day with the *hot, cooked* cereal breakfast authorities recommend. And, advised by them, the cereal Mrs. Pinchot chooses is one long thought of as the children's own—good old Cream of Wheat.

"The children started eating Cream of Wheat when they were babies," says Mrs. Pinchot. "It is an accepted part of their health building routine."

A choice unanimously approved

When Mary and Antoinette sit down to breakfast with their Swiss governess and make short work of their bowls of Cream of Wheat, they've no idea that they are doing the accepted thing for hearty little growing girls. It's just breakfast—and a well-liked one—to them.

But to leading specialists in child health a Cream of Wheat breakfast is a great deal more than that. Recently, in an investigation made in New York, Chicago, San Francisco and Toronto, 221 members of those cities' recognized medical societies went on record in unanimous approval of Cream of Wheat.

In their answers they stressed its high carbohydrate content, which gives the energy that children need, its quick digestibility which releases this energy with amazing speed.

Start your children out ready for the day ahead of them. Let them have, as the little Pinchot girls do, a good hot bowl full of Cream of Wheat.

The Cream of Wheat Corporation, Minneapolis, Minnesota. In Canada, made by The Cream of Wheat Corporation, Winnipeg. English address, Fassett & Johnson, Ltd., 86 Clerkenwell Road, London, E. C. 1.

Mary rides and swims with perfect form. In the summer the children almost live outdoors, with Tippie, the pony, and Arco, the Schnauzer

Cream of Wheat appears regularly for breakfast in the Pinchot home. Both the children like it and have eaten it ever since they were small

FREE—this plan that makes children enthusiastic about their *hot, cooked* cereal at breakfast. The H. C. B. Club with badges, pictures, gold stars, etc. A children's Hot Cereal Breakfast Club, with 734,000 participants. All material sent free, direct to your children, with sample box of Cream of Wheat. Just mail coupon to:

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MINNEAPOLIS MINNESOTA

Name of child.....
First name *Last name*

Street..... *City*..... *State*.....

To get sample of Cream of Wheat, check here

CREAM OF WHEAT

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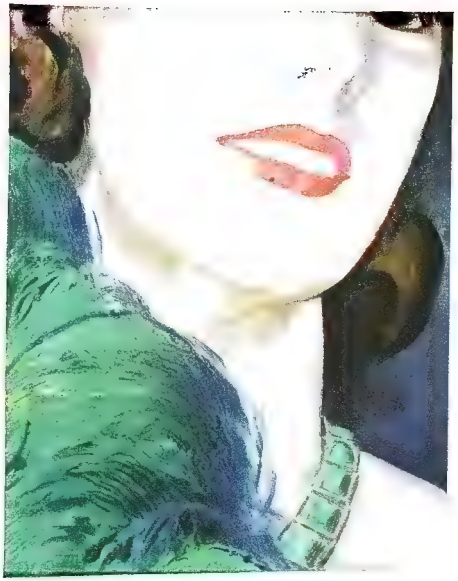

Why not use the dentifrice that makes it easier for your dentist?

NO one appreciates more thoroughly than the well-cared-for patient, what a great service modern dentists are rendering.

But even the greatest watchfulness by your dentist cannot free you of certain responsibility. For the same reason that you would want your dentist to use only ethical and recognized preparations in his treatment of your teeth—you should cooperate with him by using only the finest dentifrice yourself.

The time for Forhan's

When you step from his chair with every tooth clean, and with gums which have the coral glow of health—then is the time to start using Forhan's.

This dentifrice was developed by a dentist, R. J. Forhan, D.D.S. It gives the health of the mouth double protection—for it helps to safeguard the gums as well as the teeth.

When Dr. Forhan was a practising dentist, he perfected a preparation for his own use in treating pyorrhea. The reputation of this treatment spread until it was used by dentists everywhere. Then the question naturally arose, "How can this office treatment be supplemented in the home? Patients need the daily benefits of this preparation –why not make its advantages a part of their regular hygiene?"

Then came "the dentists' dentifrice"

Dr. Forhan succeeded in developing a combination of his preparation with ingredients which safely, thoroughly, cleansed the teeth. This was the origin of Forhan's, the dentifrice with a double purpose. The special preparation which it contains, together with the vigorous massage of daily brushing, gives your gums that firmness which good health demands.

The fact that Forhan's is so widely prescribed by dentists has led many people to think it should be used only where some weakness exists. Do not make this natural mistake. The healthy mouth needs this excellent dentifrice. It may enable you to keep the mouth of youth far into middle age.

Any mouth may have Pyorrhea and at forty the odds are 4 out of 5

Forhan's for the gums comes in two sizes—35¢ and 60¢—a few cents a tube more than the ordinary toothpaste, and exceedingly well worth it. Forhan Company, New York.

IMPORTANT!

Forhan's is not a medicated toothpaste. Its medication is for the proper care of the gums, not for the purpose of cleaning the teeth. It cleans the teeth with the recognized and scientific ingredients which every dentist knows to be safe and good.

Forhan's *Your teeth are healthy as your gums only as*

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Continued from Page 62

Mr. Hassocks could have wept. "I can't tell you what I feel at this terrible disaster. It just seems too cruel."

Dickie replied, enormously cheerful, "Don't you worry. This is a blow we shall survive."

Crusaders' shields, old portraits, ancient silver, they carried them out and piled them on the lawn. Dickie whistled under his breath softly. He would be able to finish his time at Oxford. The white elephant was dying slowly. He watched its death-throes without a murmur.

"It means freedom, June. Freedom of the past. Don't save too much, my hearty. Heavens, to think in another three days—but we will not think. It is a waste of time. Do you know what did it? Clarissa. There was a stoppage in the water somewhere, and she got red hot. All her darling pipes, running along those old beams. God bless Clarissa. I always felt she must have some reason for existence that we had never fathomed."

At daylight the tower came down in a shower of fireworks. Now all that was left of the castle was a giant's bonfire, with daffodils coming up under the trees all around it, like armies arriving too late.

June and Tony stood watching, hand in hand, beside a heap of salvage. To them came Mr. Hassocks in a Burberry.

"See here, I've been thinking," he said, his kind face all wrinkled up with concern. "I've had it in my mind for some time to have a partner here in England, to save me coming over like this myself. Why shouldn't you and I talk? It's a good proposition. There is no doubt whatever about it. This car is the coming car both sides of the Atlantic."

Tony said breathlessly, "Me? Why, I don't know the first thing about selling cars."

"There isn't anything about selling a Starbeam that I can't teach any man of average intelligence within one hour," said Mr. Hassocks quite simply. "Why shouldn't you and I talk. You have headquarters over here. You could make a good thing out of it, and live on your place. Your position will be of considerable assistance to you and me. You'd have to come along over occasionally, but maybe you wouldn't mind that. We are good to our visitors."

SIDE by side they stood, June and Tony, staring at him. Tony's grasp tightened on June's fingers until it hurt her. He said, "You—you won't have forgotten by the morning, will you? Because it strikes me it's the very thing I've been looking for. And if you think we'd get on——"

"Sure we'd get on," said Mr. Hassocks. "You come right up to town and see me about it. We'll get things fixed. It's what I've had in mind a long while."

Tony held June's hand tight. "You know what that means. Oh, June! No, I will be strong. Yes, I know people are looking. As soon as all this has cooled down I am going to look for Clarissa. I am going to have her silver-mounted and engraved. I am going to——"

Dickie joined them. Dear Dickie, so large, so young, so hopeful.

"We wronged her," he said. "We thought she was meant to heat water. Hers was a larger destiny. Certainly she failed us badly on the baths, but when our need was greatest Clarissa stepped out and saved us as no other could."

WHITE CHRISTMAS

Continued from Page 15

wait a minute. I got some packages for you."

Rand waited, going through the mail in his box. Presently he paused, staring at an envelop addressed to himself, addressed in a strong, if feminine, hand. Curiously he broke the seal of Christmas bells and unfolded a letter. Something crisp and yellow fluttered to the floor. He picked it up. A bill. Fifty dollars.

Rand stared another instant, read the letter.

DEAR MR. RAND: We don't know what to call you with as an expression of our gratitude. Will you not select our gift yourself? Please let it be something you need and can keep. A happy Christmas to you and yours. Let us thank you. You have made Baird clean.

Sincerely yours,
SARA CUNNINGHAM,
Secretary Women's Civic Welfare League.

Rand replaced the bill and letter in the envelop and thrust them into an inside pocket. He turned, taking the parcels Jerry handed to him, replied to Jerry's Christmas wishes, to his "Look out for the blizzard. They say it's on the way," but his thoughts were on the letter he had just read.

"You're our next Mayor!" Jerry called after him.

HE HEARD that, laughed, shaking his head. But he was beginning to like the sound of it.

He placed the cup and packages beneath the seat of his car, climbed in for the cold ride home. With fast driving he ought to be home by eleven.

He scarcely felt the cold, so warming were his thoughts. The bill. The letter. He believed they meant more to him than the speeches and the cup. These last were the men of Baird, the Chamber of Commerce, the Rotarians. They had opened to him new vistas, fired him with new thoughts. But the bill, the letter from the Welfare League—so quiet, so unassuming; not congratulations, not applause, just gratitude—they were the women of Baird.

They were the firesides, the homes. It was for these he had done this thing, whatever reward might come of it. And the women knew. They understood. They thanked him.

Why did they feel they must give him something? Because it was Christmas. Because they knew of the banquet and the cup. They wanted him to possess some memento from them also.

What should it be? There were many things he needed, many things he had denied himself. "Something you need and can keep." But the things a man needed and therefore used were so seldom the things he could keep. He did not need the cup. The things we need usually wear out and are replaced. But he would find it—the thing they described.

When it came time to give this bill in payment for what he had chosen as their deputy, it would be something he both needed and could keep. This was an obligation, since they had put it so.

Rand was driving slowly because of the freezing ground. It had been snowing almost imperceptibly when he left Baird. The flakes were thickening so that he focused the spotlight on the road ahead. The telegraph-poles were still discernible. They flanked a straight road till one came to the Good-will preacher's tent, then a sharp turn and two more miles.

It had been snowing like this two evenings ago when he had taken Molly and Danny along this road. He had been indebted to the lights of the preacher's tent for showing him the turn. The snow had stopped in a little while.

What did this Good-will preacher preach? Rand wondered. He claimed that he was of no sect, and of all. It had a vague sound. A man must define what he believes for himself before he can teach others. One or two people had come to Rand about the preacher. "You ought to run him out," they had said.

"The things he says!" Evolution, probably. He had probably expressed a tolerance for those who believed in evolution. Evolution and other things.

He would go some time and hear what the preacher said. It didn't matter much. A tent was a transitory thing. Rand wondered how it had stood the wind this long, the weight of the snow. This was no time of the year for tents. But the lights would guide him around the turn.

Black dark and the snow dropping in blankets. The spotlight refused to explore that thickness. The cold stung, bit. Rand felt he should be near the turn; got out of the car to make sure. Here was a tree he knew, but the Good-will tent

Sons and Daughters at school . . . talk to them often *by* Telephone

A Bell System Advertisement

WHEN sons and daughters go away to school there's one sure way to keep in touch with them—

By telephone!

What could be better than to hear their voices once a week or oftener all through the year. To talk things over with them just as you do when they're home. To *know* that they are well and happy.

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Have a telephone understanding with your boy and girl throughout the school year. "Voice visit" with them at least once a week for a little heart-to-heart chat. . . . A telephone call is a round trip for both of you.

And bear in mind that, at but slight extra cost, you can have quick, convenient telephone service throughout your house. The extra comfort is amazing.

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Corner Madison and Clark Sts.
1944 Rooms $2.50 up
All outside with bath, running ice water, bed-head lamp and Servidor. A housekeeper on each floor.

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This brilliant man
walks up and down
Upon the streets
of Spotless Town
The glitter
of his shining star
Arrests attention
from afar.
It lights the beat
and goes to show
That nought can beat
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A new high class hotel
Seven minutes to Times Square
Large rooms, many of them overlooking the Hudson River.
RATES
Single Room with Bath - - $4.00 to $6.00
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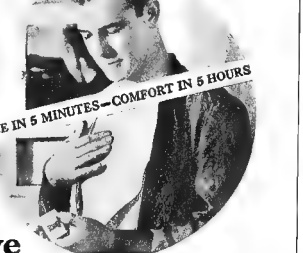
64 Page DIET BOOK FREE



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Don't give that CHEST-COLD a chance!

RUB on Musterole at once but don't be satisfied with the almost immediate relief you'll experience—*apply it every hour for five hours* and see how wonderfully it works! Working like the trained hands of a masseur, this famous blend of oil of mustard, camphor, menthol and other helpful ingredients brings relief naturally. It penetrates and stimulates blood circulation, and helps to draw out infection and pain. Used by millions for 20 years. Recommended by many doctors and nurses. This simple five-time Musterole treatment may save you serious complications—be on the safe side. Keep Musterole handy—jars and tubes. *To Mothers—Musterole is also made in milder form for babies and small children. Ask for Children's Musterole.*

MUSTEROLE
BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER

was gone—gone since that afternoon. Lucky he had got out of the car.

The blankets of snow had begun to undulate, had become waves. Rand, aching with cold, pushed into them, steering with difficulty over the road, banked with old snows. And now a sound began, a low, tearing, universal moan. The blizzard. The blizzard was upon him. But he had only two more miles.

He made the turn. The waves of snow drove hard upon his wind-shield. The wiper could not work fast enough. Glaze covered the wind-shield. The snow was freezing as it struck.

Numbness entered Rand. He thought only, "Straight ahead. Keep hands on steering-wheel and straight ahead." It was as if something inside him gave the order and would see that it was obeyed.

Halt. A dead halt. The chug of the engine continued, but the car would not move. He knew dimly what was the trouble, knew that he could do nothing alone. He must not sit here. He must keep moving. Automatically, he shut off the gas, climbed out.

The wind swooped upon him, yowling like a wolf. The something inside him pushed him along the road, but he could not hear the orders now. He could only feel the push, obeying it through the swarming, stinging snow.

There was no refuge that he knew. In the prairie about him there was no roof except that of a deserted cabin which he could never find. Molly—Danny. They would be waiting. Danny would wait to hang his stocking up.

No, he must not stop. He must not lie down. But the pushing was growing fainter. It seemed to have surrendered him to the twisting of the wind. Softness was settling around him. He could rest. He could rest as he had never rested, if he could lie down. The softness was not real, he told himself. Let him fight it. Let him fight it.

And now he saw a light. It was almost at him. The light was not real either, he warned himself. Let him not trust it. Yet he fought toward it, fought until suddenly it was gone. He stumbled then, fell. Softness folded him like down. Blurred ease. He slept.

JOHN RAND lay looking at a fire, a piece of burning wood laid across two bricks. There was a light about him, and somewhere a howling, a vast moaning, a hiss.

"It's sleeting," said a voice.

Rand was on a cot, dressed in rough clothes, overalls, he dimly thought. His feet were bare, wrapped in something. There was a blanket over him. He was sore all through. He knew that if he moved he would break.

"O God!" said the voice. "That wind!"

Rand moved. A bowl of something came close to his face. "Drink some more," said the voice. Rand drank. It was hot. It was thick. He drank it all. The bowl would not go away until he did.

Steps began to go up and down the room. They echoed on the bare boards. There were two windows, one each side the door. A lamp stood before one of them, close to the pane. It stood on a box and seemed to be looking out into the night. On the floor beside the box was a small phonograph.

A table was before the other window. On it stood a Christmas tree, no more than a small cedar-bough, decked with what looked like flecks of red paper, so that one knew what it was. A candle burned by this window, close to where the pane had been broken. Something black had been stuffed into the broken pane, but the wind knifed its way in, cutting the candle-flame this way, that——

Rand sighed, wishing the steps would be still. Over the fireplace hung a mirror. It took the candle-light in waves. Below it was a little blue box with a powder-puff leaning against it—a puff like Molly's. Some one had taken Molly's puff!

"Don't try to get up," said the voice from where the sound of the steps came. "You're most froze. Wait till you thaw out. My God, that wind!"

Again the walking up and down. She had on a pink kimono. Her back looked thin as she walked. Her short hair was frizzed and pale—pale as the little candle-flame. Where—? He was tired.

She faced him again, her steps lost in the flowered rug. Thin—wizened. The kimono was pinned with a trinket that twinkled in the lamp-light. He remembered now, tried to rise and failed. Tried to speak, and presently his voice came, like the voice of some one else.

"How did I get here?" he asked.

She came over to him, wrapped the blanket about him. "You'd fell on the step. I opened the door, lookin' for Jim and there you was. I thought you was him till I drug you in. O God, that wind! I never heard nothin' like it."

He remembered now — everything. Molly—Danny— What time was it?

He asked for his watch and she took it from the mantel, brought it to him. Four o'clock. Nearly morning. He asked for his clothes.

"They ain't dry yet," she answered. He saw her feeling of them where they hung by the fire. "You was soaked through, layin' there."

He bade her bring his vest. She obeyed, and he felt in its inner pocket. Nothing had been disturbed. He lay down again. He could do nothing until daylight, until he could get some one to help him with his car.

"Who is Jim?" he asked.

"He's my husband. He's out in this somewhere," walking up and down again. "I put the light in the window for him, but I reckon he didn't see it."

IT WAS plain, Rand saw, that she did not remember him. He recalled her wrapped and muffled he had been, standing in the dark of her porch. So she had not left Baird after all.

"You have a husband?" he said.

"Yes, sir. We was married last week. He's night-watchman over at the yards. They was to lay him off at eleven o'clock, bein's it's Christmas. He started home and he never got here. He's layin' in the road somewhere, but I dassent go look for him. He might drag hisself in like you did and not have me to do for him."

"Is he used to snow?"

"Yes, sir. He come from a cold country." Her own words seemed to quiet her. She sat down by the candle, by the little tree. She contemplated the tree, straightened it somewhat. "He got in trouble back home," she said. "Me, I was in trouble too. I got run out of one place. I wouldn't go when they told me to, and they burned my house.

"I come to Baird then, and I got run out of Baird. I didn't wait for 'em to burn my house. I left when the man told me to. He come with an order from the sheriff. It was the night of that first blizzard. It was snowin' when I left, but it was better'n bein' burned out. I just set out walkin' with my clothes in a bundle.

"I come from where it's warm. I hadn't never seen snow before. I kept to the fence rails when it began comin' down fast. I got along that way till the fences give out. My clothes wasn't very heavy. I remember feelin' so cold I thought I'd die. After a while it didn't hurt. I just thought I'd lie down and go to sleep. Somethin' hit against me just as I fell down. Somethin' hit me and picked me up.

"When I woke up I was here in this room. Only it wasn't pretty then like it is now. Jim had lived here a while before he went to Baird. He went into Baird so he could look for work. But they found out he'd done time—been in the pen—and they run him out of Baird. This house is settin' just outside the city limits, so he was comin' back to it when he stumbled over me in the road.

"He's told me lots of times he was ready to give up that night, to do anything, even to be put back in the pen; willin' to burn Baird or rob it. But he just brought me here and made a fire with some wood he'd left. He had a little food with him, and the next day he thawed out a man's car in the road, and the man paid him. It was a fine car, and the man paid him a lot, enough to last us a week.

"Jim went back to Baird in the night and got my things I'd left, the stove and the phonograph and the mirror, the dishes and all. I was missin' 'em so, and if I was goin' to stay here——"

"You mean you lived here with——"

"I was sick. I was sick after that

Continued on Page 71

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Let Us Send Your Child

A 3-Day Supply of This Delicious Swiss Creation

An Utterly NEW-TYPE Food-Drink That's Both an Adventure in Deliciousness and an Education in Child-Building

Watch the Eyes Brighten; New Energy Come; Weight Increase a Pound a Week, and Nervousness Disappear!

THIS new way comes from Switzerland, the nation whose scientists have done so many remarkable things in child development.

From one end of the world to the other, mothers are adopting it. Results have been so remarkable that its use has spread over some 54 different nations.

What It Is

It is called Ovaltine; a food-drink that is utterly different in formula, taste and effect from any other known. A scientific food-concentrate not remotely to be confused with powdered chocolate, malt or cocoa "mixtures" offered as substitutes.

Developed 37 years ago by a famous Swiss scientist, Ovaltine contains, in highly concentrated form, practically *every single vital food element necessary to life.*

Due to an exclusive process, employed by no other food-drink known, it supplies those vital elements in such easily digested form that a child's system will absorb them even when digestion is impaired.

How It Acts

Some of those elements in Ovaltine such as iron, lime and phosphorus, build bone and muscle. And thus create new strength. Others build firm flesh. And thus constantly increase weight—as weight increases nervousness perceptibly decreases. Others foster richer blood and thus combat conditions of anemia. Important vitamins are supplied also to meet the body's needs. That is why results are often so astonishing.*

Digests Starches

Then, too, Ovaltine has high diastatic power. Which means the *power of digesting the undigested starches from other foods eaten.*

Thus, this scientific creation not only furnishes tremendous food energy in itself, but greatly increases the effectiveness of all starch food your child eats. Such as oatmeal, bread, potatoes, etc., which comprise over half the normal child's daily diet. Consider what this means.

"Now a rosy cheeked, healthy lad"

My little boy, three years old, had rickets. I tried to build him up with vegetables, fruit juices and medicine, but he got no better. A year ago I started to give him Ovaltine. From the first he started to pick up and is now a rosy cheeked, healthy lad. He takes Ovaltine twice a day and shall continue to do so.

MRS. R. H. WESSEL, *Grand City, Staten Island, N. Y.*

Get Ovaltine at any drug or grocery store, or send coupon for three-day test. Note the difference in your child's weight; in nerve poise, in greater strength and energy. Find out, for your child's sake, what this creation means to you and yours. Give at breakfast, always. Give at meals and between meals to increase the effectiveness of ordinary diet. Results will surprise you. Delicious as a cold shake-up drink.

*NOTE: *Thousands of nervous people, men and women, are using Ovaltine to restore vitality when fatigued. They take it hot at night, too, to insure restful sleep. During the Great War, it was a standard ration prescribed by the Red Cross as a restorative food for invalid soldiers of all nations.*

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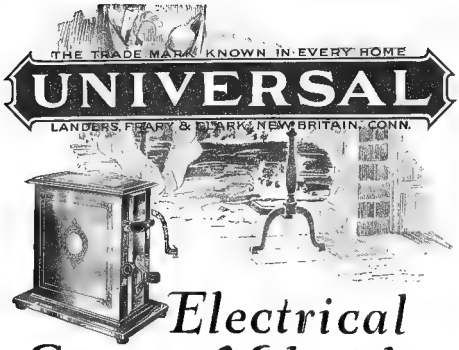

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ENCHILADAS AU GRATIN PLEASE THE MAN OF THE HOUSE

PIQUANT MEXICAN DISHES

By Martha Mulholland

THE three foods which form the basis of Mexican cookery are corn-meal, chilli, and beans. The tortilla of to-day is not appreciably different from the tortilla the Mexican Indians were eating when Cortez and his handful of Spaniards conquered Mexico. To-day the tortilla is made of corn-meal ground in great modern machines, and in those days it was made of corn-meal ground by the women on stone metates, but the taste is not much changed. The beans are the same variety as those the Indians were raising four hundred years ago.

The tortilla is the basis for so many dishes that we shall give it first.

Tortillas

1 Cupful Corn-meal
1 Teaspoonful Salt
1 Cupful Boiling Water

POUR the boiling water over the corn-meal and salt, stirring constantly. When the mixture is very thick, and cool enough to handle, pat out in very thin cakes, and brown on an ungreased griddle. The making of tortillas is an art, and many Americans prefer to use their own favorite recipe for hot cakes, substituting corn-meal for half the flour. These corn-meal hot cakes are just as good in these recipes as are the true tortillas, and have the added advantages of being more familiar to the average cook and easier to work with.

Mexican Sauce

2 Tablespoonfuls Butter
2 Tablespoonfuls Minced Onion
1 Green Pepper, Chopped Fine
½ Teaspoonful Salt
1 Tablespoonful Flour
¼ Cupful Chopped Celery
2 Cupfuls Tomato Puree
2 Teaspoonfuls Chilli Powder

MELT the butter, add the onion and green pepper, stir until the onion is golden brown, then add the flour, tomatoes, celery, salt, and chilli powder. Let simmer until the celery is tender, adding water from time to time if necessary.

Enchiladas au Gratin

MAKE a small roll of meat-filling (2 or 3 tablespoonfuls) and wrap in a tortilla. In a baking-dish put a tortilla for each person to be served; pour Mexican sauce on generously. Sprinkle with grated cheese, and set in oven to melt.

Mexican Meat-Filling

2 Cupfuls Cooked Meat, Ground
½ Small Button Garlic
3 Tablespoonfuls Chopped Pimiento
½ Cupful Meat-stock

GRIND the meat, which may be cold roast or cold boiled meat of any kind, and add the other ingredients. The filling should be thick enough to handle well, but not too stiff. Gravy may be used in place of the meat-stock.

Enchiladas con Huevos

TAKE 3 tortillas for each person to be served. Heat Mexican sauce, and arrange the tortillas in layers, with a generous tablespoonful of sauce between. On the top layer put the sauce, and top with a poached egg.

Tamale Pie

4 Cupfuls Stiff-cooked Mush
1 Cupful Meat Gravy
Mexican Meat-filling
1 Tablespoonful Chili Powder

LINE a greased baking-dish or casserole with the mush, and fill with the Mexican meat-filling (the entire recipe as given above). Over this pour the gravy mixed with the chilli powder, and cover with the remainder of the mush. Bake for 20 minutes in a hot oven.

Barelas Eggs

INTO a well-greased ramekin break an egg. Cover with 2 tablespoonfuls of Mexican sauce, and cook in the oven until the white of the egg is set.

Chilli con Carne

2 Pounds Neck-meat
2 Tablespoonfuls Chilli Powder
1 Small Clove Garlic
4 Tablespoonfuls Chopped Suet
1 Onion
Flour

DICE the meat, and roll in the flour. Melt the suet and add the meat, stirring constantly. When the meat is nicely browned add 2 quarts of cold water and the chilli powder. Put the onion and garlic in a cheese-cloth bag, and cook until the meat is tender. Remove the bag of onion and garlic, and add 3 cupfuls of plain boiled Mexican beans.

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Can You Imagine Christmas Without Walnuts?

Fortunately, no one need be without them — for prices are lower this year

Always—everywhere, Christmas calls for Walnuts. The heaping bowl of Walnuts on the dining table—Walnuts in the youngsters' stockings — Walnuts to crack around the fireside—Walnuts in candies and other Christmas goodies! Tradition has made Walnuts—like the holly wreath—part and parcel of the holidays.

And this year, fortunately, there are plenty of fine Walnuts—enough for you to have all you want for your Yuletide celebration. California's famous Walnut groves brought in a larger crop this year, and that means, these finest Walnuts *cost you less.*

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At this season's lower prices you'll want to keep a full bowl of Walnuts out where the family can eat them. And don't overlook the wonderful help of Walnuts in your Christmas cooking. No holiday menu is really complete without Walnuts to add flavor, food value and the final festive touch.

Be Sure You Get The Best Walnuts!

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Diamond California Walnuts are always the pick of California's crop — hand-graded, machine-graded, vacuum-sorted and crack-tested. Naturally, there are different varieties and sizes, selling at different prices; but regardless of variety and size, Diamond Walnuts guarantee you *more and better kernels per pound.*

Look For The Brand On The Shell!

To be sure of getting Diamond Walnuts—*look for the brand on the shell!* If your eye tells you that at least 97% of the Walnuts offered you are Diamond *branded*—then you're sure of genuine Diamond California Walnuts. And that quality symbol costs *you* nothing! We brand 20 pounds of Walnuts for a cent—thirty times as cheaply as packing them in pasteboard cartons.

To help make your holiday dainties more distinctive and appealing, send for our free recipe book, "For That Final Touch—Just Add Walnuts." It contains hundreds of suggestions—not only for special holiday dainties, but for finer year-round treats.

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Continued from Page 66

snow. I never felt nothin' like it. God knows I hope you don't get sick like I did. When I was well enough I went down the road with him to that Good-will tent. They said the preacher wanted a man to help him take the tent down. Jim wanted the job. It was warm in the tent. There was a big stove and a lot of folks there. The man said he wasn't goin' to take down the tent till Christmas, but we stayed. It was so nice and warm in the tent.

"And the preacher— It was funny. Strange, I mean. I'd heard all those things he preached. Old stuff about the prodigal son and the woman with the ointment and her hair down—all that. But somehow— You see, I'd been sick. I didn't cry when they drove me out of Baird, or even when they burned my house. I didn't cry when I was runnin' along in the snow. But that night when the preacher preached— You see I'd been sick. And Jim——

"JIM was disappointed not gettin' that job of takin' down the tent. That was why Jim— That was what was the matter with Jim that night. The man did talk kind. Yes, he did talk kind. Like he'd been there hisself.

"Anyways, when the crowd was gone, we stayed in the tent. And the preacher married us. And Jim didn't say any more about burnin' and robbin' Baird. And things seemed to be diffunt after that.

The car what Jim thawed out that day come by again and stopped. And the man in it give Jim a job. It was Mr. Sid Worsham, and he give Jim a job in his lumber-yards close to Cullis. He knowed about Jim's trouble—Jim told him ever'thing—but he said he'd trust him and give him a chance.

"He said, 'I'm a sinner myself. You ask the folks in Baird. You ask John Rand, who drove you out. He'd drive me out too if he could. He couldn't, so he came by my house and prayed for me.'

"You'd never aknowed he was a sinner if he hadn't told you. Leastways, I never would. I wouldn't aknowed Jim was, either.

"Listen.. The wind's slacked up. It's gettin' light outside. Oh, he's dead, or he'd be here."

Rand laid back the covers, rose stiffly. Almost at once the outer door opened and a man came in, a tall, slumped figure with worried eyes that lighted and smiled as the woman ran to him.

"Now, now," said the man, "what's this? You didn't think I'd leave the yards in a storm like that? You didn't think I'd leave the lumber or risk my neck, did you? I thought you was a brave little woman that would figger things out."

He was patting her shoulder as she held to him, sobbing. He glanced about, saw Rand.

"I came in out of the storm," explained Rand. "I—I think your wife saved my life."

"I'm glad," said the man. "That your car back in the road?" and when Rand acknowledged it, "On a high center, I think. I'll shovel it out in a bit." There was no hint of recognition in his eyes. "There, there," to the woman as she wept softly. "Little hot coffee? Can't you give the stranger and me a little hot coffee?"

"Yes, breakfast," said the woman.

She drew her hand across her eyes, went out to the kitchen of the shack. The man strode over to the fire, put some wood on it, held out his hands to the blaze.

"Your folks'll be pretty worried, I take it," he said to Rand. He fastened his heavy sweater about his throat, buttoned his coat again, went into a shed-room, came out with a spade.

"I'll help you," said Rand, moving with an effort toward his overcoat.

"Not you," said the man. "But you'll be all right. The storm's over." He went out.

Rand took his clothes from before the fire, stepped into the shed-room, and put them on. The woman brought in a white coffee-pot and set it on the table near the fire. She began to put dishes on the table, all around the Christmas tree. There was a smell of bacon frying. The man came in, bringing the wet spade. His high boots dropped snow. He blew out the light in the window. It was day.

"High center was right," said the man. "I'll start her for you when we've had breakfast."

Rand sat at the woman's right beside the white coffee-pot. When the meal was over the man went out again. "I'll bring the car to the door," he said to Rand. "No need for you to come out till I bring her." The woman carried the dishes into the kitchen. Rand sat still.

He sat looking at the fire, at the little blue box on the mantel, the box with the powder-puff leaning against it—the puff like Molly's. He thought of disjointed, forgotten things. Of the old woman who had the apple-tree in her yard. The boys used to steal her apples. She had called him to her once and given him a book, "The Happy Pirate," because he had never stolen her apples.

His father used to wear carpet slippers in the evening when he came home. Every evening he—John—would set the slippers by the fire to wait and warm. One evening his sister had hidden the slippers. Bruno, his dog, who got run over——

THE woman was singing' in the kitchen.

"I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger——"

Rand started. The disjointed thoughts slipped from him. He got up, sore clear through, put on his overcoat, found his battered hat by the hearth, sat down again, waiting. Presently he got out the letter from the Welfare League, read it again.

"Something you need and can keep," he read.

A car honked in the road.

"Something you need and can keep." Had he not found it?

John Rand always paid his debts.

"Something you need——"

He pushed his fingers into the envelop, took out the bill. He tilted the coffee-pot beside him, pushed the bill beneath it. The car honked again.

He went out softly.

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Looks count in food--too!

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Convenient?—ready to use. So why not serve canned asparagus today? Just watch the family reach for it.

Asparagus with Poached Egg—Turn California Canned Asparagus into shallow pan and heat slowly until thoroughly hot. Drain. For each individual serving, place on a heated plate a round of toast with a poached egg on top. Arrange asparagus at sides of toast. Over all pour well seasoned, medium thick white sauce. Sprinkle with grated cheese. Garnish with dash of paprika.

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OPEN HOUSE AT HOLIDAY TIME

Continued from Page 40

the orange-juice and -peel. Fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites. Bake in layer-tins lined with greased wax-paper. Handle gently, for until the cake is cooled it is likely to break.

Frosting

2 Cupfuls Sugar
½ Cupful Cold Water
2 Egg Whites
½ Cupful Finely Grated Orange-peel
½ Cupful Finely Grated Lemon-peel

COOK in a double boiler the sugar and water until they form a soft ball (240 degrees F.). Pour slowly onto the stiffly beaten egg whites, continuing to beat. Add the orange- and lemon-peel. Spread the mixture between the layers and over the top and sides.

Tropical Punch

1 Cupful Sugar
1 Pint Water
6 Whole Cloves
1 Can Grated Pineapple
Juice 3 Lemons
1 Quart Ginger Ale

BOIL the sugar and water together to make a sirup. Add the pineapple, cloves, lemon-juice, and the lemon-rinds. Cool, strain, and add the ginger ale just before serving.

A pleasing variation, if you wish a hot drink, is to serve this basic punch without the ginger ale in hot tea, accompanied by candied cherries and crystallized ginger; Russian style. Another variation is to add Tropical Punch to hot grape-juice.

Southern Bouquet

1 Cupful Grape-juice
1 Cupful Sweet Cider
½ Cupful Grapefruit-juice
1 Large Orange, Finely Sliced
1 Cupful Sugar and
¼ Teaspoonful Nutmeg, Mixed Together
Mineral Water.

BLEND the ingredients and chill. When needed add the mineral water and serve. The beverage recipes may be increased if a larger amount is required.

Christmas Mead

4 Tablespoonfuls Melted Strained Honey
1 Cupful Lemon-juice
1 Cupful Orange-juice
1 Cupful Sweet Cider
3 Drops Worcestershire Sauce
Mineral Water

SHAKE the ingredients thoroughly and chill. Add the mineral water just before serving.

Apricot Punch

½ Cupful Lemon-juice
2 Cupfuls Canned Apricot-juice
½ Teaspoonful Almond Extract
Dry Ginger Ale

BLEND the ingredients together, chill, and add the ginger ale, which has been chilled in the bottle just before serving. Garnish with green cherries.

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CAMPBELL'S ELECTRIC RANGE

FASCINATION

Continued from Page 21

Dear me, was he angry again? If so he certainly had no right to be, and she was not going to stoop to placate him.

"Good-by," she said with the most conventional sweetness. "It was nice of you to come."

"You'll let me know as soon as you've consulted Eugene?"

"Yes, of course." Then she remembered her futile effort to telephone him, and added, "Oh, but I don't know your New York address, and your man in the country would not give it to me the other day."

"You know my office number," he said. "They can always get me." Then he shook hands and was gone.

SHE felt amazed, insulted. He had actually refused to give her his address. Did he think it necessary to protect himself against her? Well, she'd never call him again. That was the trouble of having anything to do with men who were not gentlemen.

Her rage was interrupted by Delia, who came in to say that there had been a message from Mr. Severn's office. He and Mrs. Severn were on their way down—for dinner if she could have them; if not, they would dine at the club. She and Delia consulted about food. They added a salad-and-cheese course. There would be enough.

She was glad they had not got there while Watts was still extended in the chair on the other side of the fire. She remembered Richard's adjective "unsavory," and Marion, finding a well-known stranger at her tea-table, would have immediately imagined a love-affair.

She had tried to get hold of her brother before, but finding that he was in Washington on his great case, she had written to him there, giving him a bald account of her husband's illness. The doctor, she said, was afraid that Eugene had been given some poisonous alcohol somewhere. He was seriously ill, but not in danger. Richard had reached New York late that afternoon, and had started at once.

They arrived a little late for dinner. Richard was apt to be late because he was always trying to crowd his hours too full. They went straight in to dinner. Marion, Linda noticed, was unusually silent, but as Richard was eager to tell his sister about his case, he did not notice. Years ago, when he was in the law school, and Linda a girl of seventeen, she had had a little amateur reading of law under his direction. It had interested her. She could understand the basis of a case. He enjoyed telling her, and let his food remain untasted. Delia offered him chicken for the second time before he had touched his first piece.

In the pause that followed, as Richard guiltily bolted a few mouthfuls, Marion said:

"Is this new linen, Linda?" She had not been listening to a word her husband had said.

"No—left from my trousseau. Delia gives you my best."

The two women talked a minute or so about table-cloths and napkins.

"I want to finish about this case," said Richard simply.

"So sorry," said Marion. "I wish I could understand law, but I can't."

Linda felt that Marion's tone implied that her lack of understanding added to her charm. Perhaps it did. Who could say? Men were so queer about what they liked in women. Richard finished his case, and they rose from the table. Immediately Linda took him up-stairs to sit a little while with Eugene.

AFTER a few minutes she left the two men alone, and went into her room. To her surprize she saw Marion sitting at the telephone, not using the instrument. She had covered her face with her hands. She was crying.

"He doesn't want me—he doesn't love me," she said.

"Who?"

"Barty." The name seemed to increase her agony. "We arranged this last week, before I went to Washington. I was to get you to ask me to spend the night, and then—oh, what a fool I was to go! I knew he was interested in that woman—Mrs. Curry."

"Mrs. Curry! I never heard of her."

"You wouldn't. She's a loathsome creature. She hangs about the Northside Club. She's very immoral—a cast-off mistress of Nicholas Watts."

EVEN in her pity for Marion, Linda found herself wondering what was the moral chasm between the notorious Mrs. Curry and her own sister-in-law. She thought that her bootlegging friend had been right—women were certainly nitwits to put their happiness in the hands of such men, coarse and ruthless like Watts, weak and selfish like Lee.

Continued on Page 74

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BUT FIRST CHOOSE THE CORRECT GIFT

CHARM

PRIZE WINNING DESIGN

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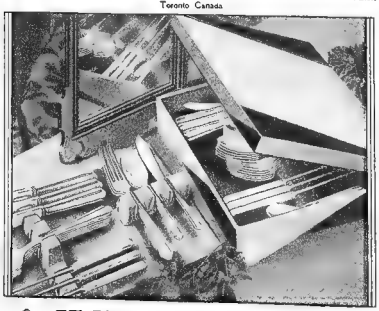

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"SOMETHING MORE THAN PLATE"

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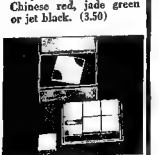

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Continued from Page 72

"Don't cry so, Marion. Dick will notice your eyes—"

"What do I care? Let him suffer a little too. What does Dick understand, or you, either, Linda? You're both so cold and correct."

"I'm not cold, Marion."

"You are. Easy enough for you to behave yourself. Barty says—he used to tease me about you, saying you were the most attractive woman he had ever seen, but that you had as much temperament as an icicle."

"My dear Marion, that's the curse a man puts on you when you don't want him to make love to you."

But Marion did not even hear this. She went on, "I don't know what to do. He won't even come to the telephone."

"He must be out."

"No, he isn't. The man brought word that he was engaged, but would call me later, but he won't call me. He's often told me that was his method. I must speak to him, Linda. The only way I ever get at him real is to call him in the middle of the night—he keeps the telephone beside his bed—but then he's so cross at being waked up."

"Marion darling," said Linda, "you mustn't do that. You'll lose him entirely."

"I can't lose him," said Marion. "You don't understand. He belongs to me, Linda. If only these other women would let him alone. They are perfectly shameless."

"But, Marion, if he is really yours, he'll come back to you, and if he isn't, you'll only make him hate you."

Marion cast off her sister-in-law's hand. "Oh, Linda, if you'd ever been in love you'd know that when you're suffering as I am you've got to do something, even if it's the one thing you know will ruin everything," and she began to jiggle the receiver of the telephone.

Linda went back to Eugene's room, and sent Richard away; but she asked him to allow her to keep Marion for the night. She was so lonely, she said, and Marion would be such a help. Richard readily agreed. He said that Marion had had some idea that Linda would want her to stay and had brought a bag. He himself had thought that Linda wouldn't want to be bothered with a guest, but he saw that his wife was right as usual. Marion managed a fairly cheerful "Good night" to him over the stairs.

Linda did not really want to keep her sister-in-law. The servants were already overworked and on edge, and with the trained nurse in the tiny spare room, there was nowhere to put Marion but in the second bed in her own room. Still she could not let her go home with Richard. She would have told him the whole story before they got to the bridge.

She had just such a night as she expected. During the early part, when she was sleepy, Marion kept her awake with the full tragic story of her love. Toward dawn, when Marion finally fell asleep, Linda had lost the power, and lay awake until she was called, thinking of Richard, and how unlucky he was behind that stern mask of his. She was glad to remember she had expressed no curiosity about the past of Mrs. Curry, tho she had felt some—curiosity mingled with a repulsion that unfortunately included her sister-in-law.

Linda said to herself that she was not a moralist, but there was something disgusting about this lack of self-control. It was not tragedy. It was not vice. It was the loud disappointment of a spoiled child. Marion would not remember her own emotion six months from now; would deny she had ever really cared for Barty Lee.

AND now for the first time in her life Linda began to worry about money. They had always had an income larger than their needs; but as they had no capital except some forty thousand dollars which Linda's father had left her, they had always agreed on the necessity of putting away something every year. Eugene's junior partnership in Hellick & Co. had been carefully arranged not to bring him in more than twenty or twenty-five thousand a year.

They allotted about half of this for living expenses, and the other half, after extras and club dues had been deducted, became, at least in Linda's mind, capital—something sacrosanct, untouchable, and most securely invested. She never inquired about it, for that was certainly Eugene's province, but she assumed that by this time it had reached a substantial sum.

She had no special aptitude for finance and took no responsibility about it, but now she could not but be aware that to continue to keep up an establishment costing at the least twelve thousand a year on no income whatever would soon melt a small capital. So she worried.

She spent many of her lonely hours considering the possibility of taking a job. She knew that Eugene had now risen to a lower level as a wage-earner, might indeed never again be able to make an income sufficient for his wants. She did not recoil from work, rather enjoyed the prospect, but could not see herself as very successful. What had she, an untrained woman of thirty-three, to sell to the public? She could perhaps support herself, but at the cost of lowering Eugene's standing still further. She thought of several magnificent women she knew besides Jenny who had rushed out into the world and made large incomes. She is cowardice that made her conclude her duty was to stay at home and build up Eugene's self-confidence if possible?

THIS last fall had shaken him more than ever before. At his weakest he clung to her like a child, and made her promise she would never abandon him. She had said honestly that she could not imagine life without him. Her love for him had welled up warm, overflowing, but not the love she had felt for the golden-haired athlete he had once been.

This illness had left its marks. He seemed much older; there were deep lines in his face, no longer smooth in texture, and on his cheeks the faint pattern of blue-and-red veins. Even those lovely turquoise-colored eyes had lost a little of their clarity. In all his gestures there was something hesitant and unco-ordinated.

Yes, he was changed, but perhaps his illness had made even a greater change in her. There had never been the least taint of the maternal in Linda's relation to Eugene. She had never wanted him to be weak and dependent, so that she might have the supreme joy of coddling him. On the other hand, she had never wished to dominate—had positively despised not so to do. All about her she saw among the couples she knew, even those most deeply in love, a struggle going on between them for the mastery of the dual relation. Linda did not want her own way, partly because loving Eugene as much as she did, she preferred to give him the chief rôle, but partly because decision and responsibility were hateful to her.

But with his prolonged illness decisions were forced upon her—decisions which would have appeared trivial to more executive natures, but were momentous to her.

In the first place in regard to money. Eugene had been taken ill during the last few days of the month, and had not yet deposited her check. Her bank-account was almost empty. For the first time in her life she opened her husband's check-book, thinking that on the first occasion, when he was well enough, she would get him to sign a check for her. Turning over the pages, she was startled by what she saw. "To cash, a hundred and twenty-five dollars; to cash, two hundred and fifty; to cash, a hundred and thirty-five; to cash—"

Since they returned from the West, money, double what she had been spending on the household, had been flowing through Eugene's hands. There was no doubt in her mind as to the destination of all these checks. She had been skimping herself in clothes, almost in food, so that Eugene's favorite bootleggers might grow rich. She was more frightened than angry. Where would this sort of thing end, except in the gutter?

Other decisions were forced upon her. Mack, who had been with them for four years, came to say he had an opportunity of buying a garage in the village. He wanted Mr. Fenwick's consent. With the excitement that comes with all decisions of the will, Linda decided that Mack must go. His wages would pay the

Continued on Page 84

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PICTORIAL FASHIONS DIRECT FROM PARIS

WITH the raised waistline and lengthened silhouette an accepted fashion, one must differentiate between facts and fancy. Individuality is now an outstanding factor, and with this thought in mind must be formulated a new clothes psychology. We've followed and practised for too many years, the cult of smart simplicity to-be able to entirely cast our prejudices and carefully worked out clothes theories to the four winds, and thus venture forth in quest of adventure in the realms of femininity. So lest we lose our sense of proportions in this whirl of feminine elaboration, it is necessary to still make simplicity the rule for sports things and general wear, naturally of course with more elaboration of detail and design, but nevertheless maintaining that essential element of suitability and good taste.

The evening silhouette continues to attract great attention, since gowns grow more sumptuous as the season progresses. The Spanish influence is particularly noted in some of the newer gowns. Sheath-like frocks, moulded to the knee, flare abruptly into bouffant flounces and ruffles and so vie for first place with those of classic lines that drape from a normal waistline into graceful circular effects. The lengthened silhouette, now a general fashion for evening, launched the short evening wrap into social prominence. Fashioned from rich fabric, and trimmed with fur, it is wrapped closely about the figure to achieve an air of smart distinction and an ensemble effect.

Princess foundations for princess frocks, is the decree on all sides today; for we've discovered that the darling new Paris fashions that mould the figure can not be worn over the straight, non-fitting lingerie of last season. New lingerie must conform to the new feminine silhouette, and be fitted-in at the waist and flared at the bottom in the prevailing mode. Today, a corset is an absolute necessity, after reveling for years in glorious, unconfined freedom, the pendulum swings back and decrees old familiar customs again, although there is a world of difference between our practical, modern corset without bones and the old whalebone affairs of other years.

Tweeds and patterned woolens lead for daytime frocks and ensembles, for smart women have been unanimous in adopting this fashion in three- and four-piece ensembles. Very often the blouse or frock is of a matching pattern, in a lightweight jersey or tweed, or again the coat may match the frock in a larger patterned tweed. Turbans of a matching tweed are worn with many of these costumes.

Colette Cartier Paris

5014

5050

5024

5052

Low Posed Drapery

5050—Characteristic of the newer evening gowns is this model with intricately cut panels, which flare in flattering drapery on either side. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 5¾ yards 39-inch material—2½ yards 39-inch material for slip. Width about 1¾ yard.

Luxurious Evening Wrap

5014—The short evening wrap is an important new fashion that is destined for great exploitation through the clever use of rich materials combined with fur. Designed for one size only. Requires 2½ yards 54-inch material—5¼ yards fur banding for trimming.

5050 5014

5024 5052

Naively Sophisticated

5024—Classic in line, yet retaining the essential features of the new silhouette is this frock for the ingénue, who would be different in the new styles. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 5¾ yards 35-inch allover design material. Width about 5 yards at bottom.

Significant Evening Type

5052—This model is in accord with models by Patou, that trail smart lengths and indent the natural waistline. Diagonal sections form a moulded bodice, and tie in back. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 36 requires 5 yards 39-inch fabric. Width about 4¾ yards.

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ADAPTATIONS OF PARIS SUCCESSES FOR AFTERNOONS

Eloquent of Formality

5048—With the renewed interest in formal afternoon clothes, tucks, shirrings and circular flares combine to achieve a new elegance and formality. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 4⅞ yards 39-inch printed material. Width about 1⅞ yard.

5048

5049

Black and White Contrast

5049—Well proportioned lines create this conservative, yet distinguished street frock, with fine lingerie treatment. Designed for sizes 16 to 44. Size 36 requires 3⅜ yards 36-inch material—⅝ yard 39-inch contrasting material. Width about 2 yards.

With High Waistline

5033—The ascending line of the hip-yoke is slightly suggested in the curved outline of the flattering collar. Smart deep collar. Designed in sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 3⅛ yards 39-inch material—¾ yard lace banding to trim the deep collar. Width 3⅜ yards.

5033

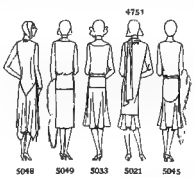
Coat 4753
Frock 5021

Luxurious Ensemble

4753—Coat. Formality requires the distinguished ensemble. Designed for sizes 14 to 44. 5021—Frock. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 36 requires 4⅝ yards 54-inch material for coat and skirt—1⅜ yard 54-inch contrasting. Width about 3½ yards.

Flared in Circular Style

5045—A printed velvet or printed faille is suggested for this model with interesting circular panels to give the desired flare in the skirt and new jabot neckline. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 36 requires 4⅜ yards 39-inch printed material. Width about 2⅞ yards.



4751

5048 5049 5033 5021 5045

5045

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THE LENGTHENED SILHOUETTE REFLECTS THE NEWEST FABRICS

Formality for Afternoon

5046—This is the sort of frock for bridge or for afternoon tea; the circular theme is sponsored in the deep collar as well as in the skirt which dips in fan-shape. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 4¼ yards 39-inch material. Width about 1¼ yard.

5046

4885

Jacket 4985
Frock 5032

The Ensemble Registers

4885—The ensemble featuring a yoked skirt, tuck-in blouse and lengthened coat leads. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 3⅜ yards 54-inch material—1⅞ yard 39-inch printed material for blouse—2¼ yards 39-inch lining. Width about 1⅜ yard.

With Contrasting Jacket

4985—Jacket. Youthful and smart. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. 5032—Frock. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 3 yards 39-inch material for jacket—2 yards 39-inch lining—3 yards 54-inch material for frock. Width about 2¾ yards.

5023

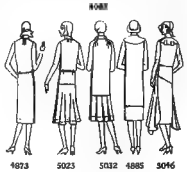
Belted Normal Waistline

5023—This trotteur model embodies graphic details in the way of circular front flare, interesting diagonal detail of the graceful surplice closing. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 2¼ yards 54-inch woolen material without nap. Width about 2¼ yards.

Black for Town Wear

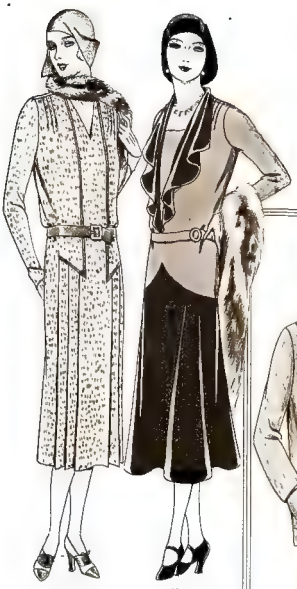
4873—Velvet, canton crêpe or broadcloth would be suitable for this semi-tailored model. The skirt is flared. Designed for sizes 16 to 44. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 39-inch material — ¾ yard 39-inch contrasting for revers. Width about 1¾ yard.

4873



4873 5023 5032 4885 5046

THE LENGTHENED SILHOUETTE PROMOTES SLENDERNESS



L. H. 5029 L. H. 4928

Jacket L. H. 4743
Frock L. H. 5028

L. H. 5013

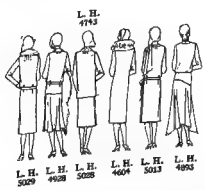
L. H. 4893

You Can Wear These New Styles

If you are a woman of larger proportions, you have no doubt discovered by this time that the new silhouette is definitely slenderizing and flattering. Logically, any style which concentrates on up and down lines adds inches to the apparent height. This, of course, means a corresponding subtraction from the width. The lengthened silhouette has a way of adding fulness without disturbing the approved slenderness of line—also a boon to the larger woman. As to the matter of raising the waistline, there is no reason why this mode should not be wearable, when the proportions of the figure are carefully studied, as they have been in the designs shown here. Fabrics, too, are considerate this season, for the woolens are never bulky, and patterns are indefinite, while for more formal wear we have short-pile velvets, as well as heavier silks, such as faille, which contribute dignity and graciousness.

A Panel Forms Slenderizing Lines

L. H. 5029—Pleated sections are attached to the front, which has a distinctive panel effect accented by binding. The shoulders have front-pleats. Designed for sizes 35 to 49. Size 41 requires 2¼ yards 54-inch fabric —2 yards binding. Width about 2 yards.



L. H. 4743

L. H. 5029 L. H. 4928 L. H. 5028 L. H. 4604 L. H. 5013 L. H. 4893

High Waistline

L. H. 4928—Velvet and faille. Designed for sizes 35 to 45. Size 41 requires 2¼ yards 39-inch material—2¾ yards 39-inch contrasting material. Width about 3 yards.

Smart Jacket

L. H. 4743—This tuxedo jacket is an adaptable type, to be worn with various frocks. Designed for sizes 35 to 47. Size 41 requires 2⅜ yards 54-inch fabric—⅜ yard 54-inch fur cloth.

Diagonal Line

L. H. 5013—The diagonal closing, vestee and scarf distinguish this frock. Designed for sizes 35 to 49. Size 41 requires 3¼ yards 54-inch fabric. Width about 1⅞ yard.

A Supple Coat

L. H. 4604—This coat is developed on simple lines, but presents a luxurious air. Designed for sizes 35 to 51. Size 41 requires 3¼ yards 54-inch material—⅜ yard 48-inch fur cloth.

The V-Motif

L. H. 5028—This is a two-piece model with a deep V-line in the bodice to add length. Designed for sizes 35 to 49. Size 41 requires 2⅞ yards 54-inch material. Width about 1⅞ yard.

Irregular Hem

L. H. 4893—Fashion favors the uneven hemline, lending a gracious dignified effect. Designed for sizes 35 to 45. Size 41 requires 3¾ yards 54-inch material. Width about 3¼ yards.

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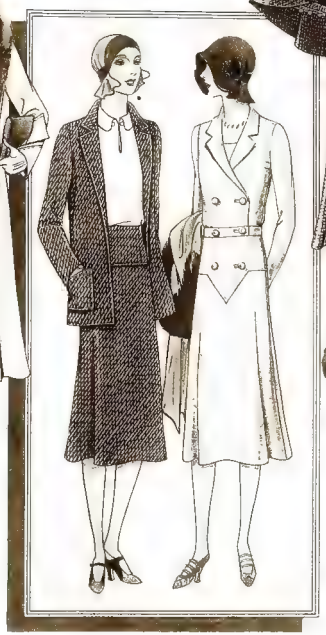
PRINCESS LINES IN WOOLENS
THE NEW CAPE-FROCK

5039



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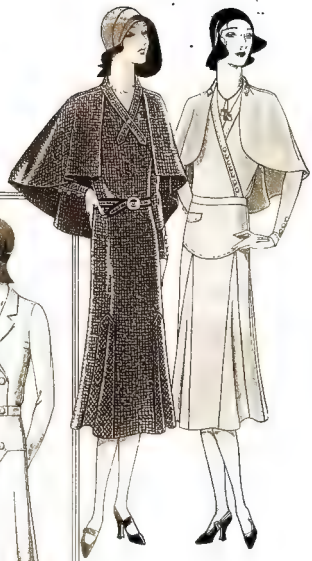

5022 5011

4573

New Fashions in New Woolens

"Woolens for the street," says Paris, and proceeds to prove how many striking features may be developed in the new supple woolens. The frock that adds a cape is one of the most interesting phases of the mode. The cape obligingly makes a costume out of a one-piece dress, but the frock itself is always complete enough in its styling that the cape may be removed at will. The one-piece woolen frock is fashion's favorite, and it positively refuses to appear without a belt, which almost invariably encircles the normal waistline. Skirts terminate about five inches below the knee, and hemlines are smartly widened. It is important to note how frequently the princess line appears in these lovely woolens, and how charming it always is. In coats, too, the princess theme has a leading rôle, though for ensembles the formality relaxes, and permits gay short jackets and the ever-youthful tuck-in. As to these woolens—tweeds, of course, in indefinite patterns, lightened by bright nubs or white threads. Wool crêpe is accompanied by its cousins, wool flat crêpe and wool georgette. Luxurious velvety woolens and broadcloths make the more formal coat. The once-humble jersey is now in the forefront of fashion, for frocks and tuck-in blouses, and appears in novelty effects.

Princess Line

5039—Note the fitted line and new sleeve treatment. Designed for sizes 14 to 46. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 54-inch material—2⅞ yards 39-inch lining—½ yard 54-inch fur cloth.

A Swagger Air

5022—A detachable cape is a striking feature of this frock tailored on princess lines. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 3¼ yards 54-inch fabric. Width about 1¾ yard.

High Waistline

5011—Though the cape is a smart detail, this frock incorporates other leading style points. Designed for sizes 14 to 46. Size 36 requires 3 yards 54-inch fabric. Width about 1¾ yard.

Cavalier Cuff

4573—The cuffs have a dashing air, and the fur collar forms a frame for the face. Designed in sizes 14 to 48. Size 36 requires 2⅞ yards 54-inch fabric — 2½ yards 39-inch lining.

Chic Tuck-in

4867—A youthful type. Designed for sizes 12 to 44. Size 36 requires 3 yards 54-inch fabric—1⅝ yard 54-inch material for blouse—1⅞ yard 39-inch lining. Width about 2 yards.

Belts Are Up

5008—This smart street frock is double-breasted. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 2¾ yards 54-inch material — ⅝ yard 39-inch fabric for vestee. Width about 2¾ yards.

5039 4573 4867 5008 5022 5011

Patterns, including Pictograf—"step by-step" directions for Cutting, Sewing Together, and Finishing—are obtainable at leading shops throughout the world, and at Pictorial Review offices; prices given on Page 91.

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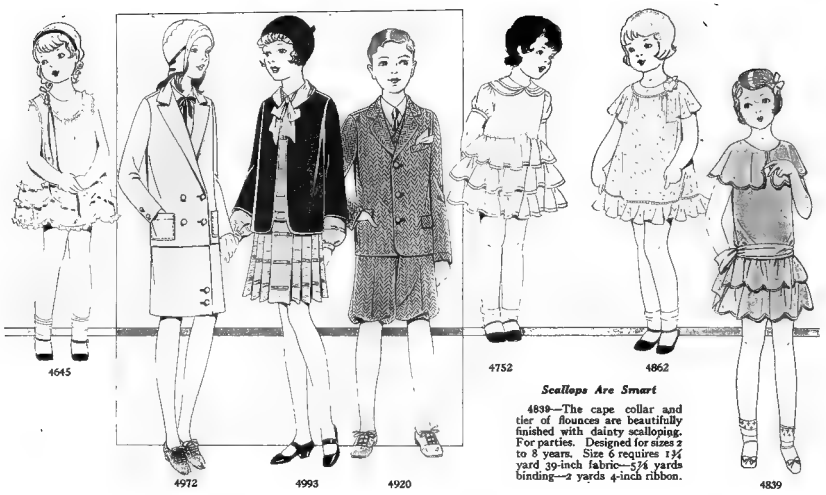


Scallops Are Smart

4839—The cape collar and tier of flounces are beautifully finished with dainty scalloping. For parties. Designed for sizes 2 to 8 years. Size 6 requires 1¾ yard 39-inch fabric—5¾ yards binding—2 yards 4-inch ribbon.

YOUNG MODERNS TAKE TO FLOUNCES

With Lace Trim

4645—This charming frock is developed in printed dimity, with rows of chic lace ruffles. Youthful. Designed for sizes 2, 4 and 6 years. Size 4 requires 2¼ yards 32-inch print—¾ yard 32-inch plain fabric—18 yards lace.

The Young Man

4920—This is a mannish suit for the boy of school age. Designed for sizes 8 to 16 years. Size 12 requires 2¾ yards 54-inch material—1¾ yard 36-inch lining for coat—¼ yard 27-inch material for vest back.

A Cape Collar

4808—The deep cape collar is an attractive feature of this lovely frock which adds a bow at the shoulder and another one at the hip. Designed for sizes 8 to 15 years. Size 12 requires 4¾ yards 39-inch printed silk fabric.

Practical Suit

4972—The schoolgirl will appreciate this trim suit, which may be worn with a variety of blouses. The jacket is smartly double-breasted. Designed for sizes 8 to 16 years. Size 10 requires 2 yards 54-inch material.

Double Collar

4752—The double collar and the rows of ruffles are appealing details of this bouffant frock for party wear. Dainty design. Designed for sizes 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 2¾ yards 39-inch material—7⅝ yards for binding.

Dipping Hemline

4965—A demure frock for a modern maiden has a circular peplum and a circular, side-dipping skirt. Designed for sizes 8 to 16 years. Size 14 requires 3¾ yards 39-inch material—⅛ yard 36-inch allover lace.

Bolero Jacket

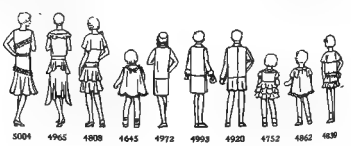
4993—A novelty jersey frock is topped by a jacket of bolero type in black velveteen. Stripes are smart. Designed for sizes 6 to 14 years. Size 10 requires 1⅝ yard 54-inch material for frock—1¾ yard 36-inch fabric for jacket.

Chic Capelets

4862—The small miss, as well as the grown-up one, takes to circular lines. Circular shoulder capes and circular flounce are effective and decidedly new. Designed for sizes 1 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 1⅝ yard 36-inch print.

Rows of Ruffles

5004—Two ruffles take an upward trend on the skirt and simulate a smart bolero on the bodice. Designed for sizes 8 to 15 years. Size 12 requires 2¾ yards 39-inch material—3⅜ yards ribbon for belt and bow.



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THE WINTER MODE IN MINIATURE

With Novel Diagonals

4956—Binding accents the clever diagonal yoke effect. Very practical. Designed for sizes 6 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 1⅞ yard 36-inch printed material—½ yard 36-inch fabric for collar, cuffs and tie—⅞ yard binding.

High Waistline

4974—Frilling finishes the demure cape collar and defines a high waistline. Designed for sizes 4, 6 and 8 years. Size 6 requires 1¾ yard 39-inch material—⅝ yard 39-inch white fabric for collar—4 yards frilling.

With a Peplum

5010—The peplum is adapted to this frock's youthful lines. Designed for sizes 6 to 14 years. Size 10 requires 1⅝ yard 54-inch material—½ yard 39-inch fabric for collar and belt—1 yard dark ribbon for the tie.

Practical Coat

5002—This is a warm coat for Winter days, with a fur collar which is fastened up snugly around the neck. Cuffs. Designed for sizes 8 to 15 years. Size 12 requires 2¼ yards 54-inch material—⅝ yard 54-inch fur cloth.

Favored Bertha

5005—An interesting little bertha collar is a style feature of this frock for the tiny girl. For youthful party wear. Designed for sizes 1 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 2⅜ yards 36-inch print for frock with bloomers—1¾ yard binding.

Smart Contrast

4938—Fabric and color contrast are much in the mode. The skirt is of serge, the blouse jersey. Designed for sizes 6 to 14 years. Size 10 requires ⅞ yard 54-inch material—1¼ yard 54-inch material for blouse.

New Cape Frock

5017—A detachable cape is the very striking feature of this frock. The buttoned-in-front bodice closes at the neck with a round collar. Designed for sizes 10 to 16 years. Size 12 requires 2½ yards 54-inch fabric.

Plaids are Chic

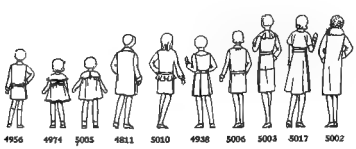
4811—A velveteen coat accompanies a plaid frock. Designed for sizes 8 to 15 years. Size 10 requires 1⅝ yard 54-inch plaid material—⅜ yard 39-inch fabric for frill and collar—2¾ yards 36-inch coat material.

An Unusual Yoke

5006—A novel yoke with a loose tab end and a Peter Pan collar distinguish this trim frock. Designed for sizes 6 to 14 years. Size 10 requires 1¾ yard 54-inch material—⅝ yard 39-inch contrasting fabric to trim.

Unique Collar

5003—A flattering neckline treatment. Designed for sizes 8 to 15 years. Size 14 requires 1⅝ yard 39-inch material for skirt, collar and cuffs—1½ yard 39-inch contrasting. Scallop No. 11828, blue or yellow.



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NEW PRINCESS LINGERIE AND BOUDOIR ACCESSORIES

4770—Nightgown ensemble. Very new. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 36 requires 4 yards 39-inch material—1⅞ yard 4-inch banding—1¼ yard 8-inch banding.

4935—Exploiting a nautical theme with middy and "gob" trousers. Swagger style. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 39-inch plain material.

5030—Three-piece pajama ensemble. With tunic coat. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 36 requires 4¼ yards 39-inch material—3¾ yards 39-inch printed material.

2992—Designed for sizes 34 to 44. Size 36 requires 1¾ yard 32-inch material for brassière and step-ins—1⅜ yard ribbon for shoulder straps. Brief and cool.

4912—Dainty bandeau and bloomer set for the junior miss. A favorite fashion. Designed for sizes 8 to 16. Size 12 requires 1¾ yard 39-inch material for the set.

4915—Pajama ensemble for the junior miss. Designed for sizes 2, 4 and 6 years. Size 4 requires 3 yards 27-inch striped material—1⅛ yard 27-inch plain to trim.

5018—Dolls' set, consisting of a complete wardrobe. Easy to make. Designed for sizes 14 to 30. Size 14 requires ⅞ yard 32-inch plain material for dress, cape and bonnet.

4264—Sleeveless jacket with decoration. Designed for sizes 1 to 6. Size 4 requires ¾ yard 36-inch material. Including free transfer.

5035—Designed for sizes 14 to 46. Size 16 requires 1⅛ yard 39-inch material—½ yard 36-inch fabric for brassière.

5031—Designed in sizes 24, 28 and 32 inches. Size 28 requires 2¼ yards 39-inch light—⅜ yard 39-inch dark material.

5020—Sleeveless gown. Designed for sizes 16, 20 and 42. Size 20 requires 3¾ yards 36-inch plain material—2⅜ yards ribbon.

4841—To wear with extreme décolletage—evening bandeau. Designed for sizes 16 to 42. Size 16 requires ⅜ yard 39-inch material.

4917—Smart. Designed for sizes 14 to 46. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 39-inch material—1 yard 39-inch contrasting to trim.

4909—Designed for sizes 6 to 16. Size 14 requires 6¼ yards 39-inch plain—1¾ yard 39-inch material for belt and trim.

5035—Slip with the new princess lines. Designed for sizes 14 to 46. Size 36 requires 2⅜ yards 39-inch fabric. Width about 2 yards.

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Sincerely yours,
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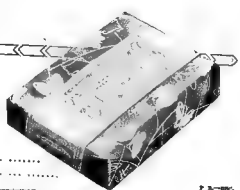
Name .....

Address .....



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Continued from Page 74

trained nurse. Besides a chauffeur is an unnecessary luxury to those who do not own a car.

The Fenwick car had been discovered by the police two days after Eugene's collapse. It was standing in a patch of woods half a mile from the spot where she had found him. It was stripped of everything—a wreck not worth towing home.

SHE was sorry to say good-by to the large, emotional, lanky man who felt such sympathy with Eugene's illness. She had a final interview with him, paying him off with the last money in her account.

But in solitude her keen mind came stalking out and took possession as a wild animal comes out only in the night. She saw immediately that there was something wrong with the garage-accounts—if not dishonesty on Mack's part, certainly incredible laxity on Eugene's. It was impossible that so many tires could have been used, such gallons and gallons of gasoline, evidences of bills raised in the local garage.

She felt the ignominy of being cheated, resented the fact that while she was saving pennies, Eugene was allowing hundreds of dollars to be squandered. But most of all she felt a species of terror, as if, in the passage of a dangerous strait, she had suddenly discovered that the pilot was incompetent.

The morning after Mack's departure Delia came to her looking severe.

"I think you should have the garage cleaned and put in order at once, Madam."

"Get Mrs. O'Neil to come over tomorrow if she can."

No, Delia wasn't satisfied. "I think you should look at it yourself, Madam."

Delia's tone prepared her a little for what she discovered: cupboards littered with empty and not quite empty flasks and bottles; many cases of unopened gin which Eugene must have stored there; good inner tubes, rotting from disuse; a fur rug entirely moth-eaten; utter disorder and dirt. She felt a repulsion first to the whole masculine sex, and then to herself. Why had she let things get to such a pass?

She was called from the uncongenial task by the trained nurse. Mr. Fenwick was ready for her morning visit. Coming suddenly into his room, her anger was at once changed to pity. He was lying back on his pillows, staring sideways at the floor, with a sort of cold terror in his eyes as if he saw a chasm very slowly opening at his feet.

Then as he caught sight of her he looked up and smiled, as if she alone could give him security.

She had consulted Dr. Colburn about Watts's invitation, not mentioning whose it was, and he had expressed approval. It was most important, he said, that Eugene should be saved all anxiety about his future until he got physically strong. Two months in the tropics would be excellent; six would be better.

Yet day after day she put off telling Eugene. He still seemed frail and shaken. Besides she hated a crisis. She made up her mind, however, that the first moment he made any reference to his future she would speak.

And at last this morning he said, "I can go out to-morrow, Linda, I was thinking I might drive as far as Simonson's, if he's at home, and see him about that position he offered me."

"Dr. Colburn doesn't want you to do anything like that until next week, my dear."

He groaned. "It's pretty awful—lying here thinking, and not doing anything."

This was the moment. "Why see Simonson or any one just yet?" she said. "Nicholas Watts wants us to go to the West Indies with him for a month or so. Let's forget about business until we get back."

She had actually expected him to be pleased, but his eyes expressed anything but pleasure. "Watts?" he said. "Have you been seeing Watts again?"

"Not since that day he was here. I told you. He suggested it then, but I did not want to bother you with plans until you felt better. Now I should like to be able to tell him when we can get off."

"Get off!" said Eugene. "I think you're crazy."

"You don't want to go?"

"Want to? Why, yes, but there are a lot of things I want to do. I can't take another holiday. I've just got back, I must find something to do. Don't you realize that if we go on like this much longer we shall be on our uppers?"

"But this would be giving us time—"

He interrupted. "There's no use in talking about it, Linda. I couldn't do it. I shouldn't enjoy it in the first place, in the state of mind I'm in just now. I've got to get to work. I'm sorry for you, if you want to do it. But anyhow, my poor girl, that is the sort of thing you gave up when you married a poor man." He smiled at her.

She was so constituted that her own opinion melted away like a mist, and she was aware only of his, which for an instant appeared to her more rational and self-respecting. She was obliged to remind herself of his danger.

In the pause, Eugene's mind turned back to Simonson, as if the other suggestion had been dealt with. Of course he did not entirely trust the man—

Linda sighed. Once more she had been utterly inflective. She must try again.

"Eugene," she said, "I care very much about your going on this trip."

She had his full attention. "You do. Why?"

"Because I believe it may save you, and I think it is the only thing that will."

"Save me?" he said, frowning.

"I have never tried to bully you, Gene, into doing things my way. I've let you try your own plans for pulling up, and when they've failed I haven't complained or reproached you. Now I ask you in once to try my plan. I want you to go for a month or two where there will be no temptation to drink—with a friend whom you like—under the pleasantest conditions."

"I wouldn't hear of it. I don't want to be babied. I can stop drinking if I want." Something sullen in his tone drew out something icy in hers.

"Am I to understand that so far you have never wanted to stop?"

"I've wanted to and I have. Yes, I have, Linda. Don't dare raise your eyebrows like that. This last time was an accident. I happened to get some bad—"

"Eugene, you were drunk when you went to Mr. Hornby's."

"I was not. Why do you say that?"

"He told Mr. Watts that you were."

"I was not. And it's not like you, Linda, to let a man come tattling to you about me. It's not dignified; it's not loyal——"

"Loyalty, dignity, what do I care. We are facing disaster."

"Dear girl, you're hysterical. We're doing nothing of the kind. I tell you I have thought it all out while I've been ill. I can stop. I know I can. I give you my word, Linda."

"Oh, Eugene, how many times have you given it to me before?"

For an instant she thought he was going to lose his temper, and then he smiled at her. "I don't wonder you don't believe me, dear. But this time it happens to be true. I've been through hell, Linda. You know I've never been ill like this—and die. Perhaps a woman wouldn't understand. But I've learned my lesson, Linda. You may believe me."

SHE couldn't believe him, but to say so seemed too brutal. Yet there were times when your own integrity demanded brutality. She decided to be brutal.

"Well, then, darling, if you have changed, give yourself every chance, in the best possible condition——"

"Those wouldn't be good conditions for me. I should feel that you and Nick were banded against me. I should want to outwit you just for the fun of it."

"Oh, Eugene!"

"Well, there's no use in talking of it, for I shall never consent."

She wondered what a person of force would do; what, if Watts were a woman, he would have done in her place. It seemed so flat just to yield when her whole life was at stake, and yet she could not think that any further speech would help much. She might threaten to leave him. That would be logical, but she could

Continued on Page 86

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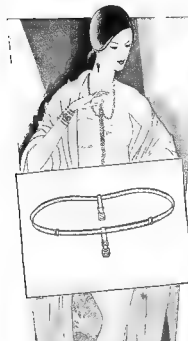

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Continued from Page 84

never leave him. She knew it, if he did not.

Then as she stood staring at him, suddenly the two diverse parts of her nature coalesced—the superficial part, that wanted to be kind and believe him, and the deeper part, that didn't believe him and still longed to save him.

"We'll leave it like this, then," she said. "That we'll give up the idea of Argenta—forget all about it—unless you begin drinking again. But if you do I shall take it as an automatic consent to my plan."

"I don't agree to that."

"You sound as if you had no confidence in your own promises."

"It's you who lack confidence. It's pretty hard to make a fight if the woman you love doubts you. But I'm going to prove to you——"

"Eugene, if you believe you are never going to drink again, you wouldn't mind promising that if you do——"

"I do mind. I mind your asking for such a promise. It shows you have no faith in me, and without that——"

"You know that the reason you won't agree is that you do not mean to do what you are promising me.

"Ah, there it is! You've always doubted me; you've always held yourself aloof, judging, criticizing, deciding."

She saw his hands trembling. She knew the excitement was bad for him, so she went out of the room. It was terrible to quarrel when they both so passionately wanted the same thing! Or did they? Did he really want to stop drinking? Was it only she, alone, fighting this gigantic, overwhelming battle? Was it worth fighting any longer? Hadn't that moment come when she might as well give up and just go through the motions?

Two weeks later, a few days after Christmas, Watts came into his office for the first time that day, and it was after two o'clock. Matherson had met him in the outer room with sheafs of papers and messages and checks to sign. In the second room Miss MacIntosh was typing.

Her employer stood before her desk. "Well, what is there?" he said. "Don't give me what isn't necessary."

She slanted her eyes contemptuously, meaning that she never did give him anything that wasn't necessary, but she said nothing, and handed him a pad. Then when she saw his eyes traveling down her notes she said quietly, "Mrs. Fenwick is waiting for you in your own room."

He didn't move, but she noticed that the regular rhythm of his breathing ceased for a half minute or so. She was amused. "She has been telephoning me all morning. She seemed surprised to hear that you were sailing for the island of Argenta to-morrow. I told her you would probably be in before the meeting at the bank."

"Call up the bank and say I may not be able to get to the meeting this afternoon," was his reply, and he went into his office.

LINDA had been sitting waiting. She sprang up as he entered. "Oh, I'm so glad you've come!" she said.

He did not smile at her.

"I hope nothing's wrong," he said.

He was evidently not glad to see her. Her coming was probably inconvenient. What a fool to come rushing down-town like this! She drew herself up. "I tried to telephone you," she said.

"You haven't communicated with me for three weeks," he said. "How can I help you if you won't co-operate with me? I haven't known whether you were going south with me or not."

She colored deeply. How rude she had been! The truth was she had wanted so much to telephone him; that she had thought only of her own wishes, of self-discipline, of being strong enough not to call up a busy man every time she was worried or unhappy. She had never thought that he must be waiting to hear. How could she have been so inconsiderate, she who made politeness a god? Yet, after all, it was a relief to find that he was angry at her for not having called him up. Still she wasn't going to tell him all that. She said casually, "It was horrible of me. I'm so sorry, but I don't want to spend the few minutes I have apologizing."

"You have only a few minutes?"

"Your secretary said you had a meeting at three."

"I've called it off."

"Oh, you mustn't do that."

He smiled at her. "My meeting is important, but I have a sense of values. I know you would not be here if you did not have something more important to say."

"More important to me, but——"

"What is it?"

OF COURSE she must tell him the whole story. "Eugene wouldn't consider going, just as you said. He was sure he could pull up this time, that he had had his lesson——"

Watts shook his head. "He can't stop like that, poor devil."

"He hasn't stopped," answered Linda. "As soon as he could get out he went and took this position with the Simonsons. It's not a good place, nor good for him. He hadn't been in it a week before I knew he was drinking again." She paused. There was no use in going into the details of it. "This is what I came to say," she went on, "but as you're sailing to-morrow it doesn't matter—only I warned him that if he broke his word again, I should assume that that was an automatic consent on his part to going with you. As soon as he is sensible at all I shall put it to him again."

"Put it to him," said Watts. "Nonsense! I'll bring the boat round to Cold Spring Harbor to-morrow, and we'll take him aboard."

"We couldn't yet—he's hardly conscious."

"All the better. Let him wake up at sea. It simplifies everything." He buzzed his desk-telephone. "I want to speak to Captain Booth, Miss MacIntosh."

Linda wondered if he thought the whole matter was settled. "I don't think I can agree to that," she said. "Kidnaping him."

"Don't you think it's the best chance for him?"

"The only one probably."

"Then why do you hesitate?"

Why did she? She did not know exactly. "It isn't cowardice., I'm not afraid, not even of Eugene's anger, and he will be angry. It's more that I feel it's an invasion of another creature's rights."

Watts wasn't interested in her distinctions. "How long do you think it will take you to decide?"

Decide! She would never decide in the sense that he meant it, except that failure to take action was to decide not to go. Again she felt that painful division in her own nature—her mind seeing so clearly that this thing should be done, and all the rest of her shrinking from the ugly isolation of action.

Richard would disapprove. Eugene would perhaps never forgive her. On the other hand Watts would despise her for all time if she didn't. Not that that mattered so much. Only if he sailed to-morrow without them there was no further hope for Eugene. He and she together would sink, sink, sink.

"You see," he said gently, "that I have only a few hours to make the arrangements."

Never before had she been so conscious of her own weakness in this sort of crisis. "You admit it is a difficult decision to arrive at?" she said.

"No, it doesn't seem so to me. I should say you had nothing to lose and everything to gain by taking this chance."

It was inexplicable even to her that she wanted so much to save her husband, and yet could not make up her mind to take the only step that promised salvation.

"If I could understand why you hesitated——" His manner was unusually kind. She knew she ought to be grateful, but she felt driven, irritated. She wanted to be let alone.

"Can't you see," she said, "it's Eugene's life I'm deciding?"

"Saving rather. If he were about to commit suicide in a delirium, you'd stop him."

She hoped she would, tho she thought to herself it would be just like her to hesitate too long even there.

"Is there any one you would like to consult before you decide?" Watts asked.

Her face lit up. Richard, her brother, he would utterly disapprove. He would save her. "Oh, yes, my brother," she

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answered. "I'll go round to his office now."

"We'll get him here," said Watts, picking up his telephone. And a minute later he was talking to him. "Your sister is here in my office, Mr. Severn. She wants to consult you about a plan of mine for Fenwick." She could hear the roll of Richard's voice. Was he refusing to come? He did not approve of Watts. Watts hung up the receiver. "He's on his way round," he said.

Before she had time to speak, Watts was notified that his captain was on the wire.

In a trance, she caught phrases—"taking off a sick gentleman in Cold Spring Harbor—go out through the Sound——"

What a strange power was the human will! This man had no control over her, and no personal interest in her problem, and yet the impact of his will on hers was almost irresistible.

He hung up the receiver slowly.

"I wish," he said, "that I could understand why you don't want to do this."

She would have told him if she could. "It would be peace and safety to go if it could happen without my volition. But to do such a thing to another human being, my equal, my superior in many things, my husband— Yet I know that I shall feel utterly hopeless and deserted when you sail without me."

"I shall not sail without you."

She did not know what he meant exactly. She continued to look at him.

"I can't get at your mind," he said. "I don't know what you're thinking."

Evidently she too had a sort of power. "Is it necessary that you should?" she asked with a gentle insolence.

Before he could answer, the door opened, and Richard entered, rigid and disapproving.

"Is there anything wrong, Linda?" he said. "How are you, Watts?"

"Things have not been very right with me for some time," she answered.

Richard's eyebrows lifted. "So I have suspected, but as you have not wished to take me into your confidence——"

"Richard," she said, "Mr. Watts is sailing for a tropical island to-morrow and he wants Gene and me to go with him. Gene is drinking again, and——"

"I should think, considering Eugene's own description of his finances, it was more desirable that he should stop drinking and get to work."

How hard he was! How hard they both were!—Richard hard with the sense of his own integrity and his determination always to do his duty; Watts hard with the sense of his own power and the determination always to have his own way. A woman might be ground to powder between the two. Well, let them fight it out between them, and when they had destroyed each other she would do what seemed best to her.

Watts spoke. "It isn't quite as easy as that, Severn. Eugene can't stop drinking without outside help, any more than he could stop having tuberculosis or heart-disease. I've known him since he was in college, and I understand and like him." He smiled. "Mrs. Fenwick, I see, has not been willing to tell you what she has been through for the past six months, but I will tell you."

It was curious to sit there with her hands folded and hear this man, almost a stranger, telling her own brother the story she had wanted so much to let him know. It seemed to her Watts told it perfectly. His dealing with Eugene warmed her heart. There was nothing superior or apologetic in the tone he took about his friend. As for her adventure the night she had brought Eugene home, he made her sound like a heroine of romance.

RICHARD was shocked. "I had no idea things were as bad as this, Linda," he said.

She felt the deep reproach in his tone. "You know I've wanted very much to tell you everything, Dick, only it didn't seem quite fair to Eugene."

"You have been able to tell other people."

"A friend of Eugene's."

"I understand," he said.

Watts went on speaking:

"I'm sailing on my yacht for Argenta to-morrow. If I could get Eugene down there—I've always had some influence on him—I could prevent his getting anything to drink. There's good fishing, some shooting, sailing, and the most ideal swimming. I might straighten him out. The point is he's dead drunk—would have to be carried on board unconscious. Mrs. Fenwick, very naturally, shrinks from taking that responsibility without your approval."

She saw that Richard was being won over. She had been so sure of him, so sure of his disapproval. Now he was speaking of gratitude. Apparently it was all settled. Watts was inviting Richard to come too. She felt she must make a last stand.

"Don't you really think it is a horrible thing for me to do, Dick, for any woman to do to her husband? Will he ever forgive such an insult? Would you ever forgive Marion if she took the management of life out of your hands? You see he positively refused to consent. He's accepted a position. Will he ever forgive me?"

She felt the same thought pass between the two men—namely, that it did not make much difference if he never did, as far as they were concerned. They both assured her that he would not only forgive but thank her. She simply could not do anything else. They turned to final plans. Richard was to go down to the country the next morning and help her in getting Eugene aboard, thus giving his official sanction to the whole thing.

She was not sure whether it was a deliberate plan of Watts's, but she had no chance to talk to Richard alone. Both men walked with her to the subway which took her to her Long Island train.

Before she went down the steps she glanced back and saw them walking away together, still talking.

Well, the issue was decided now—decided through no initiative or responsibility of hers. She wondered whether she were a very weak woman coerced by two strong men, or whether events had fallen out exactly as from the beginning she had intended them to fall out. She really did not know.

ABOUT noon the *Argenta* steamed with a slow and stately motion out of Cold Spring Harbor and on her course up the Sound. It was a clear, mild day, all pale-blue skies and waters, stretches of snow on Long Island, and from the chimneys of Stamford and South Norwalk long trails of violet smoke blowing over the Sound in the faint northerly air.

Dr. Colburn and Richard had got Eugene aboard without any assistance from Linda. She had stayed to make the last arrangements for closing the house, and then had come on with the luggage. The launch that took Richard ashore was to take her on board. She had a few words with him at the float.

"You never saw such a boat in your life," he said. "It makes the bridal suite on an Atlantic vessel seem like roughing it. He's done everything to make you both comfortable, and the doctor and his wife, a charming young couple. Eugene is still sleeping. Colburn very sensibly gave him a mild opiate. I knew you'd be glad to find another woman on board."

It depended, Linda thought, a good deal on the woman. Somehow she had not thought of any woman on board but herself. Yes, yes, perhaps it would be better.

Watts was at the gangway to receive her, and almost before her hand was withdrawn from his the gang-plank was up, the launch rising to its davits, the yacht under way. He took her below immediately. She looked in at Eugene, sleeping in a French *cuisne* bedstead. In her cabin the valet's wife was already unpacking her things. They went on to her sitting-room, a paneled room, with book-shelves, a fireplace with an electric fire glowing in it, flowers on the table—gardenias. Linda bent over them. "I love them so," she said.

Behind her a sweet voice with a faint Southern drawl said, "I thought you'd like those. I chose them for you."

Linda straightened herself, turned, and was introduced to Mrs. Manning. "Thank you, so much," she said. She saw a tall, romantic-looking woman, white as her gardenias, with huge black eyes, masses of black hair, smoothed and looped, and an upper lip that projected a little

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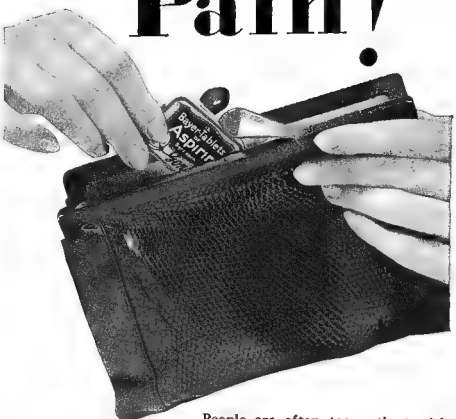

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beyond the lower. A very handsome creature, Linda admitted.

"For myself I like the simpler flowers," Mrs. Manning went on, "pansies and old-fashioned pinks, but for a lovely lady like you, I said at once roses and gardenias."

Linda thought, "This is going to be terrible. I can't stand a woman who talks like this." She glanced at Watts. He seemed to think it all right, or else he wasn't listening at all. She reflected that people were sometimes like that when you first met them and got over it afterward. She hoped Mrs. Manning was that kind.

Watts said briskly, "Luncheon at once," and left the room. Mrs. Manning lingered.

"If there's anything I can do for you, you'll let me know," she said. "We came with Mr. Watts last year. My husband is so devoted to him. He'd do anything. It was a party of ten men and me. How grateful I should have been to have an older woman along then!"

Not being able to think of anything to say in answer to this, Linda managed a mechanical smile.

She met the doctor at luncheon, a pale young man with the manners of the great world. Light, fuzzy hair receding from a high forehead, brilliant light eyes set level with his face.

They had not finished their soup before Linda saw with elation that these two men would, in theatrical parlance, put on a great show for her, an intellectual pageant. They approached the ultimate problem of life from diametrically opposite directions. Watts, naturally practical, was skeptical of any evidence that could not be weighed and analyzed. Manning, who dealt with the human soul, was skeptical of materialistic science and credulous of magic. Yet the two minds met across the barrier that one believed all spirit was matter, and the other that all matter was spirit.

It was exactly what Linda liked. She could get a picture of new discoveries, a sort of fine aroma of scientific truth without the trouble of learning herself. She was a good audience and knew how to keep them going, to assure them of her interest without interrupting them.

But this was not Mrs. Manning's idea at all. She listened to them a little while in wonder—not at their erudition, but at the fact that they could do nothing better than talk philosophy in the presence of two beautiful women.

Her soft voice broke in upon them. "You're absolutely determined, aren't you, that I sha'n't have any of those ripe olives?"

WATTS stopped speaking, smiled at the speaker, and gave her the olives. Linda thought that really men were very patient with women, or should she say with good-looking women.

After luncheon was over she went to Eugene. She wanted to be with him when he woke. She dreaded the moment as she sat watching him sleep. How strange and unreal it was that he and she were outward bound in company with these strangers! She wondered what there was between Watts and Mrs. Manning. Nothing, surely. The woman made a constant demand for his attention, but would certainly do the same to any man.

Linda hoped that this act of pure friendship on Watts's part was not really a convenient cloak. She wanted him for her own purposes; she wanted not his love, Heaven knew, but his greatness. If he were belittled in her eyes by an infatuation for that silly girl, she herself couldn't turn to him, hang on him, consult him. She would be contemptuous and frozen. She knew herself.

She found Eugene had opened his eyes and was staring at her. He held out his hand to her. "Linda, where are we?" he asked.

She told him. He did not seem to resent it. She could not be quite sure he took it in. She sat with him for an hour while he dozed and woke and talked a little and dozed again. Then the doctor came in, and she left them.

She got on a fur coat and decided to take a turn on deck before the sun had set. The sound of the piano from the saloon told her Mrs. Manning's whereabouts. "Crooning negro melodies," said Linda to herself, and then she thought she mustn't really allow herself to become antagonistic to her fellow traveler. It wasn't civilized.

She stepped out on deck. They had just passed through the Race. Lighthouses on Plum Island, on Fishers Island, and Race Rock were already twinkling white or white and red in the twilight. Behind her a Winter sunset of gray and crimson, and ahead the grand violet spaces of sky and the open sea. How she loved the sea!

IN THE lee of the deck-house she came on Watts and his captain. "Mrs. Fenwick, this is Captain Booth." She remembered yesterday in Watts's office when he captain had been merely a name, and all this had seemed so unlikely to happen.

"Let's walk," said Watts. Up and down the starboard side they went. Watts asked after Eugene. She thanked him for having provided a doctor, and such an agreeable one.

"The fellow has a fine, speculative mind," said Watts.

"You do have a better one yourself," she returned. She spoke spontaneously, and she regretted it. Was she about to enter into a competition of flattery with that dark-browed queen at the piano?

"No," said Watts. "I lack imagination. I envy him those flights of his, even the most unsound."

She wanted to know how long the Mannings would be of the party, but found difficulty in phrasing the question so that it would not sound as if she were eager to be rid of them. This might do: "Dr. Manning gets on beautifully with Eugene. Will he stay on at Argenta?"

"I have no idea," Watts answered. "Certainly, if Eugene continues to need a physician."

That did not sound like a love-affair. She felt cheered. "What light is that?" she asked.

"Montauk."

She was aware that his hand, grasping a stanchion, brought his arm behind her head. She had but to lean her head back an inch or two.

"I do love the sea," she said. He did not answer. If some day she found herself unexpectedly clasped in that stern embrace——

"I think I'll go down now," she said. "Not yet." He did not contradict or plead. He simply stated a fact. "Tonight we may run into a little sea. Let's get what air and exercise we can now."

That was sensible. She yielded, and walked a little longer. She liked him in these surroundings. He did well on his quarter-deck—not sprawling at a teatable. She became conscious of the egotistical feminine desire to be secretly omnipotent with the man at the top, and no man was ever more at the top than Watts on his own boat. Altho Linda herself had never been much on the water, she detected at once his professional seamanship. She could not have said how.

He on his side knew that for the first time in their short friendship she was now engaged in flattering him—not by anything so obvious as compliments, but by the way in which she confided her whole being to his keeping. He was to call the tune, and she would dance to it.

He spoke of ships and waters, and she said, "You've been a great deal at sea."

"Ever since I was thirteen."

"Thirteen?" Linda could hardly believe it.

When at last they decided to go in, night had completely fallen, and she had heard, what no other woman had heard, the story of those early years—great stuff for one who liked to take life at second-hand. She felt as if she had just closed the pages of an absorbing novel.

"It's hard to imagine you as a little boy," she said. She knew she could have said nothing more flattering to him.

Mrs. Manning was drinking tea by herself in the saloon. Linda felt more kindly toward her.

"I hope you didn't miss the sunset," she said.

"Oh, I saw it out of the window," answered Mrs. Manning. "I didn't go out. It's so cold, and you two seemed to be so interested in talking."

Really, Linda thought, there is no answer to that, but Watts thought of one. "We were interested," he said. Amused, Linda left them.

At dinner-time Mrs. Manning ap-

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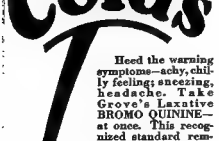

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peared in an orange-and-silver tea-gown which would have made a Byzantine empress look like Cinderella before the visit of her godmother. Linda said, "Oh, what a lovely color!" The men had not come in yet.

Mrs. Manning spread out her embroidered sleeves. "I find you need something like this on a boat—something you can jump into in a hurry because, as you have probably noticed, Mr. Watts is even more of a martinet on sea than on shore. He can't be kept waiting a moment."

"And what does he do?" asked Linda, suddenly becoming an empress, too.

"Haven't you ever seen him angry?" asked Mrs. Manning, and as he entered at that instant, she turned to him. "I was just asking Mrs. Fenwick if she had never seen you angry."

Watts looked at Linda, and it seemed to her that a deep affection was in his glance. "I think that great spectacle has been denied her," he said dryly.

"Oh, my dear, you're lucky," said Mrs. Manning, waving her hands and moving about the saloon. "It's a terrifying sight. Oh! Do you remember that poor negro in Nassau?" It was a long story, continued after they went down to dinner. Mrs. Manning had not the art of communicating mental states, and could only repeat, "It was frightful. Oh, my dear, I was so frightened."

Linda glanced at Watts. Was this really the sort of thing he liked? She felt contemptuous, and, looking straight at him, she said, "Go show your slaves how choleric you are and make your bondsmen tremble." Her tone made her quotation unfriendly.

"Since I have your permission, perhaps I shall," he answered.

She turned and talked to the doctor for the rest of dinner—always an easy thing to do. His field being the slugs of human character, he had practical information for every one. Now and then a sentence of Mrs. Manning's would tell her that the honey was still dripping.

So that was the way he liked women to approach him—on their knees? She felt like a visitor in an alien temple who must either conform to some grotesque ceremony or remain conspicuous by holding aloof. The idea of conforming nauseated her. She found her chin several inches higher than was normal.

After dinner, when the women were alone, Mrs. Manning continued in the same vein. Linda saw exactly what she was doing—trying to drive Linda into saying something disagreeable that could be repeated. For a long time Linda resisted saying anything except "Yes, indeed; yes, he is. No, I don't know him well enough—not as well as you do——"

AT LAST Mrs. Manning made the statement that he was in effect a superman. She repeated it several times.

"I'm not sure," said Linda coldly, "that I know what that is."

Mrs. Manning was not such a fool as to attempt a definition. She merely summed up his attainments. He was respected by men; had made a great fortune out of nothing; he had more power in the financial world than almost any one; he had great executive ability; Dr. Manning said he had never seen any one who came to decisions so rapidly and so soundly; he was respected by men and irresistible to women.

"Irresistible?" Linda's voice was icy.

"Well, isn't he?"

"Of course one can only speak for oneself."

"Oh, you and *me*, no," said Mrs. Manning, "happily married of course not to us, tho I must own I wouldn't trust myself too far. Eben had better look out; I always warn him. But most women, you must know, Mrs. Fenwick, simply go mad about Nicholas Watts."

"Really," said Linda. "I should think he was rather deficient in the small graces and courtesies that women like." She knew she oughtn't to say it, but the impulse was stronger than she. To preserve herself from further danger she went below to see Eugene, and found him well enough to be amused by an imitation of the doctor's wife making herself solid with Watts.

Presently Manning came in. He was engaged in doctoring not only Eugene's body but his soul, trying to find in his early environment something to explain his intemperance. Eugene found the process surprizing, amusing, extremely interesting. Linda left them alone. But she did not return to the saloon. Her instinct warned her that she would be too late to prevent and too early to repair the damage that was being done there.

She woke at dawn to the sound of holystoning the decks. The yacht was rolling a little, not enough to disturb her. She was disturbed by her thoughts. She saw in a flash of waking clarity that Mrs. Manning would certainly have got her into trouble, that Watts might be rude—the whole trip might be endangered; she and Eugene might find themselves obliged to go home on the first boat. This was the trouble of accepting favors.

She grew quite tremulous, thinking of scenes in which Watts insulted her, and she, with her whole nature in action, as it so seldom was, replied with a few home truths. It was more vivid to her than if it had really happened. She would have said she did not close her eyes again, except that she was sleeping soundly at half past eight when the maid came in with her coffee.

THIS second waking found her calm. She smiled at the perturbations of dawn. She felt herself capable of dealing with the situation even at its worst.

She looked at herself in the glass. Her skin glowed, and her hair was crisped by the damp air. She looked rested.

Again she had her breakfast in bed, and then went in to see Eugene. More vividly than before she had the impression of his separation from her by a sadness, by a sort of unawareness of anything outside of his own mood, or by physical weakness. There was nothing hostile about it, except that between two people who love each other anything not positively tender is hostile.

For the first time she said to herself that her presence gave him no pleasure. She was not angry, not deeply hurt. But she felt purposeless.

She went on deck without seeing any of the three other members of the party. She drew a chair into the lee of the deckhouse. Presently Dr. Manning appeared and sat down beside her.

He did not pretend to be a good sailor. Even the slight pitch of the boat in a fairly calm sea made him feel shaky.

"I hate the sea," he said. "I'd never venture on it in a boat of this size except for Watts."

"You are so fond of him?"

"It's more that I enjoy talking to him so much. He has the most brilliant mind I know."

She smiled. "That's what he says of you."

"Ah, my mind is theoretical, working in a void, but his is always working at facts, always in touch with reality. That's more valuable, more interesting."

He wanted, however, to talk of Eugene, not Watts. He wanted to question her endlessly. In the course of their conversation she became aware that Watts and Mrs. Manning had appeared from somewhere and were walking the deck. They discovered Linda, and came and stood beside her. She saw nothing unfriendly, nothing to give her concern except a certain added glee in Mrs. Manning's manner. The motion of the boat made Mrs. Manning scream and catch at Watts's arm. Her hand remained there, even when presently they turned way and resumed their walk.

Strangely enough, in a few minutes Linda and the doctor were speaking of jealousy. She had told him of the feeling of remoteness that Eugene gave her, and he had explained that the man was actually poisoned, drugged, and then he had added:

"But there is one thing you ought to be careful about. I always warn all the wives, or husbands, nowadays, of my alcoholic patients. There is a very real danger in alcoholic jealousy. No, now don't stiffen your back. I know there could never be ground for jealousy, but that has nothing to do with it. It's one of their regular illusions. You'd really be surprized, Mrs. Fenwick," he added with a bright look, "you'd be surprized to know how many times alcoholics attempt to kill their wives."

"I'm glad the prospect pleases you so much," said Linda.

"It's interesting—interesting, don't

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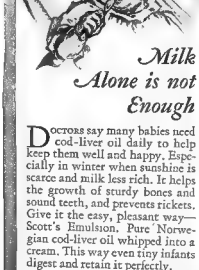

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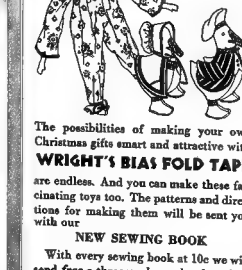

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you think?" he answered. And he went on to speak of jealousy as an almost universal emotion. Linda answered that as far as she knew she had never experienced it. He laughed heartily.

"Oh, you, Mrs. Fenwick, you are very susceptible to jealousy, only with you it takes the form of contempt. You wouldn't get out and fight for a man. You'd say to yourself, 'If that is the type of woman he likes, I never want to see or speak to him again.'"

HER heart stood still. It was exactly what she had been thinking as Watts and his lovely companion paced the deck before her. Yet how could it be she was jealous of Watts?

As the day went on she became more and more convinced that a veil had come between them. Watts was civil, there was nothing overt in his manner, and yet she knew that she had lost all interest for him. What had that woman told him?

Toward five o'clock they ran into a head sea. Dr. Manning disappeared from deck, and when Linda came down to dinner she found that Mrs. Manning too had succumbed. She and Watts were to dine alone. Heretofore the prospect would have delighted her. She had had only two or three opportunities to talk with him naturally. But now she did not look forward to the meal; and she was right. It was strained.

The battle, if battle it was, in this case was not evenly matched, for Watts felt no necessity for speaking if he did not feel so inclined, whereas Linda, with a lifetime of social training behind her, felt the compulsion of the social amenities. She kept starting little spurts of conversation, appearing, as she knew, as if she were trying to placate and please this man.

At last she gave it up, and they finished dinner in silence. When they went

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of PICTORIAL REVIEW, published monthly at Jamaica, N. Y., for October 1, 1929.

STATE OF NEW YORK } ss.
COUNTY OF NEW YORK }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared William F. Ahrendt, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the PICTORIAL REVIEW, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are.

Publisher—THE PICTORIAL REVIEW COMPANY, 222-226 West 39th Street, New York City.

Editor—ARTHUR T. VANCE, 222-226 West 39th Street, New York City.

Managing Editor—PERCY WARMAN, 222-226 West 39th Street, New York City.

Business Manager—WILLIAM P. ARNDELL, 222-226 West 39th Street, New York City.

2. That the owners are THE PICTORIAL REVIEW COMPANY, a corporation, 222-226 West 39th Street, New York City.

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3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are.

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4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company, but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest, direct or indirect, in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

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Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 25th day of September, 1929.

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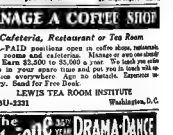

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back to the saloon he did not sit down. He said that he must say good night to her as he had an appointment with the captain and some work to do.

He held out his hand. "I must leave you," he said.

"No," answered Linda.

Watts was surprized. Indeed, he had every reason to be, for the tone was exactly his own; she had learned it from him. He stood still and stared at her. She had a moment of fear—not of him, but of action. Still with her one monosyllable she had gone too far to go back.

"Really," she said, "you can't behave like this."

"I have been behaving in a way?"

"You have been sulking at me."

"You flatter me very much in suggesting——"

"You have been sulking at me."

He made an insolent, bored motion with his shoulders, and moved toward the door, but she glided in front of him and stood with her hands behind her on the handle. A sudden sense of her own power, a sort of intoxication of free action came over her.

"You really can't go until I've finished."

"You don't know me very well," he answered, but she knew that he was now too much interested to cut short the interview.

"You are angry at me on account of something Mrs. Manning has told you I said."

HE FOLDED his arms and spoke in his flattest voice. "Let me give you a piece of advice. When you want to find out facts don't begin by inventing an explanation of them."

"I am not inventing. I am sure that you are angry with me on account——"

"This sounds to me rather like a guilty conscience."

"If I could walk out of the house, I suppose I should, but since I can't it seems to me better to come to an understanding."

"Has it occurred to you that some things can't be explained?"

"What, as bad as that?" She smiled. He did not.

"Not bad at all, but final. And now as Booth is waiting for me——"

"No, you must listen to me. I did say things about you to Mrs. Manning—not probably as bad as she made them sound, but still bad enough. The reason I did——"

"Really, Mrs. Fenwick, I doubt if it is ever much use to go into this sort of thing."

The tone was so hostile, so irritated, that she herself began to grow angry, and would have given up the whole adventure; but, looking at him, she saw a deep, hunted look in his eyes, and she suddenly knew that this man was not angry, but very deeply hurt, and, like most men, entirely without a technique for showing this emotion.

She went on quickly, "It's true I said horrible things, but she was praising you horribly.

"I don't believe you know how deeply what you said about Eugene that first day I went to see you mattered to me.

"It is necessary that I should believe you a little wiser than other men; and to have her praise you as if you were a successful motion-picture actor—I could not bear it."

"You said I had sprawled in your drawing-room."

"And I'd have said worse if I could have thought of it."

HE LOOKED at her and smiled.

"You're a grand person," he said. "No other woman I know would have made that explanation in the absence of any co-operation from me."

"Co-operation! I don't think you understand the English language very well—the most determined opposition."

"I thought no good could come of explanations."

"But good has come?"

He nodded. "Yes, certainly for me."

"Then let me confess something more. I was particularly susceptible of irritation, for I don't like Mrs. Manning."

"No? Shall we put her off at Port Edgar?"

"No." Linda looked up at him and laughed. "You move so quickly," she said.

"Do you think so? It seems to me sometimes I go like a snail."

He left her presently, and left her exultant. She was in fact delighted with herself. She had been bold, positive, and successful. She felt secure of her power over him, and certain that if he had ever meant to make love to her he would have done it in the emotion of a reconciliation. To be sure that he loved her, or at least was deeply concerned about her, and yet to know that he would not express that love openly, seemed to her almost perfection. On her side she would be kind, interested, just, friendly, in fact everything but ardent, and all would go well.

THE island of Argenta, as Linda saw it first, framed in the circle of her porthole like an old-fashioned painting on porcelain, was a streak of green in a

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china-blue sea. It was shaped like a lion *couchant*.

Watts had bought it from an Englishman interested in the cultivation of the flowering shrubs and fruit-trees of the tropics; and the main part of the island was planted in lemons and oranges, olives and figs, flowering cacti, and pomegranates and camellia-bushes as tall as trees.

This wilderness made a screen between Watts's living-quarters, built close to the water on the paws of the lion, and the negro quarters, which straggled about the middle. The farther end, the high haunches of the beast, ran to a hill almost two hundred feet above the sea. Under this there was a large, dry cave, with a narrow entrance, in which Blackbeard was supposed to have hidden treasure. On the high, bare, wind-swept summit was Watts's wireless station. He could be in communication not only with his office in New York, but with his yacht, which could not moor in the open sea off the island, but found anchorage fifteen miles away at Port Edgar.

Building-material was no problem here. The soft rock of the island could be simply sawed into convenient blocks; but Watts had not done any elaborate building. He had added a large sitting-room to the original house, which already contained a dining-room and kitchen and a bedroom and study for the owner. Then he had made an indoor tennis-court in a separate building, and two guest-houses close together, complete with baths and sitting-rooms. Into one of these houses the Fenwicks entered, and into the other the Mannings.

Mrs. Manning accompanied Watts and Linda to the Fenwick quarters, while the doctor and Eugene were sorting out the hand-luggage on the pier.

"I hope," said Watts formally to Linda, "that you will be comfortable here."

"Comfortable!" cried Mrs. Manning before Linda had time to answer, "but what could be more luxurious? 'Luxurious' is the word. It's an earthly paradise, isn't it, Mrs. Fenwick?"

Linda could not think of anything to say but a grudging "Yes," and then, feeling that she really must add something to the monosyllable, she added, "I want so much to be shown the whole island."

"Ah, yes," said Mrs. Manning, and she swayed ever so slightly in Watts's direction, "but there are two things he won't show you: the tree of knowledge and the tree of life. They're here, I'm sure, but he won't show them."

"Won't he?" said Linda. She looked at Nicholas.

"He won't show them to *me*," said Mrs. Manning.

"I hope you don't suggest there's a serpent about, Mrs. Manning," said Watts very curtly.

"I think I'll run down and help Eugene," Linda said, her voice trailing away as she left the room.

It was really curious, she thought, how poignantly she disliked this young woman. She was not accustomed to disliking other women. Even those who had tried to lure away Eugene had roused rather amusement and contempt in her than this virulent hatred. She said to herself that she was not used to being trapped in a small community with one not of her own choice.

SHE found Eugene and Manning standing with colonies of bags about their feet on the small wooden pier. She slipped her arm through her husband's. "Isn't it too beautiful?" she said, not thinking herself at all like Mrs. Manning, until he withdrew his and replied, "I hate the tropics." He picked up her dressing-case and walked away.

Linda stood frozen. Eugene, who was seldom irritable and never rude, to speak like this to her!

Dr. Manning smiled. "Oh," he said, "you'd be cross too if you had the poisons in you that he has. A week more and he'll be himself again. Don't worry."

She did not worry about him, but about herself.

It was lunch-time when they were all unpacked and settled, and at about four, when they had decided to go in bathing, the wireless-man came down from his hill with a message for Dr. Manning. A patient whom he had sent to recuperate within reach at Port Edgar had gone violently insane. The doctor's presence was required. Watts arranged that Manning should go over when the *Argenta* went to her anchorage. Linda thought that his suggestion that Mrs. Manning could accompany her husband, if she wished, had a suspicion of compulsion about it.

"Oh, I'd love to go," Mrs. Manning drawled. "At least we'd have the trip over and back together." She enveloped her husband with a look of love. "But that's all we'd have. These middle-aged ladies don't give their doctors' wives much chance."

Manning opposed his wife's accompanying him. He wanted her to stay and have all the rest and enjoyment she could.

In a scarlet bathing-dress against the turquoise sea Mrs. Manning made a lovely spectacle; and after the swim, when she let down her long black hair to dry—well, Linda did not linger to see this sight. She left it all to Watts, and went back to her own house. Between Mrs. Manning making her cross, and Eugene being sulky on his account, she was not, she thought, having as nice a time as she had expected.

But at dinner she changed her mind. They dined out-of-doors on a terrace under a powdery white vine that smelled like a gardenia. The air was so still that the flame of the candles on the table burned steadily. While they were eating jellied soup a wireless came from the doctor that he would not be back until the next morning.

At this Mrs. Manning fell into a deep silence. Eugene had not shown himself talkative, so that Linda and Watts had the conversation all to themselves.

SOON after dinner the warm air made every one drowsy. Eugene fell asleep in a deep wicker chair in the sitting-room, but roused himself about ten, and went down to the guest-house, where Linda soon followed him. "I'll give Mrs. Manning a chance," she thought, and was much surprized to hear Mrs. Manning's steps almost immediately, as she passed the Fenwick house on the way to her own.

"Good night, Mrs. Fenwick," she called in her cooing drawl.

"Wants me to know she's gone down," thought Linda, "and won't want me to know when she's going back. What a low mind I have for such a nice woman!"

But after she had gone to bed it no longer seemed to her a subject for a joke. Through the wide-open windows she could see the verandah—not black as the night sky is in the north, but a deep sapphire. The water now and then gave a faint sigh and gurgle on the rock a few feet away, and the air never so much as a breeze, but a faint breath brought her the sweet, vague scent of a white vine on the piazza.

Why, she said to herself, did she lie there so mouselike, listening to hear another woman's footsteps? Was it curiosity? It could hardly be jealousy, but it might be envy—envy of people who still moved on the wings of romance in such a setting on such a night.

And then, sure enough, she heard a step on the verandah of the other house, a crunch on the limestone path, and then silence. Her heart beat thickly. So it was true. She had always suspected it. She would take Eugene away. No, she really couldn't. They were being used as a blind, she and her husband, and she couldn't do anything about it except withdraw her friendship from this man Watts. How she despised him for being charmed by a woman!

Then she heard another sound, Watts's voice. They were talking where the path to the two houses turned away from the main path. Mrs. Manning was coming back—unless Linda had only to creep to her window to be sure, but she wouldn't do that. Then under her window the sound of a strangled sob, a step on the verandah next door. The woman was being sent back in tears.

Linda was instantly ashamed of the feeling that swept over her. Was she rejoicing at the abasement of another woman? How horrible! Or no, wasn't she rather exulting in the superiority of a friend?

The third instalment of "Fascination" will appear in the next issue of Pictorial Review, published December 15th. If you prefer to read this serial-novel all at one time keep those issues in which it appears and read the whole story later on.

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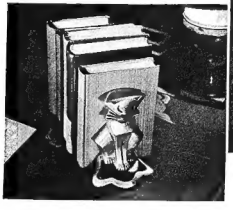

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Want *her* to grow up to be *beautiful?*

Want *him* to be *really* successful?

Then, *mother,* teach them *early* the importance of cleanliness

We know, mother, the kind of older children you want yours to be.

Not pretty or handsome only . . . nor healthy, merely . . . not even just accomplished. You're hoping for *character* . . . a certain *graciousness.* The boy to be a gentleman, and her to have that essential of feminine charm, refinement.

Precious qualities, indeed, mother, but impossible without cleanliness. Insist therefore *from an early age* on the highest standards.

What daily baths accomplish

Baby gets his bath, every day without fail. Why shouldn't brother and sister, who stray farther and play harder?

Time and trouble is no excuse. Modern mothers are teaching their children, surprisingly soon, to bathe themselves.

Nor need they be induced with games and water toys. There is that *rightness* about thorough daily body washing that even the youngster can be made to feel; to come to love; to turn to eagerly for wide-awakeness, mind release, and sheer physical content.

Don't make this common mistake

Some mothers continue year after year to assume the entire cleanliness responsibility for their children.

What a mistake! How can the joy of cleanliness become self-assertive and *genuine* when left so largely to a prompter?

And it's a very real force in life, this inner attitude of ours toward cleanliness. Among the people we know is it not our friends . . . the very healthiest, happiest and best respected ones . . . who think the most of cleanliness?

More about HER *beauty,* HIS *success*

You do want your little girl to be beautiful. Consequently you won't fail to teach her the relationship between pores cleansed daily with soap and water, and a clear complexion; between nice hair and hair kept clean; between lovely hands and the use of a handbrush; between clothes fresh-laundered and an attractiveness obtainable in no other way.

And the same way with your little boy, the more he comes to esteem soap and water, the more others will esteem him.

Checking up on the whole family

Occasionally, the whole family needs checking up with respect to cleanliness.

Are you, mother, and you, father, careful enough about your own appearance? Is the size of the family wash each week permitted to be "generous"? Does everyone have his individual towel and wash cloth? Are curtains kept gay, and woodwork bright?

Is the whole household every bit as happy as it could be . . . with just a little more thought given to cleanliness each day?

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